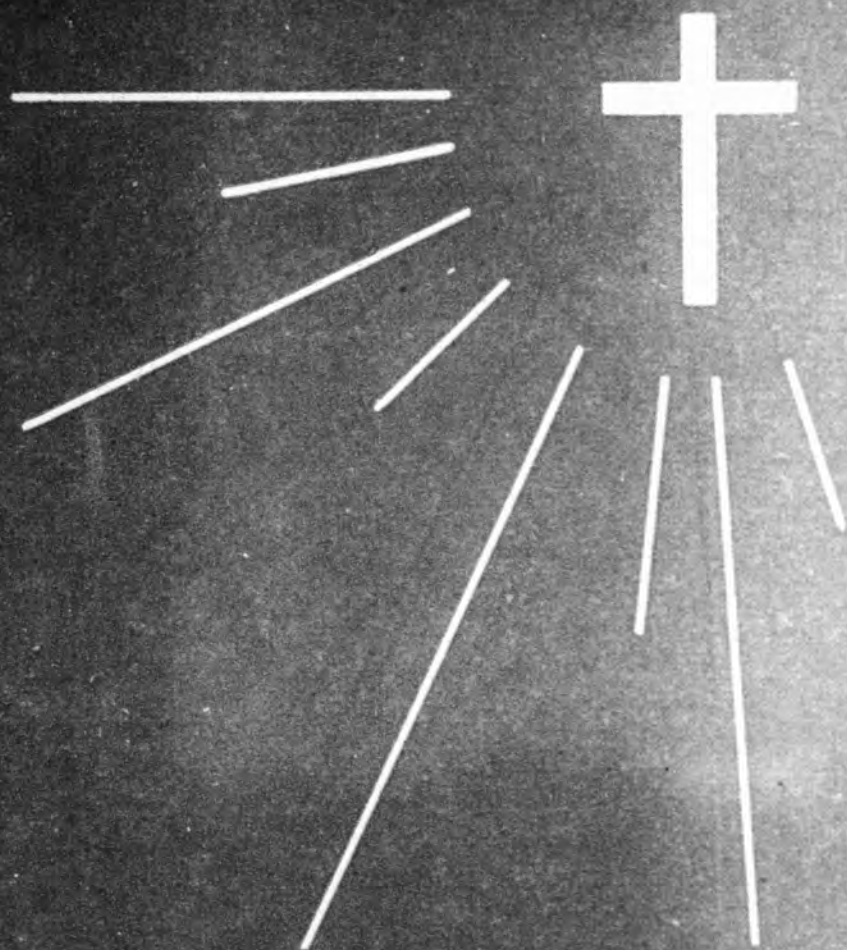


St. Augustine's



ESSENGER

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ST. AUGUSTINE'S
SEMINARY
ST. LOUIS, MISS.

Vol. XX, No. 1
JANUARY, 1942

Postmaster: See inside cover



Courtesy Chicago Tribune

HAPPY NEW YEAR
to the friends of the Negro missions

HAPPY NEW YEAR to ALL!

May this year of 1942 bring us the blessings of a true and just peace

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

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ESTABLISHMENT OF NEGRO CLERGY

A Catholic Negro magazine, published monthly, except July, at Techny, Illinois, by St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi. Subscription \$1.00 a year. Proceeds are used for the education of colored students for the priesthood.

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Editor: CLARENCE J. HOWARD, S.V.D.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY

BAY SAINT LOUIS, MISS.

Volume XX

JANUARY, 1942

Number 1

Editorial: Year of Expansion for the Negro Missions

The year 1941 was a highly successful one for the Negro Missions in this country. All during the year a broad program of expansion and building was in active operation. At least 12 new missions were started (an average of one a month), 3 mission schools were opened, and 15 new churches, 2 new combination church-and-school buildings, and 4 new schools were built. There were still others, but this writer hasn't sufficient information about them at present.

New missions were opened in St. Louis, Mo., and West Palm Beach, Fla., by the Jesuit Fathers; in New Smyrna, Fla., and St. Louis, Mo., by the Redemptorist Fathers; in Welsh, La., by the Josephites; in Springfield, Mo., by the Benedictines; in Bluefield, W. Va., by the Oblates; in Fowl River, Ala., by the Edmundites; in North Nashville, Tenn., by the Precious Blood Fathers; in Lumberton, N.C., by the Franciscans of the Atonement; in Mouton Switch, La., and Trenton, N.J., by the Fathers of the Divine Word.

Schools were opened in connection with the two missions in St. Louis,

and a third school was begun in Seguin, Tex., in charge of the Holy Family Sisters.

The following churches were erected and dedicated during 1941: St. John's,* Evansville, Ind., Blessed Martin de Porres, Kirkwood, Mo., Holy Name of Mary,* Chicago, Ill., Mary Immaculate, Pensacola, Fla., and St. Leonard's, South Minneapolis, Minn. (*diocesan clergy*); Queen of Peace, Lakewood, Ga., St. Anne's, Florence, S.C., and St. Jude's, Sumter, S.C. (*Oblates*); Blessed Sacrament, Beaumont, Tex., and St. Mathilda's, Eunice, La. (*Josephites*); St. Anthony's, Pensacola, Fla., and St. Benedict the Moor, Winston-Salem, N.C. (*Franciscans*); Christ the King, High Point, N.C. (*Franciscans of the Atonement*); Holy Family, Ensley, Ala. (*Passionists*); Sacred Heart, Lake Charles, La. (*Holy Ghost Fathers*); St. Catherine's, Elizabeth City, N.C. (*Fathers of St. Edmund*); and St. Peter Claver's, Holy Trinity, Ala. (*Missionary Servants of the Holy Trinity*).

The new schools are St. Aloysius', New York City; St. Peter Claver's, New Orleans, La.; Mother of Mercy, Beaumont, Tex.; and Mother of Sorrows, Biloxi, Miss.

* Combination church and school.



Courtesy Chicago Tribune

Father Ryan with some of his little ones after school

The Colored Sisters Come to Town

CLARENCE J. HOWARD, S.V.D.

- First Colored Sisters Ever Stationed in Chicago
- Begin Work in New Holy Name of Mary Parish

"Father Ryan is going to get colored Sisters to teach in his new school!"

This was the information jubilantly vouchsafed to me from vari-

ous sources when I was in Chicago last year. And when I visited Father Ryan he personally confirmed the good news.

"Yes, I have just received a let-

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ter from the Mother General of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, and she assures me that she will let me have at least four or five Sisters in the fall." Father was actually beaming. "Well, that ends *that* worry, because I was certainly determined to keep on trying until I *did* succeed in getting colored Sisters to come to Chicago."

Among the six American cities having the largest Negro populations — New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and New Orleans — Chicago and Philadelphia were the only ones in which no Negro Catholic Sisters were stationed. Now Philadelphia is alone.

Strange to say, during the past couple of years many Chicagoans have become a bit used to seeing colored "Sisters" on Chicago's South Side. But these were not *Catholic* Sisters. A few of the non-Catholic religious sects in Chicago have got-

ten into the habit of dressing up some of their followers to look like nuns, and then sending them out to beg for their particular church or churches.

These pseudo-nuns have copied very closely the Catholic Sisters' religious garb, but NOT their religious decorum. The result: a few Catholics and not a few non-Catholics have been somewhat shocked at seeing a "Sister" standing on the street-corner engaged in conversation with several men, or shouting across the street at a passerby, or entering a beer-garden, even if only for the purpose of begging!

Yes, even a Catholic priest was almost fooled when two of these "Sisters" came to his rectory and said that they were begging funds for Saint ——'s Church. The priest, having his doubts, telephoned the pastor of Saint ——'s and asked if he had colored Sisters soliciting



THE FIRST COLORED SISTERS EVER TO BE STATIONED IN CHICAGO
Sister Providentia, Mother Claude, Sister Juliana and Sister Chlotilde — four of the five Oblate Sisters in charge of the new Holy Name of Mary Catholic School in Chicago.
Sister Mary Anthony is not shown in the picture

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110 CHILDREN FROM CHICAGO'S SOUTH SIDE CROWD INTO THE PARLOR, KITCHEN and cellar of Father Ryan's rectory for classes each day, while waiting for their new school building to be completed

funds for the church. The pastor answered in the negative, and added that very likely the solicitation was for Saint ——'s *Protestant* Church. The voice of the priest at the other end of the line came back in a tone of relief:

"I *thought* there was something wrong with those two 'Sisters,' especially when they came up to the door of the rectory *eating ice cream cones!*"

But now Chicago has genuine colored Catholic nuns. And Chicago, or at least that portion of it in which the new Sisters' convent is located, is making no bones about letting it be known that these Sisters are more than welcome.

It was in August that the little band of five Oblate Sisters — Mother Claude, Sister Providentia, Sister Anthony, Sister Juliana and Sister Chlotilde—arrived in Chicago from their Motherhouse in Baltimore, Md. For two weeks, until their convent was ready, they were the guests of the Notre Dame Sisters at the Academy of Our Lady.

On September 4 the Sisters moved

into the renovated dwelling which serves as their convent. In a few days they had registered 110 pupils for the Holy Name of Mary School. But there was no school building. There was only Father Ryan's two-story rectory, with the chapel on the first floor.

So the Sisters began making room for their pupils. The little tots were put into the chapel. The fifth and sixth grades took over Father's dining-room, while the third and fourth graders made themselves comfortable in the basement.

Mother Claude, with due solemnity, appropriated the garage for the seventh and eighth grades' classroom. But, alas and alack! the chill October winds forced her to beat a hasty retreat into Father Ryan's much smaller but also much warmer kitchen, and her pupils squeezed in after her. Thus was the auspicious beginning of Holy Name of Mary School.

Father John Ryan, a very likable priest, laid the foundations of the new Holy Name of Mary Parish in September, 1940. All during his

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HOLY NAME OF MARY SCHOOL IN THE PROCESS OF ERECTION
A part of the building will be used temporarily as a church

seminary days and throughout the ten years of his priesthood Father Ryan had cherished a desire to do missionary work among the colored people of the United States. This desire had been enkindled years ago when, as a boy, he used to spend many hours reading *The Colored Harvest*, the mission magazine of the Josephite Fathers, who work exclusively among the American Negroes.

When Father Ryan realized the need of a church in the Morgan Park sector of Chicago, he was most eager to take up the work. To his delight, the Archbishop, Most Rev. Samuel Stritch, D.D., entrusted the task to him.

Making a quick survey, Father estimated that there were about 400 Negro Catholics in the Morgan Park district. With the permission of the school authorities, he began saying Sunday Mass in the auditorium of the Shoop Public School.

Meanwhile, he procured the house which now serves as rectory. One side of the first floor he converted into a temporary chapel, and celebrated the first Mass there on the

first Sunday of October. Then he set to work in earnest.

In May, 1941, Father Ryan had a First Communion class of 32 children. By June he had baptized 18 adult converts, and still others were under instructions.

In September Father began building a combination church and school. At the present writing this building is just about completed.

And so the new Holy Name of Mary Parish has taken its place alongside St. Anselm's and Corpus Christi and St. Elizabeth's and St. Joseph's, which are staging an "all-out" effort for the souls of Chicago's 250,000 Negroes.

And so, too, the colored Sisters have come to town — and that the people are both proud and happy about this was attested by the grand public reception given for the Sisters soon after their arrival — and they have taken their place beside the Blessed Sacrament Sisters and the Franciscan Sisters and the Sisters of the Holy Family of Nazareth to help give the South Side's brownskin youth a Catholic education.

ANTHONY AND ALEXANDER become

Brother Stephen and Brother Ignatius

HAROLD PERRY, S.V.D.

- Two Candidates are received into the
- Novitiate of the Religious Brotherhood



Anthony and Alexander were just two ordinary American Negro youths, the one living in Washington, D.C., the other in Atlanta, Ga. But, unlike most ordinary boys, they wanted very much to consecrate their lives and talents to the Service of Almighty God as lay Brothers in the Society of the Divine Word. And so they came to St. Augustine's Seminary in Bay Saint Louis, Mississippi, where they were put through a preliminary course.

After several months of preparation and anxious waiting, Anthony and Alexander were finally told that they were about to be admitted to the Novitiate as Brother novices. The happy day was set for November 1, the Feast of All Saints.

The chapel was solemnly decorated for the occasion. Priests, Brothers, students, relatives and friends convened and took their places for the ceremonies on the appointed day.

First came the Investiture, an impressive ceremony in which the Superior presented each of the candidates with a cassock and cincture, the garb of the religious Brother. Anthony and Alexander had, so to speak, worn civilian clothes for the last time; henceforth they were to wear this official habit of the Society of the Divine Word, the black

cassock signifying humility of heart and contempt of the world with its ever-changing fads and fashions.

Then the cincture (a cloth belt) was fastened around each of the young men. The significance of this act is expressed by the prayer said by the priest as he performs this ceremony:

"O God, who, in order to release the slave, hast willed Thy Son to be bound with ropes . . . grant that Thy servant, who is to be girded with it as by a penitential bond, may be mindful of the bonds of Thy Son and be conscious of his consecration to Thy Service."

Then, in order to break with the world more completely and to give themselves to God unreservedly, Anthony and Alexander gave up their own names and received new names.

"Anthony, henceforth your name shall be Brother Stephen," the Superior said; and to Alexander, "Henceforth your name shall be Brother Ignatius."

Thus Anthony and Alexander became Brother Stephen and Brother Ignatius. They will have two years of special religious training in the Novitiate, after which they will be permitted to take the three Vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience as professed Brothers and full-

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RECEIVING THE RELIGIOUS HABIT OF AN S.V.D. BROTHER

Very Reverend Father Provincial gives the novice's black cassock to Anthony. Assisting the Provincial are Reverend John Kemper, S.V.D., Vice-Provincial, and Reverend Joseph Busch, S.V.D., Novice-Master

fledged members of the Society of the Divine Word.

There are now, at St. Augustine's Seminary, six colored professed Brothers, four Brother Novices and

eight candidates for the Brotherhood, all giving themselves to a life of prayer, work and sacrifice as their contribution to the salvation of immortal souls.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Once upon a time a young man faced life and did not know what to do. For a business life he was not eager; buying and selling never appealed to him. For prayer and the things of God he had always felt a strong attraction. But he could not, and did not, aspire to the priesthood — so there he stood saying: "What shall I do?"

One day while watching the priest saying Mass, he hit upon an idea. "I know what I will do," he said; "I will offer my services to God's ministers and to the souls among whom they work. I will

give them my strength and devotion in exchange for an opportunity to work and pray at their side."

So he became a religious lay Brother, consecrating himself by vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience — dedicating his manhood to the needs of those who stood at the holy altar of Sacrifice, and to the souls who came to receive its strengthening graces. By humility, kindness and self-denial he became a saintly religious. He saved *his* soul and the souls of countless others, too. His name — Brother Martin de Porres.

A DAY WITH OUR BROTHERS

● S.V.D. Brothers busy themselves for God



RETOUCHING THE STATUE OF BLESSED MARTIN

Brother Charles is handy with the paintbrush and gets plenty of opportunities to use it, inside and out!

Come, let us spend a day with the Brothers of St. Augustine's Seminary. However, I warn you, you are in for an active day, the end of which will find you tired. But do it anyway; it will make you happy. For there is no greater joy or satisfaction than to realize at the end of a perfect day that on this day you have lived well and worked hard for a good cause.

After a good night's rest of seven or eight hours the Brothers arise. Eager to begin the day for God, they hasten to the chapel shortly after 5 o'clock for morning prayers and meditation. Here the faithful Brothers receive joy, consolation and strength to live their noble life.

Then follows Holy Mass; all members have the privilege of receiving daily Holy Communion. After Mass the Brothers make their thanksgiving. When this is finished, they assemble in the dining-room for breakfast.

Breakfast over, the Brothers and candidates (boys and young men in training) go to their chosen work.

St. Augustine's Seminary offers an opportunity for many trades. If a Brother is a lover of nature, he may be busy in the park, beautifying its lanes, terraces, and lawns. Should he find a greater liking for gardening, he will be among those whose ambition it is to enable the Brother cook and his helpers to furnish wholesome food for the community. Those who are mechanically inclined may exercise their skill in the garage and in general repair work necessary everywhere, for all machinery constantly suffers wear and tear.

The Brothers in the office lend their assistance to Father Procurator (Treasurer) in his tedious task. Here you may see them busy at typewriters and keeping accounts in order. Still others who prefer manual labor like to make the religious house attractive by its cleanliness and neatness.

11:45 A. M. the signal is given for a short visit to the chapel. The Brothers change from work clothes to cassock. Then there is dinner, followed by a recreation period. This time is employed in different ways: a walk in the park, a quiet chat in the recreation hall, a game of tennis, volleyball, handball or

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some other sport. At 1:30 P.M. work is resumed.

The afternoon is spent much the same as the forenoon. The Brother tailor continues his sewing. The Brother bookbinder may be seen

per is at 6:00 P.M., after which there is recreation until 7:30 P.M. The evening hours are welcome for reading, playing musical instruments, or singing. All retire at 9:00 P.M.

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IS AN ART**
very much in demand
around a seminary,
and Brother Conrad
turns out excellently
finished products

★



★

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION CLASS

The Novice-Master wants to make sure that these candidates for the Brotherhood have a good understanding of the fundamental truths of religion

making a trip to the library to receive new assignments from Father Librarian. Time flies quickly. Now it is already 5:15 P.M. Work ceases.

The Brothers go to the chapel to recite their Office and Rosary. Sup-

per is at 6:00 P.M. It's a simple life. A life of prayer, work and healthful recreation — a life blessed by God with the promise of a hundredfold reward of blessing here and life everlasting hereafter.

"Do You Have Anything Here To Eat?"

JOSEPH BUSCH, S.V. D.

When our Blessed Saviour appeared to the Apostles, He showed them His hands and His feet. But while they yet believed not, and wondered for joy, He said: "Have you anything here to eat?"

If you were to bring a non-Catholic to our services, he would probably not ask in our Lord's words: "Have you anything here to eat?" He would not expect it. And yet God has prepared a Food for His children, for those who love Him.

James, a stranger in his Father's House, is struck by the statues, the Crucifix, the stations, the reading of the Word of God. "These people really believe in Christ. There is an image of His mother, and one of his foster-father. An account of His Life is read. His death stands out before them." Thus he ponders.

James follows the actions of the priest at the altar, and notices how some people go to the front of the church and kneel to receive what appears to him to be a wafer, as the priest recites some words. After the services he asks John, his Catholic friend, "What did he give them to eat? What did he say?" And his Catholic friend replies:

"He gave them Jesus Christ under the appearance of bread. In other words, what looked like a wafer was the real Body of Christ; and the priest said, 'May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve your soul unto life everlasting.' We believe that we do not merely have a picture of Christ, but Christ Himself, who said, 'He that eats Me, the same also shall live by Me.' He is our life-giving Bread and we

obey His command, 'Take and eat.'"

"If you believe that, then, why did not all receive?" James asks. "Are they forbidden to eat?" John assures him, "They are not forbidden to eat, but they simply neglect to do so. It isn't the right thing that some receive Him so rarely. The mind of our Church is that we receive the Body of Christ, eat this heavenly food, regularly, as often as we go to Holy Mass, as the service which you just attended is called."

Food is put on the table to be eaten, not just to please the eye or to delight the sense of smell. In a similar manner food is placed on the altar table and blessed, changed, consecrated, not merely to be adored, not merely to be reserved in the tabernacle, but to be *eaten*. Unless we eat, we shall not have life.

Jacob came to Laban and drew such favors from God down on his uncle that the latter declared, "I have learned by experience that God has blessed me for your sake." Jacob's son, Joseph, was carried off to Egypt and was bought by Putiphar, the chief captain. "And the Lord blessed the house of the Egyptian for Joseph's sake, and multiplied all his substance, both at home and abroad." The ark of the Lord was carried into the house of Obbedom, the Gethite, and the Lord blessed him and all his household. "And it was told king David, that the Lord had blessed Obbedom, and all that he had, because of the ark of God." If the good God so

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showed favor to Laban and Putiphar and Obbedom on account of Jacob and Joseph and the ark, how much more will our Heavenly Father fill us and our household with every heavenly blessing and grace if we receive His Son into our hearts, if we eat Christ's Body and Blood!

I'm afraid many Catholics resemble the Syrian, Naaman, a general of the king, a great man before his master, honorable, valiant and rich, but a leper. He traveled all the way from Syria to Samaria and came with his horses and chariots and stood at the door of the house of Eliseus. And the prophet sent a messenger to him saying: "Go, and wash seven times in the Jordan." Naaman was angry. He had expected the man of God to come out and invoke the Name of the Lord and heal him. As he was going away in indignation his servants said, "Father, if the prophet had bid you do some great thing, surely you would have done it: how much rather what he has now said to you: Wash and you shall be made clean!"

Naaman listened, believed, went and washed, and was made clean.

If God had told us to do something hard in order to have life we would have done it: how much rather now when He says to us, "I am the living bread that came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he will live forever"! Show our faith, our humility and our spirit of obedience: *eat this bread*.

A resolution always in place, but especially at the beginning of a year, is the firm determination to take and eat regularly, frequently, every Sunday, and even daily, if possible, the glorious, living and immortal Body of our Lord, Jesus Christ.



Negro Judge in Chicago

Patrick B. Prescott, Jr., noted Negro attorney, has been appointed a municipal court judge in Chicago by Governor Green of Illinois. Judge Prescott is the second Negro judge in the history of Chicago.



PLEASE NOTIFY US of any change in your address

Just drop us a card giving both your OLD address and your NEW address and we will forward your copy of the MESSENGER to you.



THIS BEAUTIFUL MARBLE STATUE OF OUR LADY OF GRACE, the gift of interested friends, was recently erected and blessed at the Novitiate of the Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, Prince Bay, Staten Island, N. Y. Members of this community, the only colored Sisters in New York, conduct St. Aloysius' School and St. Benedict's Day Nursery in New York City

Well, well, folks! Permit me to give you a great big *Happy New Year!* I hope that you have made sincere resolutions, as I have. I made three good ones. First, to give you the *news*; secondly, *just news*, and thirdly, nothing *but* the news. So to start the New Year off right I'll just get down to business.

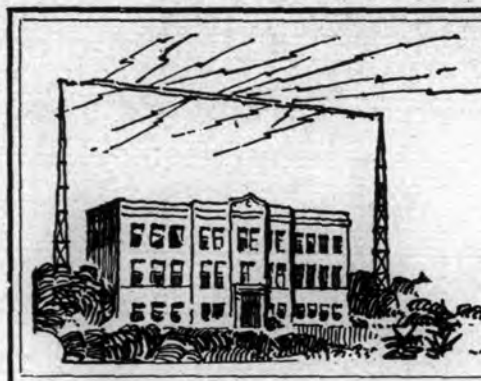
Feast of Christ the King

The Seminary held its devotion of Forty Hours on the above-mentioned feast and the two days immediately preceding it. On Friday there was a Solemn High Mass to inaugurate the devotion. During the day the different members of the community all had their chance to render homage to their Eucharistic Lord. It was really edifying to see group after group come into the chapel to pray for the greater glory of God, for the needs of mankind, and to sing hymns of adoration before their Lord and King. Saturday morning began with a High Mass, after which the adoration continued. We had another Solemn High Mass on the feast of Christ the King. In the afternoon there was a procession in the seminary chapel, and the Forty Hours devotion was closed immediately afterwards with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Meet Our New Brothers!

I guess that many of our readers are acquainted with that delightful little pamphlet, *Meet Brother Martin*. Well, since you know him already, let me introduce you to two other Brothers, Ignatius and Stephen. Just about three months ago these aspiring young men were merely Clarence Alexander of Atlanta, Georgia, and Anthony Dorsey of Washington, D. C., respectively. But on All Saints' Day they were invested with the garb of a follower of Jesus Christ, and in putting off the man of the world changed their names to those given above. Their retreat, which had been conducted by Father Williams, S.V.D., ended on the day of their investiture.

At 8:15 in the morning, the two postulants were invested with the cas-



Seminary

BROADCAST

St. Augustine's Seminary
the only Catholic Seminary

sock and cincture of the Society of the Divine Word. Their Novice-Master, or teacher in the way of the spiritual life, is the Rev. Father Joseph Busch. We wish our new Brothers well, and may their two years of novitiate swiftly extend into the years of their first holy vows.

On the same day most of our Brothers ended their annual retreat which they made together with the above-mentioned novices. Among them let me mention especially Brothers Peter and Lawrence, who took their vows for the third time. We give them our best wishes and prayers for a long and holy life in the Society for the salvation of souls.

All Souls' Day

This day was one of special prayer for the Poor Souls in Purgatory. The Seminary priests each said three Masses in remembrance of the Church Suffering. There was a Solemn Requiem Mass at 8:15 in the main chapel. Classes were resumed at 10:15 in the morning.

At the Seminary, this month is one of especial and continual remembrance of the



Rev. Alexander Leedie, S.V.D., father, Mr. Julian C. Leedie, Miss Helen Leedie, now student, Ha- ton, Va. Mr. Leedie had the son's for M.

Primary News

ROAST from
Seminary St. Louis, Mississippi
Catholic Seminary in America



Suffering Souls. Our November prayers reach to all classes of people in Purgatory, among whom we especially remember our benefactors.

The Buccaneer

Our November movie was the thriller type — pirates 'n ships 'n guns 'n fights, boy! The story was based somewhat on the life of Jean Lafitte, the American pirate and smuggler. The main incident centered about the war of 1812, when the commander of the British Navy in the Gulf unsuccessfully endeavored to obtain Lafitte's cooperation in the expedition against New Orleans. Lafitte later offered his services to the governor of Louisiana and General Jackson on condition of full pardon for himself and his followers. At the head of a detachment of his band he participated most creditably in the battle of New Orleans.

There now! you have almost the whole story. We enjoyed it very much, and especially did the boys from Louisiana, who felt very much at home with scenes showing waving moss, and swampy bayous.



edie, S.V.D. ordained priest with his
C. Leedie, New York City, and his sister,
now student at Hampton Institute, Hamp-
die had the pleasure of serving his priestly
son's for Mass

New Pews

Yes, new pews is real news. We now are proud to say that our chapel is complete. The neatly arranged seats and kneelers give an air of distinction to our chapel. In fact, it looks just as if it's here to stay, at least that's how it strikes me. I must say that the pews really look nice, and if you don't believe me drop around and have a look at them. Personally, I'm just tickled to death. You know a church really can't begin to grow old until it's finished. Now with the former old benches and kneelers it just didn't look as it should especially after the new flooring was put in. But now, it can grow old and mellow as year after year it sees new faces occupying it, and growing with it to finally go off to our missions. St. Augustine's is progressing in age and, may I say, in grace.

Thanksgiving Day

The day dawned dark and dreary. It rained. But after breakfast it began to clear enough so that we could get outside to enjoy some exercise. The students held their novelty races in the morning. In the afternoon there was a football game between two picked teams. The rivalry was keen as forward passes zipped through the air; as end runs were attempted and found successful or otherwise. Needless to say, one team won the game, due to the fact that it had a higher score when the final whistle blew. Tch! Tch!

Relic Procession

November saw a special procession in honor of the Saints of heaven. The major relic, a piece of the wood of the True Cross, was borne by the celebrant, Rev. Father Richard Winters, S.V.D. Other relics were borne by the clerics and acolytes who were in the procession. During the passage from the church to the cemetery the Litany of the Saints was chanted. On the way back appropriate hymns were sung. Benediction with the Most Blessed Sacrament followed on arrival of the procession back in the church.

'TIL TOMORROW

ARTHUR WINTERS, S.V.D.

"Just wait 'til tomorrow!"

These were the words of determination on Horace Barker's lips as he shut his eyes on a disagreeable Tuesday. After all his planning and looking ahead it had happened. He was a disgrace to St. Martha's, where he attended the second year high school. Of course, no one else would think so, but he did. He had the courage of his convictions, and he knew what he wanted to do. Yet he had failed. He had sat there almost spinelessly and let Joe Crane — big Joe Crane — take his homework paper and copy it almost under the teacher's nose. And Sister Barnabas was tough on anybody doing that. He didn't like it either, because it wasn't honest.

Just because fellows like Joe Crane played football and had to practice afternoons, was no reason why they shouldn't have their homework ready. The usual course was that they *didn't*, and had to copy it almost regularly from some one's paper. And that "some one else" was he himself — Horace Barker. It seemed that they could count on him. He was regularity, punctuality, good deportment and ability all rolled into one. How he hated that whispered "Say, Horace!" He knew just what it meant. Someone wanted to see his problems, his answers, his translations. So far they *had* seen them. But no more! The pot was boiling at last! The last straw was on the camel!

No! Joe Crane! You cannot see my answers! No! Tom Sayre! You should have worked them at home!

It really would be tough on them. But no matter! The bigger they'd come, the harder they'd fall. Just wait 'til tomorrow! Just wait 'til he graduated and became the principal of a high school. He'd lecture the students on football and homework. If they could do only one, it would be homework. If they could do both, he'd be broad-minded and let them. That could wait. But tomorrow —? Just wait!

Twenty minutes to nine the sophomores' classroom was already half-full. Several of these were, like Horace Barker (naturally he was there), paragons of punctuality and regularity. The other "early birds" were come to seek and catch some meager worm of knowledge that they should have devoured before, as the furtive rustling of paper stealthily indicated.

Horace contented himself with outwardly memorizing Latin words, his eyes blissfully closed to all but the green grammar before him. Inwardly he was hopping with he didn't know what. More determination to strengthen the now apparent feebleness of last night's. The quieting of his fears that no one would ask to see his homework this morning. The quieting of his fears that they would. The banishment of that sinking feeling in his stomach whenever he was going to do something big. His papers were all in the desk. So there was nothing to worry about. Five minutes passed thus. The lull before the storm.

Suddenly the horrible three — Joe Crane and two cronies, Tom Sayre and Jerry Trainer — came hastening into the room. Though Horace didn't see them, he heard them and sensed that the rapidity of their steps was inspired by necessity to see him, or some other sap, he added bitterly. Immediately he started jumping inside. He wouldn't lend them his papers! It wasn't honest to copy! They ought to do their homework at home! Aw, what was a little paper anyway! Just once more wouldn't hurt! No! Yesterday was the end. He would make a determined stand. With an effort he calmed his thoughts, while his rapturous expression over the Latin words remained unchanged. And then it came.

"Psst! — Horace!" A whisper. It was Joe Crane. Horace heard; he was all a-tremble but he didn't show it; he continued his tasty occupation.

"Psst! — Horace!!" Another whisper. It came sibilantly urgent, weighed



"With back bent over his grammar, he caught the next words: 'Say, Horace, I haven't time to work it now....'"

with all the pitiful pleading the twelve remaining minutes before nine could give it. Reluctantly, most reluctantly, Horace leaned back in his seat. He opened his eyes a little. He turned sideways a little — just a little. A frown started on his forehead. Let them see just how he felt. They saw, and three hopeful hearts began to feel misgivings about old faithful Horace.

"What?" he muttered gruffly.

"Did you get that geometry problem, old pal?" the whispered request came back.

Horace nodded twice in a most abrupt manner and bent back over his Latin book.

"Pssst! Pssst! Well, how's it go, fellow?" A note of surprise this time.

Horace turned a little more, but not enough to see Joe. "It's easy! Just try it." The last words were really sarcastically whispered.

If Horace could have seen Joe Crane's face right then, he would have jumped for joy that he was such a success. Even Jerry Trainer gave him up and sought help elsewhere. While Tom Sayre began to scribble a few numbers indigenous to his own brain on a piece of paper. But that was only the first step.

With back bent over his grammar, he caught the next words, "Say, Horace, I haven't time to work it now. Just lend me your paper, will you?" Joe was pleading now. It was ten minutes to nine. "I want to see something. I won't keep it long. Just this once, huh?"

To all these insistings, Horace merely shrugged indifferent shoulders.

But then a finger began to prod his back. He leaned back and said: "I can't, I may have it wrong." This was giving in a little, he felt; and Joe felt

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

it too. With new insistence he came back, "That's all right. I don't want your answer. I just want to see your method. Is that all right?"

Horace felt himself slipping. His determination was oozing away. Would he prove a failure again just to be thought a good fellow? Would he give in? Would he? He wouldn't! Those were his principles and he would stand by them! He would have the courage of his convictions and tell Joe so.

"Whatcha say, pal?" Joe's confident voice came back.

Horace — little Horace Barker — leaned back toward Joe Crane — big Joe Crane — and said: "I'm sorry, Joe; it's not honest to copy. I can't let you have it!"

With a grim look on his face he settled back over his Latin grammar. There was silence while the classroom clock pushed its minute hand two notches forward. It was seven minutes to nine. It looked like victory. Joe Crane had given up. At least for today. He MIGHT try again tomorrow. Or maybe he would take the lesson to heart and do his own homework. Horace began to relax. He gradually leaned back in his seat. He slowly opened his eyes completely for the first time in the last twenty minutes. And that was his undoing!

Out of the corner of his eye he saw a beckoning finger. It was a shapely finger and like all of its teammates, carefully manicured and painted a delicate red shade. It belonged to a very shapely hand. The hand belonged to Annette Gibson, who sat across the aisle from Horace. As soon as he caught her sparkling eye, he leaned forward to hear what she wanted. At her first softly spoken words his heart sank with a sudden premonition.

"Horace, dear, did you get that problem?" she whispered.

"Yes," he answered almost gruffly.

"Let me see it, will you, please? Mine didn't come out right."

Horace sat turned toward her for a full second. He almost couldn't believe it. Just when victory over Joe Crane and all like him was within his grasp, the eternal feminine had to stick her finger into the pie.

As he caught the anxious look playing across Annette's pretty features, Horace knew he simply couldn't resist. Why not? Mainly because he hadn't prepared to. Like many a man, he needed to talk and convince himself into taking any determined action. He hadn't thought that a girl would ask to see his paper! He had thought of big, dumb Joe Crane and his pals. But a *girl* —! He hadn't figured on that! He gulped fiercely as he reached into his desk and slowly brought the precious paper into view, his every honest feeling in rebellion against him. Careful of Sister Barnabas, he passed it across the aisle where eager fingers grasped it.

He sensed rather than saw all that ensued. Annette's eraser went to work. A few figures were corrected. He heard the whispered sign from Joe Crane — big Joe Crane whom he had just vanquished. The paper passed back there! How Joe must be laughing at him now! As far as he could hear from consequent whisperings it went back to Tom Sayre also, who must have received it like a hungry man reaching for a tempting sandwich.

About thirty seconds to nine his homework paper came stealing around his left side — the side facing away from Sister Barnabas — and landed in his lap. It lay there, facing up at him as he — anger surging within him — glared down at it. It seemed to be mocking him:

"You coward! You weakling! No backbone, you poor sap!"

But Horace came back at it:

"Oh, yeah? You just wait. Tomorrow I'm going to be ready for all and any of them. You just wait! Just wait 'til tomorrow."

And the nine o'clock bell rang to start the school day.

JANUARY'S SAINTS

January 4 — Holy Name of Jesus

There is no name so lovable, none so powerful as that of Jesus. There is no other name under heaven whereby we must be saved than that of Jesus, which means Savior. St. Bernardine of Siena, who lived in the fifteenth century, was active in the spread of devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus. He was the first one to make use of the monogram I H S to represent the Name of Jesus. Jesus, the King of all Ages, came down from heaven to earth in order that we, who became His enemies through sin, might become His friends through His sufferings and death. Ask God for a greater love and respect for the Holy Name of Jesus.

January 6 — Epiphany

Epiphany means "manifestation." On this day God manifested, or revealed, Himself to the holy Magi. Not only this event but also the Baptism of Jesus in the Jordan and the miracle of the marriage feast of Cana are commemorated in the liturgy of today's feast. Rightly does the Church call this a "Day most holy." Other names by which this feast is known are: the Divine Apparition, the Kings' Feast and the Feast of the Holy Lights. Until 376 many churches commemorated the Nativity of Jesus on January 6, but in that year it was decreed that on December 25 all churches should commemorate the Birth of our Savior. With the holy Magi, kings who represent the entire gentile world, let us offer the



THE THREE WISE MEN

"They found the Child with Mary His Mother, and falling down they worshipped Him. And opening their treasures they offered Him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh" (Matt. 2:11)

Infant King our triple gifts; the gold of our charity, the frankincense of prayer and the myrrh of mortification. Ask Jesus to bless all the missionaries.

January 11 — Feast of the Holy Family

The origin of this feast began in 1663 at Montreal, Canada. However, it was not until 1921 that Pope Benedict XV ordered this feast to be kept by the Universal Church. If families wish for happiness and God's blessing they

should model their lives on those of the holiest and happiest Family that ever lived — Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

January 25—St. Paul's Conversion

Like a ravenous wolf pursuing gentle sheep was the impetuous, hot-tempered Pharisee, Saul of Tarsus. He was on his way to Damascus, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter for the Christians, when suddenly the grace of God brought him to his senses; and Saul, the violent persecutor of the Church, became Christ's zealous and ardent apostle, St. Paul.

January 29 — St. Francis de Sales

"The Saint of meekness and charity," this aptly describes the gentle Bishop of Geneva, Francis de Sales. Sinners and tepid souls yielded to the almost irresistible charm of his words. Seventy-two thousand heretics were converted by him. "One drop of honey will catch more flies than a barrel of vinegar," he used to say. He founded the famous Visitation Order of nuns.



With our SVD Fathers on the Colored Missions

Agricultural Conference

During the latter part of last September an Agricultural Conference for Ministers Pastoring Rural Colored Churches in Louisiana was held under U. S. Governmental auspices at Southern University in Scotlandville, La. There were present some forty-five colored ministers of different denominations and two colored Catholic priests — Father Walter Bowman, S.V. D., from Lafay-



50 YEARS WEDDED

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Dautrieve, 75 and 67 years old, celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary at St. Rose's Church, Bay Saint Louis, Miss., on November 23. They are the parents of 7 children, the grandparents of 17, and the great-grandparents of 11. Both were born near New Iberia, La.

ette, La., and Father Leander Martin, S.V.D., from Duson, La.

The purpose of the Conference was to give these religious leaders a good insight into the workings of several federal projects for the aid of farmers, such as the AAA (Agricultural Adjustment Administration), the FCA (Farm Credit Administration) and the FFMC (Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation), so that they may pass this knowledge on to the farmers in their congregations, and thus the more effectively aid rural families in procuring the help which these agencies were established to give.

The Conference was made a permanent organization and Father Bowman was chosen as official Treasurer.

75th Anniversary

St. Nicholas' Church, St. Louis, Mo., celebrated the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of its establishment the first week of December. Established in 1866 as a German parish, the church was turned over to the care of the Fathers of the Divine Word in 1926.

The present pastor, Father Charles Reinelt, and his two assistants, Father Charles Haefner and George Stephan, care for the spiritual life of many hundreds of people each week, among whom are about three hundred colored Catholics.

St. Nicholas' School taught by seven Sisters of the Most Precious Blood and one lay teacher, has an

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enrollment of 400 children, all colored.

On the African Front

Father George Wilson and Father Aloysius Turbek, who sailed for Africa on October 9, have safely reached their African mission stations, after traveling thousands of miles across submarine-infested waters.

The Fathers at St. Augustine's Seminary in Bay St. Louis, Miss., received a letter from Father Wilson saying that he had arrived in Accra on November 5. Another ship, the *Lehigh*, which sailed for Africa just about the same time as the *Acadia*, the ship on which Father Wilson took passage, was sunk by a submarine.

Father Wilson is now in Accra trying to learn the intricacies of the *Ga* language.

In Louisiana

From November 9 to 16 inclusive Father Walter Bowman conducted a mission at the Church of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament in Shreveport, La. Rev. John Lundergan, C.S.Sp., is the pastor.



FATHER MAXINE WILLIAMS WITH HIS BOYS' CHOIR composed of boys from 5th, 6th and 7th grades of Immaculate Heart of Mary School, Lafayette, La.

CHURCH UNITY OCTAVE

The eight days of special prayer known as the Church Unity Octave will be held this year from Sunday, January 18, to Sunday, January 25, inclusive. There is a special intention for each day.

Jan. 18: (Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome) For the return of all the "other sheep" to the one Fold of St. Peter, the one Shepherd.

Jan. 19: For the return of all Oriental Separatists to communion with the Apostolic See.

Jan. 20: For the submission of Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

Jan. 21: That the Lutherans and all other Protestants of Continental Europe may find their way "back to Holy Church."

Jan. 22: That Christians in America may become one in communion with the Chair of St. Peter.

Jan. 23: For the return to the Sacraments of lapsed Catholics.

Jan. 24: For the conversion of the Jews.

Jan. 25: (Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul) For the Missionary conquest of the world for Christ.

WON'T YOU HELP US

TO BUILD A MUCH-NEEDED CHAPEL

IN MOUTON SWITCH, LA.?

This rural community of over 300 colored Catholics has no church of its own. Our colored Fathers say Mass for these people in a private home every Sunday. Here is a chance for you to share in real mission work. Your contribution will be very much appreciated.

Father Provincial Writes . . .

A Happy and Blessed New Year of 1942 to All Our Readers and Friends! May this New Year of 1942 bring to you and all the members of your family genuine happiness, and, as St. Paul says, may the "peace of God which surpasseth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4:17).

Today we are yearning for that "peace of God." We are praying, nay, actually storming heaven day and night that this year may see the cessation of this awful bloodshed, ruin and misery of all sorts, especially the diabolical hatred which is disgracing the present Christian world and which has become a stumblingblock and scandal to all sane-thinking and God-loving people.

May this year of 1942 bring the war-torn nations together in the peace of Christ, for as our Holy Father, Pius XII, has emphasized so often in the last two years: "A just and therefore lasting peace, capable of restoring sanity, brotherly love and prosperity to the world at large, will be possible only on the principles enunciated by Christ in the Gospel."

No doubt, we Christians enjoyed some of the sweetness and charm of this "peace of God" on Christmas morning. Is it not true that in the nearness of the Christ Child, the Prince of Peace, surrounded by gay children chanting so lustily the old but ever new Christmas carols, we seemed to forget the drudgery of hard work, the troubles and disappointments of life? Were we not actually flooded with happiness and joy such as we seldom experienced during the year? That is an indescribably happy feeling which I would not care to exchange for anything in the world. *It is just some compensation God gives those who are conscious of the fact that they are children of God, and make an earnest effort to live accordingly.* That is the "peace of God" which I sincerely wish you for this coming year, nay, for the remainder of your lives.

Our Missions, both at home and in the foreign lands, are yearning for

peace. I remember only too well how World War I wrought terrific havoc in our S.V.D. Missions everywhere and threatened for a while to destroy the hard but successful work of our veteran missionaries. Only the timely intervention of the kind Cardinal Gibbons and the dynamic Cardinal Mundelein saved some missions from utter ruin. Our second Superior General, Father Blum, died heart-broken from the shocking and sad news which he received from imprisoned or repatriated missionaries.

Again, World War II is cutting deep into the life of our S.V.D. Missions. Letters from classmates and friends of mine tell vividly the soul-stirring story of the devastating effects of this war upon the Mission personnel, churches, schools and dwindling financial support from home. Don't you think that it must be hard to see the work of a lifetime thus destined to destruction, unless peace returns soon?

Also our own missionaries, working so zealously and unselfishly in our various Missions of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas, feel keenly the pinch of this war more and more, and fear for the future of their work. They have told me how they have lost during the last year many of the best of their parishioners, who moved North hoping to get better jobs on the Defense Program so that they can improve their economic conditions. Who can blame those poor people! And yet, how often such good people meet with bitter disappointment, I know only too well from my experience in Chicago.

Then again, Catholic young men are joining the army, for to most of them this means a happy solution of their unemployment and a chance to forge ahead in life under the paternal protection of Uncle Sam. These young men, who are converts to the Faith from our Mission schools, are scattered in camps all over the United States. They are left without special spiritual care, for the Catholic colored draftees are so few in each individual camp that they cannot have a Catholic chaplain, but there are many colored Protestant chaplains.

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This lack of proper spiritual care, for which no one can be held responsible, worries our missionaries. What will become of their boys? Will they remain faithful to their Faith? I doubt that any of them will entirely fall away, but their spiritual life will be blighted or starved, to say the least. Just such newlings in the Faith need so much the attention and the interest of the priest.

All our missionaries are face to face with such vexing problems. This, however, does not discourage them, just as their Master was never discouraged, but it adds more worries to their by no means carefree life. Indeed, they yearn for peace, for they would not like to see their work of many years go to ruin, or even be handicapped. May I

ask your prayers for these missionaries as well as for those of their flock whose Faith may be exposed to danger in this emergency of our great country?

I take this opportunity also to thank the friends and benefactors of our Mission cause in the Southland. Without your generous support, our work would not have progressed. May I humbly ask you to continue to help along our Mission work among the colored people in the South, especially by helping us to provide good and zealous priests of their own Race. Help us by getting others interested. Secure subscribers for this magazine. Recommend our many needs to the charity of others. *May God bless you a thousandfold in this New Year of 1942!*

FATHER ECKERT, S.V.D.

NOVENA TO OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP

Held at St. Augustine's Seminary — February 1-9

Intention: For Real Patriotism

Dear Friends:

The cannon has been fired. The war clouds have at last rolled across the borderline of this country. The time has come for the United States citizens to stand together, to march together, to work together, to fight together. It is time for all Americans to cast aside all personal grievances, all aversions, all racial differences; for a greater cause than the individual is at stake, a weightier consideration than any particular race is involved.

But it requires true, genuine, real patriotism to love one's country more than oneself, to love mercy more than life, to walk side by side, hand in hand with personal enemies, with those whom your human nature avoided

and shunned. It requires the patriotism that is patient, kind; that is not envious nor pretentious, nor puffed up; that is not self-seeking; that loves neighbor as self; that sees not racial distinction in a man, but a fellow citizen.

Mary is our model in this. She gave her only Son to work side by side with men, to fight the battle that won for us freedom. — freedom from self, freedom from the world, freedom from the devil, freedom from our common enemies. We need such an inspiration in these days, we need such a one as Mary to help us.

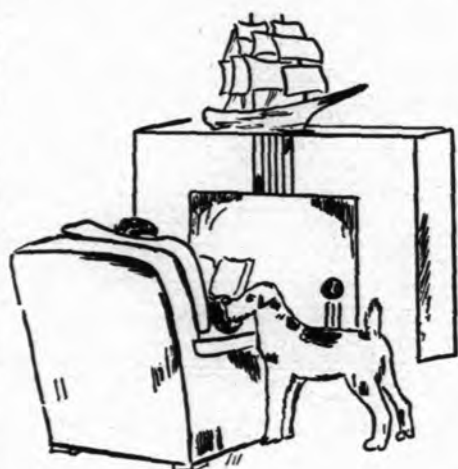
O Mary, Mother of Perpetual Help, help us to be real patriots, especially in these days, that we may win for our fellowmen, for our country, for our God. Amen.

Join us in this Novena. Pray together with us during these nine days. Send in your intentions and they will be included in the prayers of the Fathers, Seminarians, Brothers and Students.

Mail your intentions to

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY, BAY SAINT LOUIS, MISSISSIPPI

CHILDREN'S CORNER



My dear Boys and Girls:

Did you hear all that noise the other night? I mean, the whistles blowing, the bells ringing, firecrackers popping and people shouting? That was New Year's Eve, and the people were telling the Old Year of 1941 goodbye, and welcoming the New Year of 1942.

Most people were happy to be able to start out with a brand new year, and many of them made the resolution to "turn over a new leaf," which means that they are going to try to do better this year than they did last year.

Personally, I think that a good resolution is a good thing. You see, even though a person does not keep ALL his resolutions, still, if he is sincere, he will really TRY to keep them. But if he never makes a resolution. *perhaps he won't even try!* So you see, it is a very good thing to make good New Year's resolutions and TRY TO KEEP THEM.

Now, I am going to ask each one of you boys and girls to make just one good New Year's resolution and keep it all during 1942. Of course, you may make as many good resolutions as you want, BUT I am asking that you make at least this ONE, and really KEEP it. Are you ready? Well, here it is.

Boys and Girls, I think it would be a grand idea if each one of you would promise to go to the movies during 1942 ONLY when a GOOD moving picture is being shown! Now, that ought not be so hard, ought it?

All of us like to see a GOOD picture. But there are some moving pictures which are NOT so good; and some which are BAD; and some which are just plain ROTTEN! Some of them show dirty scenes and tell dirty jokes, and some tell all kinds of lies and try to make wrong things look right, and some even try to make fun of God! You couldn't enjoy such a picture, could you? You surely wouldn't feel happy after seeing it. Yet, the people who make those movies expect you to pay them your money so that

they can make some more of the same kind of bad movies to help the work of the devil along. DON'T HELP THE DEVIL!

There are lots of good, clean moving pictures which you can see and enjoy, — so many that you could see a different one every week, or two every week, or three every week during this whole year and still not see them all! In almost every Catholic paper you will find a National Legion of Decency list of these pictures marked CLASS A, SECTION 1, which means that these pictures are all right and may be seen without harm by the whole family — by mother and dad and all the children.

Just to help you keep your resolution I have printed a whole page full of the names of these good moving pictures on page 24. Cut it out, paste it on a piece of cardboard and tack it up in your room where you can easily see it; then NEVER go to see a movie UNLESS you can find it on this list OR on the CLASS A, SECTION 1 list of a Catholic paper. From time to time I will give you the names of more good movies when new ones come out.

Sometimes it will be hard to stay away from the movies when bad pictures are being shown, but make that little sacrifice for the Lord. He loves you so much, and has done so much for you.

Let's start a GOOD MOVIE CLUB. I want every boy and girl who makes up his or her mind to stay away from BAD movies and to see only GOOD movies this year to write me at once and join our GOOD MOVIE CLUB. It doesn't cost a cent. All you have to do is to make this resolution and KEEP it:

**I WILL GO ONLY TO GOOD MOVIES
THIS YEAR!**

Which means that you will go to see *only* pictures approved by the National Catholic Legion of Decency as Class A, Section 1.

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That's an excellent New Year's resolution for every boy and girl. Make it, and keep it! And then just drop me a letter or a post card with your name, age, address, grade and school on it, and you will become a member of the GOOD MOVIE CLUB for 1942.

MY MAIL BAG

I received a big bunch of letters from the pupils of St. Aloysius' School, Covington, Ky. There is not enough space to print all of them, but I quote from a few of them:

Dear Father Howard: ...I found the MESSENGER very interesting, and I am going to try to do everything you said. This is the first time I have ever written to a Negro priest, and I enjoy it very much....
Your new reader, Loretta Mai

Thanks, Loretta, and I enjoy hearing from you.

Dear Father Howard: ...Since this is my last year in grammar school, I intend to make it my best.... Your little friend,
Joseph Stander

Spoken like a man, my little friend!

Dear Father Howard: ...I liked the story of St. Symphorian best. I would like to have his courage to do the right things more often.... Things are going swell here. I guess that's because at the beginning of school Sister told us that if we treated her nice, she would do the same for us.... Your friend of the Negroes, Eugene Rabe

You have learned a very valuable lesson there, Eugene, namely, that most people will treat you nice if you treat them nice. Treating people nice is a swell thing; do it your whole lifelong.

ALSO HEARD FROM: Gerald Hollenkamp, Robert Hampe, Loraine Dietz, Laverne Neff, Mary Louise Mai, Mary Schewene, Dorothy Eilerman, Ruth Eilerman, George Grave, Cleo Mae Overpeck, William Jansen, Dorothy Rohe, Mary C. Gansepohl, Rose Maiorino, Melvin Brankamp, Paul Schmitz, Dorothy Schewe, Joanne Brungs, Alberta Budke, Eugene Lankheil, Martha Rehkamp, Rosemond Knasel, Ramona Sweitzer, Mary Lou Joyce, Mary Louise Willmers, Eleanor Justine, Dorothy Placke and Loraine Grefer, all eighth grade pupils of St. Aloysius' School, Covington, Ky. Thanks, Boys and Girls, and be sure to write again.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTEST

Here is the winning Autobiography for this month, and believe me, it is a fine one!

My Autobiography

Henry Allen, age 9
1218 Prairie Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.

My name is Henry Tobias Allen. I was born January 21, 1932, in St. Louis, Mo. I made my First Holy Communion, April, 1939, at St. Nicholas' Church. I hope I can be confirmed in December.

Before I got sick I went to St. Nicholas' School. I am in the 4th grade.

When I was about 2 years old, my father brought me a beautiful white rabbit which I kept for about 2 months, and then it ran away. I was very sorry because I had so much fun playing with it. I have had some very good times at birthday parties, and picnics and motor trips. I have been to Chicago, to DuQuoin, to Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Last January I became very sick and had to stay in the hospital. I received Extreme Unction. I got better after that. All of my friends and relatives prayed for me and their prayers were answered.

I am much better now, but not well enough to go to school or play like other children. Everyone is very good to me, and trying to help me get well. The Occupational Therapy Workshop sends teachers twice a week, and they have taught me to play a uke, play games, weave and many other interesting things. I also had a school-teacher who helped me finish the 3rd grade.

The Volunteer Film Association brings a picture show every 2 weeks, and I invite some friends. We have lots of fun.

PS. Father, I hope you will soon come back to St. Louis. Please tell my brother to study hard. (His brother is in the seminary. Editor's note.)

Henry, you certainly deserve a year's FREE subscription to the MESSENGER, and it starts right now. May the Lord bless you!

Come on, Boys and Girls, send in YOUR Autobiographies. You may be the next winner. (For Rules of the Contest see last month's MESSENGER.)

Don't forget to pray hard for the growth of the Colored Missions during this year, and add a little prayer that the war may soon end.

FATHER HOWARD, S.V.D.
Bay Saint Louis, Miss.



Looking for me? I went that way!

MOVING PICTURES APPROVED BY THE NATIONAL LEGION OF DECENCY

AS UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT

(Class A — Section 1)

Arizona Cyclone

Bad Man of Deadwood
Bandit Trail
Barnacle Bill
Belle Starr
Beyond the Law
Billy the Kid's Roundup
Billy the Kid Wanted
Birth of the Blues
Blitzkrieg
Blondie in Society
Bombay Clipper
Bride Wore Crutches, The
Burma Convoy
Buy Me That Town

Charley's Aunt
Cracked Nuts
Criminal Within
Cyclone on Horseback

Deadly Game, The
Death Valley Outlaw
Design for Scandal
Dive Bomber
Down in San Diego
Down Mexico Way
Driftin' Kid
Dude Cowboy
Dumbo
Dynamite Canyon

Ellery Queen and the Perfect
Crime
Ellery Queen and the Murder
Ring
Ellery Queen's Penthouse
Mystery
Enemy Agent
Eternal Gift, The

Father Steps Out
Fighting Bill Fargo
Flying Blind
Flying Cadet
Forced Landing

Gang's All Here, The
Gangs of Sonora
Gay Caballero, The
Gauchos of Eldorado
Gentleman from Dixie
Glamour Boy
Glory of Faith, The
Golgotha
Go West, Young Lady
Great Guns
Gunman from Bodi

Half a Sinner
Hands Across the Rockies
Harmon of Michigan
Henry Aldrich for President
Hit the Road
Hold That Ghost
Horror Island
Hurry, Charlie, Hurry

In Old Cheyenne
International Lady
International Squadron
In the Navy
It Started With Eve

Jesse James at Bay

Kansas Cyclone
Kathleen
Kid from Kansas
King of Dodge City
King of the Texas Rangers

Land of the Open Range
Law of the Range
Law of the Wolf
Legion of the Lawless
Let's Go Collegiate
Life Begins in College
Little Flower of Jesus
Lone Rider Ambushed
Lone Rider Fights Back
Lone Rider in Frontier Fury
Lone Rider Rides On, The
Look Who's Laughing

Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me
Mad Men of Europe
Man from Montana
Marry the Boss' Daughter
Masked Rider, The
Medico of Painted Springs,
The
Mikado, The
Military Academy
Mob Town
Monastery
Moonlight in Hawaii
Mutiny in the Arctic

Naval Academy
Nevada City
Never Give a Sucker an Even
Break
New Wine
Nine Lives Are Not Enough
Nurse's Secret

Obliging Young Lady
Officer and the Lady
Ole Swimmin' Hole
One Foot in Heaven
Outlaws of the Desert

Pals of the Pecos
Passage from Hongkong
Parachute Battalion
People vs. Dr. Kildare
Perpetual Sacrifice, The
Pioneers, The
Pittsburgh Kid
Pot o' Gold
Prairie Stranger
Pride of the Blue Grass
Puddin' Head

Queen of Destiny

Rags to Riches
Raiders of the Desert
Rawhide Ranger

Reluctant Dragon, The
Remarkable Mr. Kipps, The
Return of Daniel Boone
Richest Man in Town
Riders of Death Valley
Riders of the Purple Sage
Riders of the Timberline
Riding the Sunset Trail
Riding the Wind
Ridin' the Cherokee Trail
Rise and Shine
Roaring Frontiers
Royal Mounted Patrol, The
Ruggles of Red Gap

Saddlemates
Saddle Mountain Roundup
Saint's Vacation, The
San Antonio Rose
Scatterbrain
Scattergood Pulls the String
Secrets of the Lone Wolf
Secrets of the Wasteland
Sergeant York
Shadows on the Stairs
Sierra Sue
Silver Stallion
Sing Another Chorus
Singing Hill, The
Sis Hopkins
Six Gun Gold
Smiling Ghost, The
Smiling Through
Son of David Crockett
Spooks Run Wild
Stage Coach Buckaroo
Stick to Your Guns
Stork Pays Off
Story of the Vatican, The
Sued for Libel
Sunny
Sunset in Wyoming
Sweetheart of the Campus

Tanks a Million
Target for Tonight
Tarzan's Secret Treasure
Texas Manhunt
Texas Marshal, The
They Died With Their Boots
On
They Meet Again
They Met in Argentina
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Three Sons o' Guns
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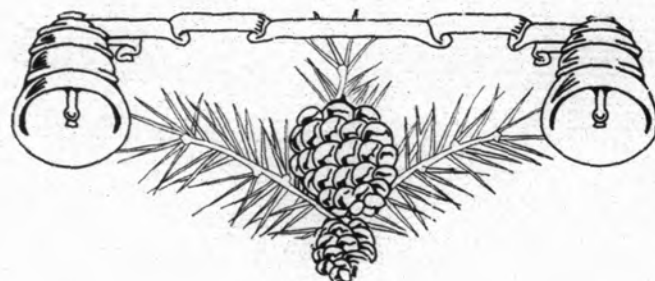
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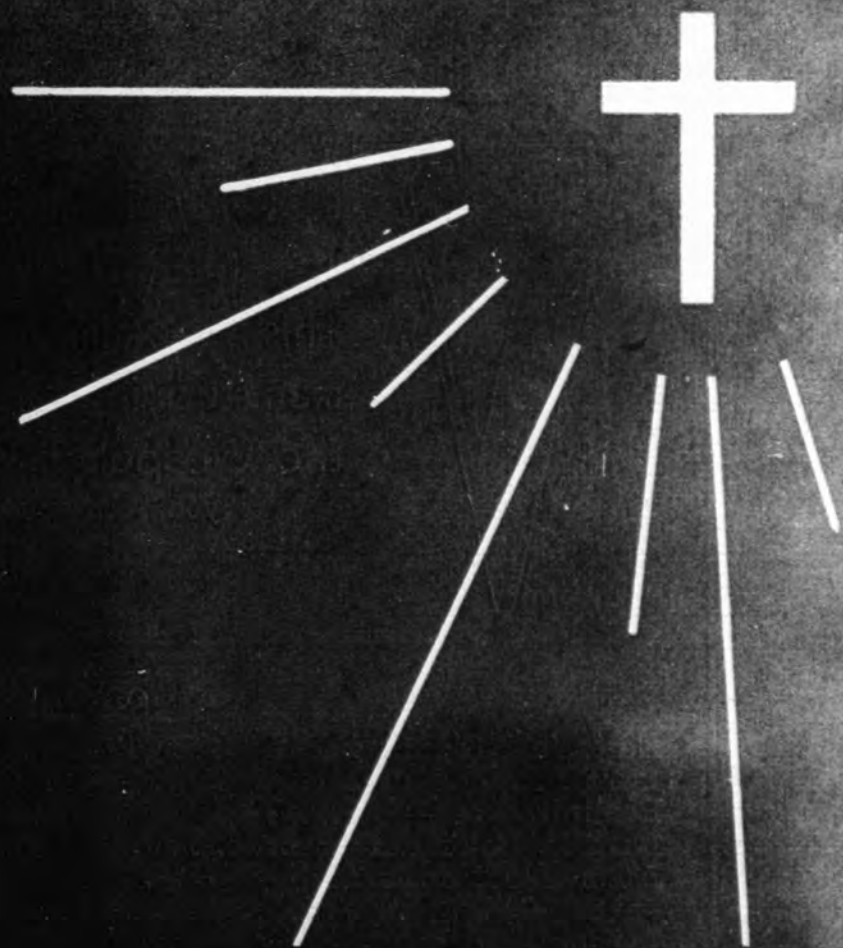
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AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

VOLUME 1
FEBRUARY, 1911



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ESTABLISHMENT OF NEGRO CLERGY

A Catholic Negro magazine, published monthly, except July, at Techny, Illinois, by St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi. Subscription \$1.00 a year. Proceeds are used for the education of colored students for the priesthood.

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ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY

BAY SAINT LOUIS, MISS.

Volume XX

FEBRUARY, 1942

Number 2

Editorial: GLANCING BACK OVER 1941

Of course, many things of importance happened last year, of which the declaration of war by the United States was not the least. But most of these events have been chronicled by the secular newspapers and magazines. We, however, would like to mention just a few of the past year's happenings which are of especial interest to colored Catholics.

From this point of view one of the biggest events of last year was the ordination of six Negro Catholic priests. Four Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word were ordained last January, and a fifth last October, while a priest of the Society of St. Joseph was ordained in June. This is the largest number of colored priests ever ordained in the United States in any one year.

Another outstanding event was the entrance of two new societies of priests and two congregations of sisters into the Negro Mission work.

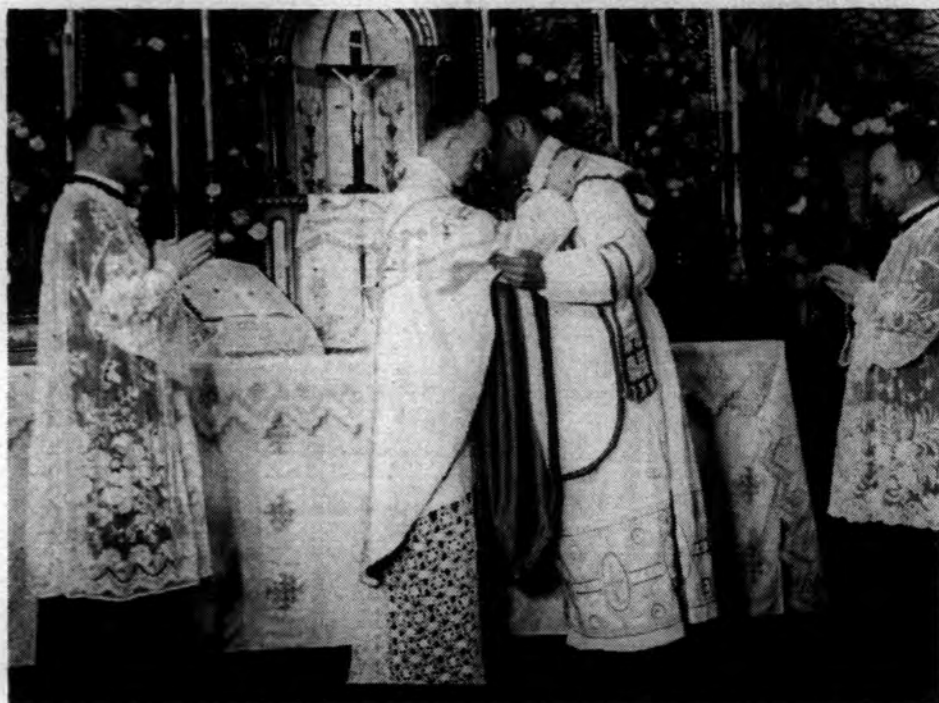
The Salvatorian Fathers took over the Mother Mary Mission in Phenix City, Ala., and the La Salette Fathers built St. John the Baptist Church, Vinton, La., their first Negro mission. The Sisters of the Holy Union of the Sacred Hearts (Fall River, Mass.) have opened a school at St. Rose of Lima Mission, Mon Louis, Ala. The School Sisters of St. Francis from Vienna, Austria, began to do social service work and to catechize in Our Lady of the Divine Shepherd Mission, Trenton, New Jersey.

The church in Vinton, La., the school in Mon Louis, Ala., and the new Blessed Martin's Mission in Amarillo, Texas, opened by the Dominican Fathers, bring our last month's totals up to 16 new churches, 2 church-and-school buildings, 4 new schools, 13 new missions and 4 mission schools for Negroes opened in the United States last year.

FEBRUARY IS CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

Every Catholic family should subscribe to at least *one*
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AMERICAN NEGRO PRIEST IN AMERICA

Rev. Alexander Leedie, S.V.D., receives the kiss of peace from Bishop Richard Gerow of Natchez during the ordination ceremonies recently in Bay Saint Louis, Mississippi

LET'S PRAY FOR A NATIVE CLERGY

RT. REV. MSGR. THOMAS J. McDONNELL

National Director, Society for the Propagation of the Faith

- Explaining the February Mission Intention
- For Native Clergy among African and American Negroes

Sometimes one forgets that Mary and Joseph, fleeing from the wrath of a white despot, brought the Child Jesus to Africa, the Black Man's continent. It was that land which then became a haven for the Son of God, and His Heart has always yearned to embrace its sons and daughters within the saving Fold of Catholicity. It is understandable therefore that the creation and expansion of a priesthood among the colored people of Africa and America constitutes a major concern of the Church. It entails also the prayerful interest of every true Catholic, particularly since that priesthood existed in Africa centuries before the very name of Christ was known in our own land.

The African priesthood of the first centuries of the Church was a glorious one, numbering as it did the saintly Cyprian and the brilliant Au-

gustine, who stated that "the Church was black by nature, beautiful through divine grace."

In studying the history of Africa, to which America is closely allied because of its Negro population, one discerns that as far as Catholicism is concerned there have been four distinct periods. The first was the glorious era, which produced a Felicitas and Perpetua, an era whose grandeur is but recently unearthed through the discovery of catacombs containing thousands of Christian tombs. There, there was a living, vital Church, confined, it is true, to northern Africa, but capable of extending throughout the length and breadth of the continent.

This expansion was not possible before the followers of the Prophet invaded the country. Entrenching themselves in the very strongholds of Christianity the Mohammedans

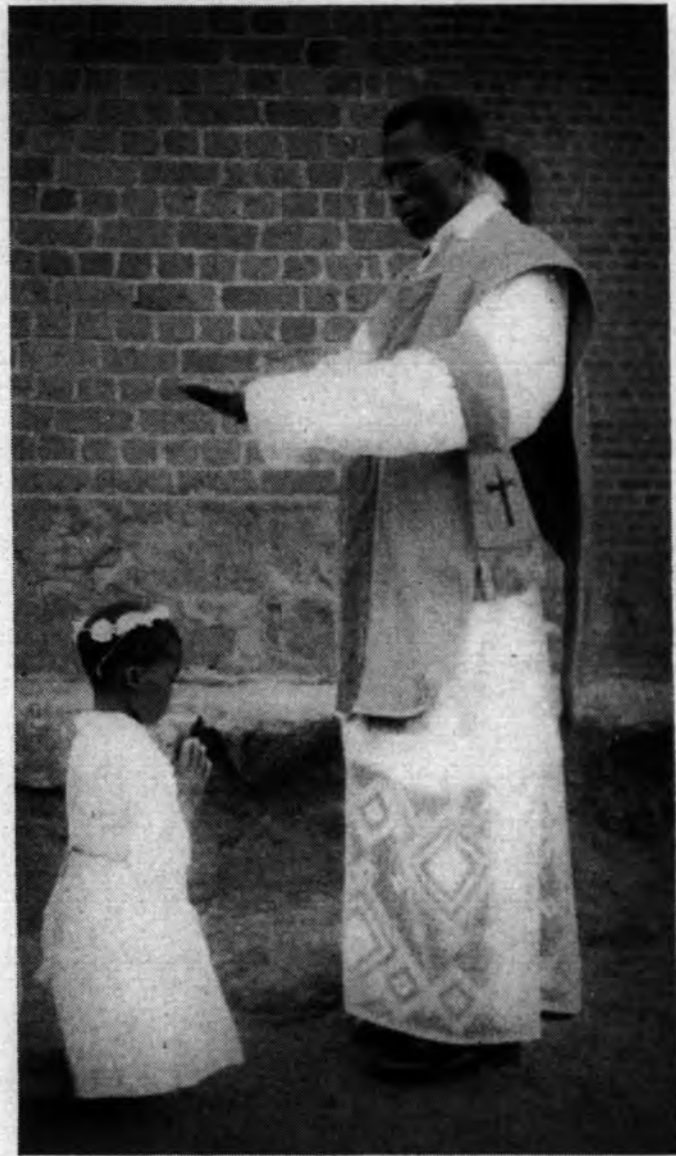
ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

succeeded in obliterating every trace of Catholicism and then launched their campaign to win the entire land to the doctrine of salvation through the sword.

Next followed the period of exploration wherein Europe once more "discovered" the Black Man's continent. It was not long before Portuguese missionaries established themselves in the coastal cities, and eventually Catholic Sees were erected to take care of the spiritual welfare of the converts. When Portuguese power was replaced by British and Dutch domination, the Church in Africa received another setback which was intensified by the horrors of the slave traffic. Then it was that our own country became linked with Africa, since most of the cargoes of human things were intended for the recently settled districts of the New World.

It requires little delving into history to know that the state of the Negro imported to the western hemisphere was an unhappy one, and this was particularly true in our own country. However, it might be well to remember that Maryland was the only one of the original thirteen colonies settled by Catholics and that legislation was enacted against the Church during the early days of our history. Nevertheless, let us keep in mind that it was Catholicism which championed the cause of the Negro, since it recognized no distinction because of race or color. By contrast with former conditions here let us turn to the investigations of a non-Catholic to see the results in a land where the Church was free to act.

"Most important of all," writes Dr. Mary Williams, "and most dif-



AFRICAN NEGRO PRIEST IN AFRICA
This newly ordained priest is giving his first blessing to a little African girl

ficult fully to evaluate because the influence was so subtle — membership in the Roman Church bound the slaves, with all the power represented by that organization, to white Brazilians in a brotherhood based upon the recognition of God as the common Father. . . . The most striking difference between the attitude in Brazil towards the Negro slaves and that in the United States was the ease with which bondsmen could, in the former country, secure manumission. Whereas, in most of the slaveholding States of the North American Union, emancipation was either discouraged or absolutely prohibited by law.

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Conditions have changed in both Africa and the United States. The 19th century saw the extinction of slavery in this country and the re-opening of the so-called "dark continent" to the white man. But this was a different sort of white man. The kind that followed in the footsteps of Liberman and Lavigerie had only the most sublime affection for the African people, and he came to offer "the gift supreme" — faith in the true God. Thus Africa is experiencing a renaissance, which bears the mark of the Redeemer Himself. Native sons are mounting the altars to consecrate the Bread of Angels for their own countrymen; the Vicar of Christ on earth has elevated two Negroes to the episcopacy, and placed a third in charge of a Prefecture Apostolic.

In America also a new era has dawned. Seminaries are now established for the training of young colored men for the eternal priesthood. This progress in America is in keep-

ing with the mind of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, who in his first Encyclical sounded the keynote for the Church in this Country.

"Those who enter the Church," wrote the Sovereign Pontiff, "whatever be their origin or their speech, must know that they have equal rights as children in the House of the Lord, where the law of Christ and the peace of Christ prevail."

Again His Holiness wrote in his *Sertum Laetitiae*, "We confess that We feel a special paternal affection, which is certainly inspired of Heaven, for the Negro people dwelling among you; for in the field of religion and education we know that they need special care and comfort and are deserving of it. We therefore invoke an abundance of heavenly blessings, and we pray fruitful success for those whose generous zeal is devoted to their welfare." Now the appeal goes out to every Catholic to pray "for native clergy among African and American Negroes."

Reminiscence

Maxine Williams, S.V. D.

O beautiful those days now wrapt in time!
O golden moments, moments, so sublime!
In which by serving men I served my Lord:
What joy! my joy! it can but come from God.
The Sun of Justice, He has blest my days
And spread His Light on me in brightest rays.

Tell me, can e'er there be a nobler thing
Than love and labor, serving God our King?
This e'er has been my happy wish from youth;
And now my search is ended, I've found TRUTH!

To God on golden wings my years have sped,
To their reward — as He, the Truth, hath said.
There were the times when heart beat faint and low,
When God's designs exacted pain and woe.
But now the field is filled with ripened grain,
Reward of love, reward that will remain.



Photo by Paddio

MOST REV. JOSEPH F. RUMMEL, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS, PRESIDED at the 25th Anniversary Mass of Corpus Christi Church which was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. Edward Casserly, S.S.J., assisted by Rev. Charles Tobin, S.S.J., as Deacon, and Rev. George Wilson, S.S.J., as Subdeacon. Second on the Archbishop's left is Rt. Rev. Abbot Columban Thuis, O.S.B., of Covington, La.

LARGEST COLORED PARISH 25 YEARS OLD

● Still Growing, Physically and Spiritually

The largest exclusively colored Catholic parish in the United States celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday a few months ago with a Solemn High Mass in a beautiful but crowded church. Corpus Christi Parish in New Orleans, La., numbers about 10,000 colored Catholics.

Back in 1916 Father Samuel Kelly, S.S.J., started the mission in a frame house which he converted into a temporary church. Three years later a substantial brick combination church-and-school building was erected. But the parish had grown so rapidly that in the same year (1919) a part of its territory was sliced off to help form Holy Redeemer Parish.

In the following year another section of Corpus Christi Parish was taken away to help in the formation of St. Peter Claver's Parish. In 1927 still

another parish, St. Raymond's, was carved whole and entire out of the Corpus Christi territory. Yet today Corpus Christi Parish is big enough to be divided again.

During the past twenty-five years the priests at Corpus Christi have baptized 7,700 persons, of whom over 400 were converts. In the same period of time 3,300 persons received the Sacrament of Matrimony in the small frame church, the combination church and the new and beautiful stuccoed church, built in 1930.

The school, which years ago started "right off the bat" with about 300 children, has today an enrollment of 1,350 pupils, taught by 15 Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament and 4 lay teachers. But since the school, to which extra classrooms have been added, is still too

(Continued on page 37)



CELEBRATING HIS FIRST SOLEMN MASS IN THE PARISH IN WHICH HE WAS A BOY
 Rev. George Wilson, S.V.D., was assisted by the pastor, Rev. John Neifert, S.S.J., and (at left) Rev. Bernard Lyons, S.S.J., who also preached the sermon. At the extreme right is Rev. Edward Brunner, S.S.J., of Clayton, Del.

AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS

GEORGE G. WILSON, S.V. D.

- A former orphan boy now a priest
- Returns to the Home and finds many changes

"Wilmington!" bellowed the conductor as the train roared into the B & O station. I grabbed my two bags and made for the platform. I was back in Wilmington, Del., for the first time in thirteen years. Had I known the words of Al Jolson's "Mammy," I would have been tempted to sing; for I was coming home to "Mammy" — my dear old alma mater, St. Joseph's Home.

St. Joseph's Home was erected in 1892 as a haven for orphan boys and for those male children whom their parents were unable to support. The

inmates were generally called "the Home boys."

After the handshaking and volley of greetings exchanged with Father Neifert, S.S.J., the present pastor of St. Joseph's Church, and some of the parishioners, I, accompanied by two of the former "Home boys," began an inspection tour of the place.

"The place's changed quite a bit since you left," said one.

"So I noticed," was my reply.

The third story where the "big" boys slept was gone. The front entrance with the porch, where we used

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

to view the parades, was also gone. St. Joseph's statue had been moved from its exalted position over the building and placed on the lawn between the Home and the church.

"The Home's been changed into a parochial school," explained one of the boys. "About 300 pupils attend it. Of course it's only a grammar school. It's pretty difficult gettin' teachers an' things for a high school."

"How many Sisters teach in the school?"

"Five. They're of the same Order that taught in the Home — the Sisters of St. Francis, whose Motherhouse is in Glen Riddle, Pa."

As we passed from one room to another, our minds flitted back over thirteen and more years. I do not know how much time we spent conjuring up old memories with the help of the magic formula: "Do you remember . . . ?" We were living in the past, and we liked it.

"Come," suggested one, "let's visit the church. You'll notice —"

"By the way," I interrupted, "isn't this the golden jubilee year of the church? Father de Ruyter laid the cornerstone in 1891 — and that's 50 years ago."

"Yes; this is the golden jubilee year!" they chorused.

"Hope you'll be here for the celebration," added one of them.

"Yes — I hope, I hope, I hope," was my rejoinder.

We were nearing the church. It is one of the oldest churches built by the Josephite Fathers. Upon approaching closer I discovered that it had a new brick facade. As if anticipating my question one of the boys explained:

"Father Rebeshier fixed up the church a bit, an' put up this here new front in 1934. The church now has a choir loft, and a little room for Baptisms." He was referring to the neat little baptistery opposite the stairs leading to the choir.

Upon entering the church my gaze went swiftly to the main altar and sanctuary. I was looking at the same altar and sanctuary once again after thirteen years' absence. Next to St. Joseph's Home — now the parochial school—this church played a great part in the formation of my priestly vocation. For about seven years I was its assistant sacristan. For just as many years I was one of its altar boys. You can imagine what thoughts and sentiments crowded upon me as I knelt in silent adora-



ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

In front of the church is Father Chester C. Ball, S.S.J., recently ordained colored priest, who has been appointed assistant at St. Joseph's

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

tion. After spending a few moments thus, we left the church.

"Good old St. Joseph's Church!" exclaimed the companion on my right, as I was being escorted back to the rectory.

"Good old St. Joseph's Church!" I echoed fervently.

My stay at the rectory revealed to me the reason for the rapid growth of the parish. When I left in 1928, the parishioners numbered scarcely over 100. Today they are over 400 strong. When one studies the religious situation of Wilmington, one will see that converts are not easily made. From this viewpoint St. Joseph's has made wonderful progress in thirteen years.

"You've got to get out and associate with the people," explained Father Neifert.

He succeeds in winning souls through the social approach. Through his efforts, St. Joseph's ranks very high in the C. Y. O. sports. The basketball team and track team have captured several trophies. Not only by means of sports, but also by personal help and advice does he win souls for God.

"Father Neifert, you're wanted on the phone! Father Neifert, there's someone in the parlor to see you!" is the housekeeper's almost hourly call. Sometimes it is a person seeking employment; another time it is a request to procure hospital care for the caller's relative; still another time it is a person who would like to take instructions.

Father Neifert assured me that there is plenty of apostolic work for

himself, and for his young assistant, Father Chester Ball, S.S.J. — a Negro priest recently ordained — as well as for the good Sisters. This is no exaggeration, especially when one takes into consideration the possible future of the little mission church, Blessed Sacrament Mission, attended from St. Joseph's. This church was built by Father Conrad Rebesh, S.S.J., in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, for the convenience of those who live too far from St. Joseph's Church.

Thirteen years have wrought many changes in St. Joseph's parish. These changes indicate that Catholicity is being favorably received by the colored people of Wilmington. God grant that another thirteen years will see St. Joseph's parish blessed with vocations to the Sisterhood as well as to the Priesthood!



Father Gillard

All those interested in the Colored Mission Work here in the United States were shocked to learn of the sudden death, on January 13, of Rev. John T. Gillard, S.S.J.

Father Gillard, who was ordained in 1928, was an eminent authority on the organization, statistics and work of the Negro Apostolate. Editor of the *Colored Harvest* since 1928, Father Gillard spent much time writing and lecturing in the interest of the work so close to his heart. He wrote and published several books, chief among which is "Colored Catholics in the United States" just published.

We offer our sympathy to the Fathers of the Society of St. Joseph who have lost one of their most zealous and worthy members in the death of Father Gillard, and we pray God to rest his soul.

"...as the Catholic Church of God is foreign to no nation, so should every nation yield its own sacred ministers."

Pope Benedict XV, Nov. 30, 1919

A PIONEER PASSES

JOSEPH F. ECKERT, S.V. D.

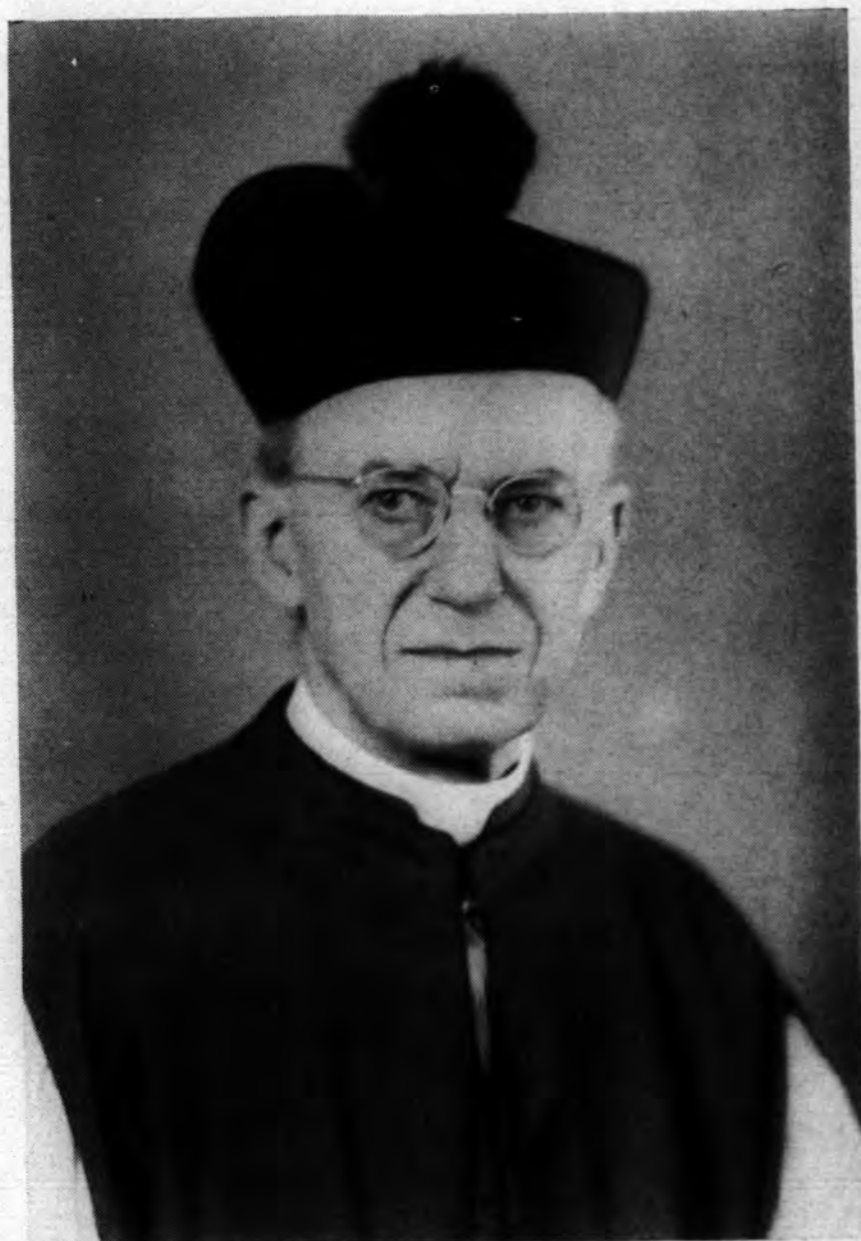
- One of the First Missionaries among American Negroes
- And Founder of a Catholic Girls' Boarding School

On the Eve of All Saints' Day, 1941, the noble soul of a humble priest and zealous missionary among the colored people of America went to join the Saints in Heaven; for on that day Monsignor Philip Keller, pastor of St. Leo's Church, German Cove, La., departed this life.

Monsignor Keller's name had become a household word among the Catholic colored people of Southwestern Louisiana and Texas. He was highly respected and affectionately beloved by all — by his Bishop, the Most Reverend J. B. Jeanmard, and by his brother-priests, by white and colored, by Protestant and Catholic, by whosoever came in contact with him or was the beneficiary of his unaffected kindness and priestly zeal. Indeed, he was not only *every inch a man, but also a real priest of God.*

As a young man Philip Keller came to this country from Germany to finish his studies for the priesthood, as so many others did at that time. The severe and unjust "*May laws*" of the Iron Chancellor Bismarck had made it very difficult to become a priest over there. *Already in his early youth Father Keller wanted to be a missionary among the colored people of the United States,* for he had read in mission magazines about the deplorable religious, social, and economic conditions of the American Negroes.

That desire grew more and more as he himself saw how the good Negroes were without priests, churches



RT. REV. MONSIGNOR PHILIP L. KELLER

and schools, while, on the other hand, he noticed many Protestant sects very active and apparently successful among them. Long before his ordination in 1889, he had firmly set himself to dedicate his priestly life exclusively to the Negroes; *an heroic resolution which in those days meant social ostracism and very often persecution and contempt* from those who were strongly opposed to any advancement of the colored people.

Soon after Father Keller's ordina-

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

tion Bishop Nicholas Gallagher of Galveston, assigned him to the newly established Holy Rosary Mission, the *first Catholic Church* for colored people in the State of Texas, and *one of the first in the great South*.

He began without funds, aided only by his never flagging zeal, love for souls, and an unlimited trust in God. This was a really superhuman undertaking, which demanded every sacrifice of the young priest. Time and time again have I listened to the Monsignor's interesting experiences and to the tremendous difficulties of his early years. I could not help but marvel at his heroic courage. To the question: "How could you do this, or that?" he just would smile and say: "*God took care of that.*"

The success of the mission work invariably depends upon the school. No one realized that better than Father Keller. He was not satisfied with a good grammar school, but wanted also a high school and boarding school for girls, where they could be prepared for a useful life and the duties and joys of a Catholic home, the backbone of every parish.

Reverend Mother Katharine Drexel, the greatest benefactress of the Colored Missions in the United States, came to Father Keller's assistance. Soon Father had organized and built the Holy Rosary Industrial School for Girls and placed it in charge of the colored Sisters of the Holy Family. To make the new enterprise known, and to gain friends, he founded *The Colored Man's Friend*, a quarterly magazine which he himself edited and even printed both in the English and German languages. This little pub-

lication is now in its forty-third year. He himself traveled about the country to preach and gather subscriptions. At one time he had 16,000 subscribers.

Father Keller returned to his native Germany, where he pleaded, with great financial success, the cause of the American Negroes and of the Holy Rosary Institute. Indeed, no sacrifice was too great for him as long as it meant the advancement of the colored people.

In 1913 he transferred the Holy Rosary Institute to a more convenient location in Lafayette, La., the heart of the Catholic colored population. Here he erected a modern building and built up a first-class high school for girls. Here he continued to labor until finally his strength gave out.

In 1928 Holy Rosary Institute was turned over to the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word by Bishop Jeanmard of Lafayette. Before Father Keller left Holy Rosary Institute, he was signally honored for his great work by the late Holy Father, Pius XI, and appointed a Domestic Prelate. He was given charge of a small German community. St. Leo's Parish, German Cove, La., where he spent the happy evening of his life in the midst of the most devoted people I have ever met.

Monsignor Keller led the life of an exemplary priest and humble missionary. Like his Master, he went about doing good, instructing the ignorant, exhorting the wayward, comforting the sick and poor.

Thousands of the good colored Catholics and their children will always remember him as a kind father and wise counsellor who led them

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

on the way to a true Christian family life. When and if they were unjustly and unreasonably attacked by unscrupulous exploiters, the Monsignor would come forward and champion their cause and fight for their God-given rights.

Many young colored girls, now professed Sisters of the Holy Family, received from him the inspiration to forgo the legitimate joys of family life, and dedicate their lives to God and to the education of the children of their Race.

St. Augustine's Seminary for the training of Negro priests had in him a sincere friend from the very beginning. As a veteran missionary Monsignor Keller saw the absolute necessity of colored priests, if the mission work among the colored people is to go forward. Though he

was extremely poor, he generously gave from his meager income to the education of colored priests. When the first colored priests began to work in the Diocese of Lafayette they had in him a dear friend. He never came to Lafayette without paying them a little visit, encouraging them and giving them little gifts.

Monsignor Philip Keller will always be known in the history of the Church of the South as one of the first missionaries and pioneers of Colored Mission work in the U.S.A. *Fifty years ago he was almost alone, while today, thanks to his inspiration, almost 500 priests are engaged exclusively in the conversion of the Negroes.* We know that the Good Lord took "good care of him" when he appeared before Him in Judgment.

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL



Seminarians at the Propagation of the Faith College in Rome enjoy a game of soccer. Countries represented in this picture are (left to right): Ceylon, Albania, Yugoslavia, Australia, Albania, China, Togo (Africa), and Australia

Hello, folks, permit me to give you the news that I have so assiduously collected during the past month. Here it is, one "new" after the other:

Ruggles of Red Gap

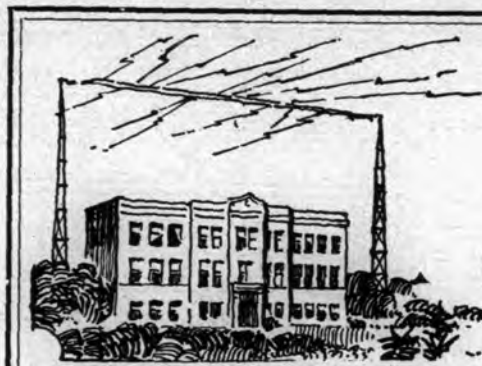
Perhaps you may have seen this interesting picture. If so, perhaps many of you were fooled, as I was. To me the title suggested the Wild West, cowboys with great herds of cattle out under the open sky smoking six-shooters, shrieking Indians — stop right there! Permit me to say that I was sadly mistaken. It was the West, but far from wild. There was — as far as I can remember — only one man on a horse in the whole film. No great herds of cattle. There wasn't a single gun, much less a shot fired throughout the picture, if my memory doesn't fail me. The only Indians were those in the hero's mind — and in my own. Quite tame, you'll say. Not at all, I reply. The picture was — in my estimation — superbly interesting and entertaining. The plight of Ruggles, and the different situations in which he unwittingly found himself, kept our attention with our eyes glued to the screen awaiting the solution. And the solution when it came was satisfying, for Ruggles turned out to be "a jolly good fellow," beloved by all Red Gap. If you haven't seen this picture, you've missed a good evening's entertainment. St. Augustine's community saw it in their auditorium, and everybody enjoyed it to the utmost.

Sermon

On the eve of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. Father Hubert Posjena, S.V.D., delivered a sermon on this privilege of the Blessed Virgin Mary, her Immaculate Conception. This is one of her most distinctive dignities and the speaker stressed this, as also the fact that we should be devoted to Mary, to strengthen our own holiness and purity.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception

Our Lady's day — a great day at St. Augustine's Seminary. We had prepared ourselves by special private



Seminary

BROADCAST

St. Augustine's Seminary
the only Catholic Seminary

prayers for this feast of our Mother, and it broke upon us with all the joy that children feel when she, whom they love and cherish, is honored. There was a Solemn High Mass in the morning at 8:30 at which the community of St. Augustine's was present. The Seminary choir, under the able direction of Father Hubert Posjena, rendered the *Missa Populi* of Hubert Cupyers in conjunction with the community. I personally think very much of the idea of having the community join in the polyphonic singing if it can be done as satisfactorily as was done in our chapel on this day.

Football Game

It's those students again! As I said once before, their audacity is amazing! Now on this particular occasion they rashly agreed to venture out on the same field with the Brothers; no! not to watch the game, but to *play* against them! And the Brothers rose to the occasion. Two weeks before the day set they began to practice and to whip themselves into shape under the capable coaching of Professor Charles Henry, the Mathematics teacher in the minor seminary. The Brothers turned out in good spirit for the practice and soon were working their passes and runs like any football team.

Came the day! The two teams faced each other. The whistle sounded and they were off. For three minutes nothing happened. Then suddenly with a couple of well-aimed passes the students



OH, IF JOE LOUIS
Student Thomas
ton, D. C., challenge
man of Austin, T

BROADCAST from
 St. Louis, Mississippi
 Catholic Seminary in America



scored. There was a kickoff. Coming into possession of the ball again, the students proceeded to mark up another touchdown on passes. Within five minutes the process was repeated. At the end of the first quarter, the score read something like 25-0. This was becoming painful, so the second team of the students entered the fray to try their luck against the Brothers. From the second quarter on the outlook for

the affairs of the Brothers took on a somewhat less dingy appearance, though they never came within danger of winning the game. Under the able passing of Prof. Henry and the skillful pass-collecting of Leo Richardson and Brother Stephen, the Brothers managed to compile 18 points. But every now and then some ambitious student would snatch the ball out of the air and scamper across the final strip.

The final score tells the whole story. It was 45-18, in favor of the minor seminarians. The Brothers fought diligently every minute of the melee, but they were unable to stanch the flow of pass-receivers, into whose open and willing arms student Warren Carlson was most aggravatingly dropping the ball. And so the score.

If you should happen to drop around the Seminary grounds some day, you will surely notice the improvements in our outward appearance. All our roads are being covered with cinders

in order to insure better use and longer life. It looks much neater too, if you ask me; but if you don't, well, drop around and see for yourself.

Two new young men have come to take their places beside those candidates for the Brotherhood who have already been with us now for a long time. They are Alvin Chambers from Rosa, La., and Henry Yancey from Sharon Hill, Pa. We wish them every success in this their chosen vocation.

Maybe you won't believe it, but we are now working on a super-super-colossal moving picture entitled "Mid Sweat and Toil in Dixie." The whole film is in technicolor, and shows the life of the seminarians in St. Augustine's Seminary, the ordination of one of our colored priests, and the interesting work being done in the Southern Missions of the Society of the Divine Word.

Father August Freitag came from St. Mary's Mission House, Techny, Ill., to do the photographic work. Father John Kemper is doing the film-editing, while Father Clarence Howard is writing the script.

"Mid Sweat and Toil in Dixie" is intended for showing in schools, parish halls, and in society and club meetings. The premiere will be held in the middle of February. If you get a chance, try to see this picture.



(Continued from page 29)

small to accommodate all the children of the parish, religious instruction classes are held five times a week for 800 children who attend the public schools.

Corpus Christi Parish is under the care of the Josephite Fathers. Rev. Edward Casserly, S.S.J., the pastor, is assisted by Revs. Bartholomew O'Shaughnessy, S.S.J., Harry Maloney, S.S.J., and John Quinn, S.S.J.



JOE LOUIS SEE US NOW!
 (t Thomas B. (ft) of Washing-
 C., challenge Frank Harde-
 f Austin, Tex. a boxing match

GET RID OF IT!

JOSEPH BUSCH, S.V. D.

Last November a man stepped out of his car near Conway, Arkansas, and, throwing it into gear with the motor still running, stood by while it plunged into a flooded creek and sank. When brought into town, he told the police that he was tired of fiddling with it and tired of all the stuff in the car. (Among other things were extra suits, a new typewriter, a radio, lawbooks, and a set of expensive golf clubs.)

"It was my property," he maintained, "and I had a right to get rid of it."

And so without all that "stuff," as he expressed it, and traveling light, this man, an attorney from Washington, D. C., left Conway by bus.

"What a shame!" I can almost hear you say. "Why all this waste? Why was all that 'stuff' not sold or given to the poor instead of getting rid of it as he did?" One will scarcely be inclined to imitate him. Yet we can profit by his example.

Haven't we got things we ought to be tired of, and ought to get rid of? For instance, the habit of cursing, of treating God's holy Name in a way we do not want ours treated, or giving others a sample of obscenity, foolish talking and scurrility which is to no purpose. And the sample arouses in others a craving for more! These are habits that we can get rid of without incurring any blame, and we'll go on our way with lighter hearts and minds. By clearing one's soul of such stuff, one will less easily have a bad influence on others, and this applies especially to parents.

Once a twenty-three months old child of whom I know grew tired of waiting for his meal and shouted to his mother engaged in conversation with another lady, "Mother, for Christ's sake, give me some breakfast!" Evidently he had heard the expression again and again, and had made it his own.

Not so long ago a mother with a cute baby and a girl of two or three sat ahead of me in the railway coach. Every now and then one could hear her snap at them, "Shut up!" Need one be sur-

prised if the little girl tells her companions or even her mother, "Oh, shut up!"? And the danger is that she will do the same thing in later years to her husband. Can you imagine the Blessed Virgin or St. Joseph telling the Infant Jesus, "Shut up!"? What you do to your little ones when you swear, or curse, or use evil language before them, He considers as done to Him.

The Holy Spirit does not leave any doubt in the epistle He and Saint James wrote that it's a job to speak as a Christian ought to speak. And it is going to take time and His grace to get rid of evil ways of talking. They are harder to shake off than empty fears. It's easier to get rid of a cold, or a persistent agent of goods no one else wants to buy. Let us not expect to dispose of them as easily as the lawyer did of all that stuff in his car.

We have to imitate the men demolishing a former sugar refinery building near Canal Street in New Orleans. The building was abandoned thirty years ago and has been an eyesore for tourists coming into the city on the L. & N Railroad. The work is going ahead steadily, and by the time you read this, probably the long tedious job will be finished. The men will keep at it until they level the whole building to the ground.

By keeping at it we, too, can get rid of eyesores, of habits of cursing, of blasphemy, of profanity, or other evil ways of speaking.

Listen to St. Peter. In a moment of weakness he began to curse and to swear. He repented and grieved over the scandal given, and we can be sure that he lived up to his exhortation,

"He who would love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips that they speak no deceit."

He wants us to imitate Him who when He was reviled did not revile: "not to render abuse for abuse but contrariwise, blessing."

May the great Apostle pray for us and, if we have an evil manner of speech, assist us to get rid of it.

BRIGHT SPOTS IN THE NEWS

Fight Against Jim Crow Theatres Won

The Cincinnati branch of the N.A.A.C.P. was successful in its efforts to compel the RKO Midwest Theatre Corporation to admit colored patrons. The result is that the colored may attend theatres in Cincinnati, and occupy seats on the same condition and terms as other patrons.

Women Squash Discrimination at Convention

The women's auxiliary of the UAW-CIO convention in Buffalo successfully squashed a question of race discrimination. The occasion was offered when Mrs. Veal Clough, the wife of one of the Ford workers, was refused service in the dining room of Hotel Buffalo, the headquarters of the convention. Mrs. Clough brought the matter before the women's auxiliary convention. The hotel manager denied that the hotel's policy barred Negroes. On another occasion, as proof of his sincerity, he presented each of the group of Negro women who entered the dining room with a gift of silver with "Compliments of the Hotel Buffalo" inscribed upon it.

Would Serve With Colored Soldiers

In a protest against the denial of democratic rights to Negro soldiers, filed by Roger Starr, a young New York writer, with local draft board, he says in part: "... As a white, the Army wants to place me in a unit with

white troops. I should prefer being placed with colored troops, for then they would become mixed troops, American troops. Certainly there are others besides myself who went to school with colored boys, who learned beside them the history of our country and the theory of its government and who want to be allowed to contribute their services to their country under conditions that do not hold that theory in ridicule."

Negroes Assured Jobs in Plant

The Urban League was assured by the Sperry Gyroscope Company of Brooklyn that it will employ a large number of Negro workers. Already a small number is employed in shipping and maintenance jobs.

First Negro Boxing Inspector Appointed

Rollo S. Vest, a prominent newspaper man of Detroit, has been appointed a boxing inspector. He is the first Michigan Negro to serve in that capacity.

Negro Singer in Hebrew Oratorio

"When the Hebrew Oratorio "Breshith," composed by Oskar Guttman, was presented before an American audience for the first time on January 11, a Negro tenor, Earl Cornelius Washington, was included in the cast.

"Breshith," which tells the story of the days of the Creation and is sung entirely in Hebrew, was presented in New York City by the Jewish Choral Society.

A DOUBLE MURAL depicting Frederick Douglas in a debate, and (right) a group of freed slaves thanking President Lincoln, their liberator. This painting is the work of William Edouard Scott, internationally famous Negro artist of Chicago



Granny Olivia

by
Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

Granny's feet fairly rippled under her when you saw her scurry past you in the street, and you were led to think Granny's feet wore rollers beneath the flowing folds of her old-fashioned wrapper.

If you stopped to speak to her, Granny Olivia invariably would acquaint you with the news that she was going to Florida. Oh, yes, soon, very soon, and she'd say that with pride. For her rich daughter lived in Florida, and Granny wanted the world to know she was being wanted in Florida. Granny was considered queer on account of her imaginary trip to the Land of Springtime, and folks felt sorry for her.

Granny worked for the Wilsons as a maid of all work; the Wilsons' house had ten large rooms in it, which were kept immaculate by Granny's work.

Granny tried to justify the fact that she was working at the Wilsons', in spite of her "rich daughter" and her proposed trip to Florida, by claiming that she wished to do something to occupy her time and not loiter about like an "idle rich" while she waited for the day to leave Green Grove.

The Wilsons were good to Granny; who would not be, she was so nice! Granny's pastime was to sit in her little room in the attic and look out on the valley. If you had been sitting beside her, you could have seen a blue wisp of smoke



rising from the red chimney of a large farmhouse in the valley. That farm had been Granny's home. That was why she liked to look at it from her attic window. Blue smoke, rising toward the sky and curling upward in winter, just as it had years ago.

Granny liked to dream she still lived in the farmhouse, and that it was she herself who sent up the blue smoke against the gray sky, there were no tears in Granny's eyes as she retrospected into the past.

For sixty years Granny had lived on that farm; there she had married, and there Corina had been born, a lovely child with sunshine in her laughter. Olivia and Fred had dreamed their child should have all the good things of the world, of which they themselves had been deprived. Yes, education, comforts, clothes, happiness — and they were

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

going to see to it that their dreams came true. When only a little girl, Corina was the best-dressed child in the valley, and as soon as she became old enough she had been sent to a girls' college in the city, then to New York to study singing. There, later on, she had married, and had become rather proud, so proud, in fact, that she had never brought her husband to visit her folks, for Corina had an education and looked down at the "ain'ts" and "we all" of her parents. She had gone to Florida to live, and Florida and the continent continued to divide Olivia from her daughter. Olivia understood, she did not even go to the wedding. But father and mother sent a generous check for a wedding present.

Time passed. Folks began to ask: "Why doesn't your girl ever come down and visit you folks?"

And Olivia would say, "She invites us over all the time, but we can't find time to leave the farm."

Once Corina wrote them: "Could you help my husband? He is a theatrical booking agent and has not done so well this season." That letter filled the old folks with the subtle joy of being able to give to that child of theirs who had seemed not to need them. The check had been a most generous one. So generous, in fact, that it had helped to pay many debts.

After that Corina had begun periodically to ask for money. She needed a vacation. Olivia had written, "Why not come home for a visit? The country is so lovely in the spring." And there had been hope in the old folks' hearts. But the answer to the letter had snuffed their hopes. It was not a *rest* Corina

needed, it was *diversion*. She would have simply LOVED to accompany her husband on a trip to Europe if she had only had the money.

Mother Olivia wrote a letter, her husband wrote out a check, and Corina went to Europe.

It was about that time that the first mortgage had been placed on the farm. The following winter Olivia's husband died, and Granny Olivia was left alone in the farmhouse. With the death of her husband, and the leaving of the old home, years seemed to have suddenly showered down on Olivia, and folks started calling her Granny. She looked so old.

Her daughter did not attend the funeral, she was in Paris. Later, when Olivia had to sell the old place in order to be able to write out the checks for her daughter's growing needs, she told the neighbors she had willingly given up the farm, because she was going to live with her daughter in Florida.

Folks thought this plausible, but as days, weeks and months went by, and instead of departing from Green Grove, Olivia went to work for the Wilsons, they understood, and smiled with pity when the old woman said, "Well, I'll be leaving soon, I'm going to Florida, you know."

Years passed, Granny grew feeble, her step shuffled more and more. She was seldom seen in the street, and then she took to her room.

One day I heard from the Wilsons that Granny was "pretty low." They wanted to notify her relatives of the old woman's condition, but she refused to give her daughter's address.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

I went to see her in her neat little room. I found her in bed. When I greeted her, she smiled, but I do not think she recognized me. I sat beside her bed, fumbling for words.

"Well, well," I began, "I see you are looking better, Granny. Spring is coming on, and the birds are singing." The old woman was silent. "I bet things are pretty green in Florida. Don't you think you'd better write your daughter you'd like to see her?" I advanced. And then hesitated as I added, "She might want you to join her in Florida."

Granny turned her slow gaze to my face. She smiled. "I have been in Florida all this time," she said slowly. "My daughter has been lovely to me, but I must go home now, papa needs me on the farm, with the berry-picking season coming on."

My lips tightened, poor Granny, her mind was wandering.

"Your daughter will wish to hear from you while you are — home," I said. "Don't you think we'd better write her a letter, now that you have left Florida?"

"Oh, no," smiled Granny. "My daughter won't worry." And she closed her eyes smiling. I could not further try to snatch from those lips the address the poor woman had so jealously kept secret. I tiptoed out of the room.

Mrs. Wilson met me at the door. "Well," she said, "did you get her daughter's address?"

"No," I said. "She thinks she has been in Florida with her daughter all this time, and she thinks she is going home where her dear ones are waiting."

"Poor Granny, she has lost her

mind!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson with a catch in her voice.

"I don't know," I told her, and walked away. When I reached home, my telephone bell was ringing. When I answered it was to learn that Granny had gone home — home where her husband was waiting.

They laid Granny away in the corner of the cemetery. Some day, they thought, the daughter might come and place a stone above the grave.

One year later, I went away from the little town, and when I returned the weeds had grown tall beneath the tree where Granny Olivia was resting.

It was Mrs. Wilson who told me of the letter she had found among Granny's belongings, a letter announcing her daughter's death. From the date we saw that that letter marked the time when Granny had taken to her bed; Granny had no further need to work and make believe, so — she had gone home to meet her dear ones in the Land of Eternal Sunshine.

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Bl. Martin's Feast

A highlight of 1941: In September Archbishop Joseph F. Rummel of New Orleans, La., directed that, beginning with 1941, the feast (November 5) of Blessed Martin de Porres, Negro Dominican lay Brother, be celebrated every year in all the churches of the New Orleans Archdiocese.

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FEBRUARY'S SAINTS

Feb. 1 — Septuagesima

Septuagesima is the second season of the Church year. It consists of three weeks, and each week is called by a special name; namely, *Septuagesima*, *Sexagesima*, and *Quinquagesima*. These words mean seventy, sixty and fifty, and represent the approximate number of days before Easter. It is a time for preparation for the holy season of Lent. Spend these three weeks in sorrow for your past sins and ask God for the grace of a holy death.

Feb. 2 — Presentation in the Temple

Although the Purification of the Blessed Virgin is commemorated in today's feast, it is given only secondary consideration. The Church gives first place to the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple. Since Jesus had a virginal birth, Mary was not bound in any way to observe the Jewish law which required mothers to be purified after childbirth (*Leviticus XII*). The feast is also called Candlemas Day. Simeon called Jesus the Light of the Gentiles. The blessed candle represents Christ. Ask Jesus that the light of the true faith may soon dispel the darkness of all who are outside His true Church.

Feb. 5 — St. Agatha

This holy virgin and martyr is a forceful example that God is wonderful in His saints. She was of noble parents, and the beauty of her countenance was a mirror that reflected the



PRESENTATION OF JESUS IN THE
TEMPLE

"And Simeon...said to Mary His Mother:
'Behold this Child is destined for the fall
and for the rise of many...'" (Luke 2:34)

beauty of her chaste soul. All attempts to lure her into evil failed, and she was subjected to divers tortures. She was beaten, placed on hot plates; her breast was cut off, but miraculously restored. Finally at her own request, God took her from this miserable earth. Ask her to obtain for all youth the virtue of chastity.

Feb. 11 — Apparition at Lourdes

Four years after the Immaculate Conception of Mary had been declared a dogma of the Church, the Blessed Mother

began a series of apparitions to a humble and innocent girl in Lourdes, France. When this girl, now St. Bernadette, requested her to reveal her identity, Mary said: "I am the Immaculate Conception." Our country is dedicated to Mary under this special title of the Immaculate Conception. Pray to her for our country and for world peace.

Feb. 18 — Ash Wednesday

Today is the beginning of the Lenten season. It is as old as the Church itself. Christ, the Head of the Church, fasted forty days and nights. The apostles imitated this salutary practice and recommended it to others of the Church. Lent is a time when we perform acts of penance for our past sins and for those of others. The special form of penance approved and prescribed by the Church is fasting. This is a season rich in graces and blessings. Be cheerful and constant in making little sacrifices during Lent.

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With our SVD Fathers on the Colored Missions

Vicksburg Converts

Vicksburg, Miss. — Father Robert O'Leary reports that twenty-seven converts were received into the Catholic Church at St. Mary's last year. Already six others are under instructions.

In order to interest the young people, Father Francis Tetzlaff, the pastor, has entrusted Father O'Leary with the task of making up a sports program. Among the young folks' organizations already started, the boys' and girls' basketball teams seem to be the most popular way right now to keep the young folks interested in clean, innocent fun.

Quite an Accomplishment

Jackson, Miss. — Father Francis Baltes has at last succeeded in providing a teacher and a classroom for each and every one of the grammar grades in Holy Ghost School. This is quite an accomplishment, and a necessary one too since the enrolment for Holy Ghost School this year is well over the 500-mark. None of our other S. V. D. mission schools in the South and very few of any of the Colored Mission schools anywhere in the United States have been able so far to provide such a desirable arrangement. Of necessity the majority of the Colored Mission schools still adhere to the 1-2 and 2-1 system — ONE teacher to TWO grades and TWO grades to ONE classroom.

In the high school department, however, Father is having trouble with the seating capacity. There

were twenty desks in the first-year room. Father scraped together enough money (or credit) to buy another twenty new desks. But the prospective pupils came in such numbers this school-year that 48 had been enrolled in the first-year high alone before the Sisters began turning them away. Many of these first-year students had never before attended a Catholic school. Just what those extra eight students are using for desks is a "defense secret."

Almost Whole Parish Receives Communion

Lafayette, La. — "It seems to me that pretty nearly the whole parish received Holy Communion on Christmas," so writes Father Anthony Bourges, pastor of Immaculate Heart of Mary Church. "We heard confessions in the morning, the afternoon and night up to 10 o'clock. For Midnight Mass the church was crowded more than it ever was before. There were people even outside at the windows.

"At 8:30 the next morning our schoolboys sang the 'Mass of the Angels.' After all the confessions and the Masses with the numerous Communion we were indeed tired, but nevertheless happy because so many of our people had received the Infant Jesus in their heart."

Mason, Elks Honor Priest

When Father Clarence Howard had brought to a close the one week's mission he was conducting in Heart



GROUPS OF BOYS AND GIRLS CONFIRMED AT ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, St. Louis, Mo., on December 5, 1941, by Auxiliary Bishop George Donnelly. Including the adults, 209 persons were confirmed at this time

of Mary Church, Mobile, Ala., last November, the parishioners arranged a public reception to show their appreciation for having had one of their own colored priests to give a mission to them. A crowd of both Catholics and non-Catholics filled the school auditorium to capacity. The Heart of Mary School Band played several selections and the Glee Club sang. Rev. Vincent Warren, S.S.J., the pastor, told the people how happy he was to have Father Howard with him. A high school girl made a touching little speech and handed Father Howard a gift from all the school children.

The principal speaker of the occasion was a high-ranking official of the Alabama Masons, who said that he considered it a privilege to have a Negro Catholic priest in the city of Mobile. The loudest applause came from both Catholics and non-Catholics when the speaker said: "I am a Protestant, but I think — and I don't care who hears me say it — that the greatest church in the world is the Catholic Church!"

Representatives of the Gulf City Lodge 244, I. B. P. O. E. of W.,

were present at the reception also. A special delegation of these Elks had attended the mission in a body one night. Their Exalted Ruler now thanked Father Howard for the inspiration he had given, and presented him with a donation from the Elks.

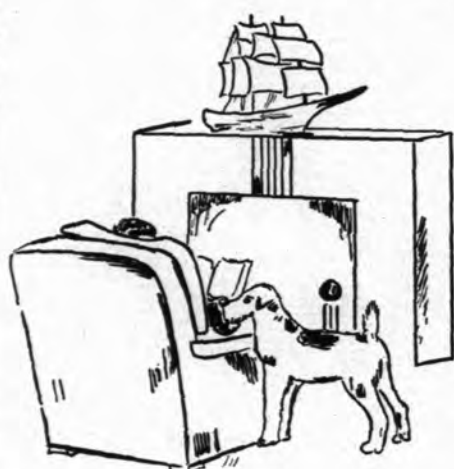
While in Mobile Father Howard was invited to address the faculty and students of the Mobile Branch of the State Teachers' College for Negroes.

Father Pawlowski

News has been received that the Rev. Ladislaus Pawlowski, S.V. D., died on December 20 at the Maryknoll Sanatorium, Monrovia, Calif., where he had been confined for the last two years. Father Pawlowski was ordained in 1924. For a time he was stationed at St. Elizabeth's Church in Chicago as an assistant, and later as pastor. In 1938 he began St. Benedict the Moor's Mission for colored Catholics in San Francisco, Calif., but had to give up the work after a few months due to the state of his health.

The prayers of our readers are asked for the repose of his soul.

CHILDREN'S CORNER



My Dear Boys and Girls:

Because my Mail Bag is just so chock-full of letters this month I am going to make my little chat short, so as to have more space for your letters.

But I do want to remind you that Lent comes early this year — February 18 is Ash Wednesday. I know everyone of you is going to offer the dear Jesus some special sacrifice — movies, dances, parties, candy, chewing gum, and so on. But don't just GIVE UP something during Lent; try to GET something! Try to GET a better disposition, try to GET a smile for everybody. Try to GET a little patience when things go wrong. Try to GET a kind word for each one. Try to GET better marks in school. And, especially, try to GET the habit of going to Mass and Communion regularly every day in Lent. Offer these things that this terrible war may soon come to an end.

MY MAIL BAG

Dear Father Howard:

I have been reading the CHILDREN'S CORNER in ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER. The Sisters get it and let us read it. I think it is a very popular colored magazine, best I have ever read. (Thanks!!!)

I am sending you a riddle, and hope you will enjoy having it put in the MESSENGER. Well, Father, I am saying good-bye for the first time, and hope to write again. Sincerely yours,

Mildred Alexander, Grade 6
St. John Berchmans' Orphanage
New Orleans, La.

Thanks for the bouquet, Mildred. You will find your riddle on the next page. I shall be waiting for you to write again.

Dear Father Howard:

I happened to glance through a copy of ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER and was fascinated by it. I find it to be the MOST INTERESTING book of its kind I have ever read.... I noticed the CHILDREN'S CORNER and I saw what a great help it is to the young Catholic boys and girls, as well as the non-Catholic youngsters of America....

Since I first looked at the MESSENGER I have shown it to many of my friends. They, too, have agreed that it is a MOST interesting book. I have asked my sister for back copies and she has given them to me.

Father, I will do my best to see that your MESSENGER is shown to as many persons as I can possibly show it to — and I will try my best to make them interested in it. The latter won't be very difficult.

Well, Father, I think I have said all I can say for the present, but I will write to you in the future, and anything that you desire to ask of me, I will be glad to answer or do.

Since, it seems to me, that now and then you travel, if you ever are around Covington, you will be most welcome to stop in and see me.... My brother is now a Deacon in his last year at St. Mary's Seminary, Norwood, Ohio. He will be ordained this coming June. If possible, it would be a great pleasure to have you present at his ordination and first Mass.

Wishing you a Happy New Year, I remain, Respectfully yours,

Paul Haacke
Covington Catholic High
Covington, Ky.

Thanks, Paul; I am glad that you have become such an enthusiastic booster of the MESSENGER. And thanks for the invitation. Maybe by June my travels MIGHT carry me that far. By the way, the drawings are swell! (Note: — The cartoon which ap-

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

pears in the CHILDREN'S CORNER this month and the one in last month's issue were drawn by Paul, who promises to contribute more of his drawings to this CORNER.)

Dear Father Howard:

You may remember me from the mission which you gave at St. Rita's Church. I served every night at the mission.

Well, to get down to business, the reason why I am writing to you is that I want you to pray that I may become a priest. I am in the eighth grade now, and I hope I can enter the Seminary next school year. Yours truly,

Edward O'Daniel, Grade 8
1557 Yandes Street
Indianapolis, Ind.

Of course I will pray for you, Eddie, and I know that the dear Lord is pleased with your desire to work for Him as one of His priests. Talk it over with your pastor, and meanwhile, don't forget to pray for yourself. Make a teeny-weeny visit to the church every day after school if you can, and beg Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament to help you to become more and more like Him when He was a little Boy living on this earth long years ago.

Dear Father Howard:

How are you? I want to thank you and Father Bowman for the fine mission you gave here at St. Nicholas'.

Please tell my brother and Joseph Patterson I said study hard and keep up the good work. I am sorry I never have anything to say that will interest you. May God bless you!

Mary Dolores Allen, Age 11 years
1218 N. Prairie Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.

But, Mary Dolores, I AM interested in what you have to say. I am interested in what each boy or girl who writes to me has to say, because I am working for Jesus, and don't you think HE is interested? I have told your brother and Joe what you say, and they have decided to follow your sound advice. Write again.

GOOD MOVIE CLUB

Don't forget to write in and join the Good Movie Club which I told you about last time. There will be more news about it next month.



RIDDLE: What do you always find at the beginning of a land, near the middle of an island, but never in an ocean? (Answer on the next page.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTEST

The Autobiographies are rolling in! Here is the lucky one for this month.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Helen Nihiser, Grade 6
630 Jasper Street
Decatur, Ill.

The heavens shone brightly as a baby came into the world on August 19, 1930. I was the cause of the happiness of my proud parents. I am sure the scales cried as they weighed me and the indicator stopped at 9 pounds!

One day my lips moved awkwardly and I said: "Da, da; ma, ma"; and "bye, bye." I thought myself stupendous when I threw my rattle down on the floor and cried until someone came and picked it up. To my parents' surprise I took my very first steps on July 10, 1931. One day I held a spoon. And after that I held a cup, and I first sat on the table on July 10. Happy was I when my first tooth came in on May 16.

When I grew to the exciting age of six, the very first day I cried and did not want to go to school. A few days later no one could keep me away. Many times I would bring home my most loved study, which was reading, and I made everyone listen to me read almost a half-hour each night. At the end of the second grade I made my First Holy Communion.

Every year I would spend most of my time in Peoria, Chicago and Urbana, Ill. While taking these trips I made many good acquaintances. It seems that to mix with the right kind of children always helps develop my mind. During one of these trips I got lost in the heart of Chicago. Knowing the rules when you get lost, I found a policeman and told him my name and my girl friend's house. That was the worst time I had for an awful long time.

In my spare time during my vacation I had to have something to keep my mind active. So I have a hobby, which is playing the piano.

(Continued on next page)



Absent-minded Aviator: "Hey, Joe, now I know why this string is on my finger — I forgot the gasoline!"

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It took centuries to refine nations that were wild and uncivilized. It took hundreds of years to teach them humane methods and means, to train them in the pursuit of trades and professions, to make of them skilled laborers, good business men, solid Christians. Shall, then, the work of centuries be razed to the very ground in a few months or years? Just as fashions and styles of clothing are deteriorating, so the high standards of civilization so carefully established seem to be taking a backward step.

Man had broken away from the wild orgies of the tomahawk and the battle-ax days. He had made an interchange of friendship with his fellowman. Unarmed he walked and conversed with his brothers of the other nations.

Unmolested, he traversed other countries and broadened his education in associating with his brothers of the North, his friends of the South, his allies of the East, his comrades of the West.

But now it is different. Something has changed the course of things. Something has embittered man's friendly, mutual relations. Something has made him turn with suspicion and rage upon his friend of yesterday, turn with bayonet fixed and rifle leveled. Is it the savage returned in him?

O MARY, SEAT OF WISDOM, MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP, HELP US TO INTRODUCE A NEW CIVILIZATION WITH WISDOM SO CONVINCING THAT IT WILL BE LASTING, THAT THE SAVAGE IN US MAY BE FOREVER CURBED.

Children's Corner

(Continued from preceding page)

But now enough for the past. Everyone should look to the future. In my 18th year I want to be a Sister and go to the convent. To my mind, that is about one of the best futures to be had. By being a Sister, I can teach other children the things I know about God. After this I hope to be a better help to everyone.

For her Autobiography Helen will get a whole year's subscription FREE! That makes the score even — 2 boys and 2 girls winners so far. Who will be the next?



ANSWER TO RIDDLE: The letter "L."



Don't forget to pray hard during Lent for the Colored Missions and Missionaries, and include me too.

FATHER HOWARD, S.V.D.

Book Review

THE BLESSED NEGRO MARTYRS OF UGANDA by Charles J. Walsh, S.J.; 35 pages, price 10c. Mission Press, Techny, Ill.

No one race has a monopoly on sanctity. If one would truly learn about the nobility and the loyalty of the Negro, he would do well to secure for himself some knowledge of the Martyrs of Uganda. Any man can readily accomplish this by reading the thirty-five-page pamphlet of Father Walsh, S.J. This booklet furnishes us with a concise,

forcefully worded account of the heroism of these admirable sons of Africa who suffered the loss of their lives to preserve their faith and their virtue.

ST. GABRIEL OF OUR LADY OF SORROWS by Rev. Reginald Lummer, C.P.; 32 pages. Paulist Press, 401 West 59th St., New York, N. Y.

An abundance of miracles during a life terminated by a terrible and painful martyrdom is not the sole criterion of true sanctity. Gabriel Possenti, the young man of the world, who gave up all allurements of worldly success to enter a Passionist Monastery, is a real and telling argument against a false view of holiness. The story of Gabriel Possenti is the story of a simple, ordinary life, hidden from the world; a soul of exceptional zeal and ardor pours into his routine duties a consuming love of God and His Holy Mother. This little pamphlet, couched in picturesque, appealing language, acquaints us with Confrater Gabriel and gives us a glimpse into a peerless soul.



Remember the Dead

In your charity please pray for the happy repose of the souls of

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Patrick O'Reilly

Rev. John Gillard, S.S.J.

Sister Mary Scholastica, O.S.F.

Edward Raboteau

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

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do not feel called to the Priesthood
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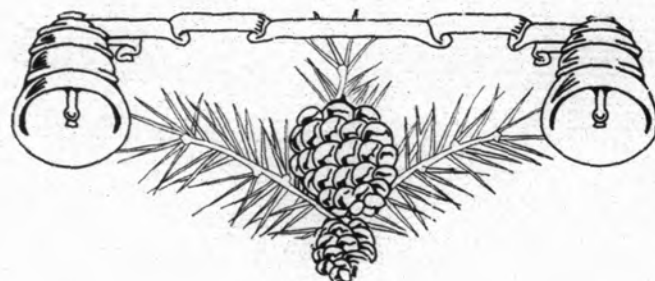
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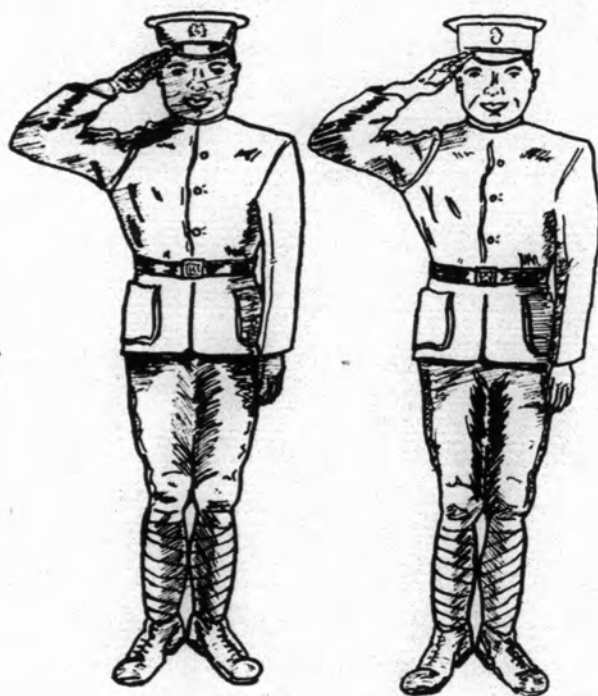
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MESSENGER

ESTABLISHMENT OF NEGRO CLERGY

A Catholic Negro magazine, published monthly, except July, at Techny, Illinois, by St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi. Subscription \$1.00 a year. Proceeds are used for the education of colored students for the priesthood.

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Editor: CLARENCE J. HOWARD, S.V.D.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY

BAY SAINT LOUIS, MISS.

Volume XX

MARCH, 1942

Number 3

Editorial: CATHOLIC LABOR TAKES A STAND

A few months ago ACTU — the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists — held its second annual convention in Pittsburgh, Pa. This labor organization, which strives to promote sound trade unionism based on Christian principles among laborers, whether they are affiliated with the A. F. of L., the C. I. O., or independent labor unions, adopted a resolution which put it squarely in the forefront of those organizations that are fighting for justice for the Negro worker.

The resolution, which somehow missed the headlines in many of the Catholic and most of the Negro newspapers, stated emphatically and unequivocally the position of the Catholic Trade Unionists in regard to racial discrimination.

"We condemn any tendency in any place," the resolution declared, "towards discrimination based upon racial prejudice of any kind; and, because of its prevalence in some quarters, we in particular condemn such discrimination against our colored brethren in the trade union movement, such as the setting up of so-

called 'Jim-Crow' locals, or any like expedient which tends to segregate the Negro worker from his white brethren.

"The reconstruction of the social order can never be accomplished unless and until the dignity of every human soul is fully recognized and given an opportunity to participate fully in the work necessary for the attainment of that reconstruction, and we urge every member of every chapter of the ACTU to assert himself in blotting out every stain of racial discrimination which may disgrace his chapter or the union to which he belongs.

"Be it further resolved that the several chapters of the ACTU make an especial effort to enlist into their membership eligible Negro union members."

This is the kind of outspoken declaration of policy one likes to hear, and *expects* to hear from a Catholic organization.

ACTU was established in 1937 and has a membership of 20,000 Catholic trade unionists.



SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE OF ST. MARY-OF-THE-WOODS WITH THEIR PUPILS
at St. Rita's School, Indianapolis, Ind.

Indianapolis Negro Apostolate

JESSE E. JARMAN, JR.

- Mission Work in the Hoosier State Capital
- Now in Its Twenty-fourth Year

Twenty-four years ago Father Joseph Bryan started St. Rita's Mission as a center for the few colored Catholics in Indianapolis. Today there are approximately 1000 colored Catholics scattered all over the city.

St. Rita's is the only exclusively Negro parish in Indianapolis, and it is city-wide in its scope and activities. Father Bernard L. Strange, who has been the pastor since 1936, says that a goodly number of the total membership of the mission is made up of converts. Father Strange and his assistant, Father Bernard Gerdon, instructed over eighty converts last year.

The mission has a large recreation hall which was formerly used as a school. It is now used as a meeting

place for old and young alike, to create an interest in the church and to encourage the members to build up their whole life around the church.

Among the many services rendered to the community by St. Rita's Mission, the newest is a semi-employment agency which hopes to render valuable aid to the unemployed members of the parish.

St. Rita's School was formerly conducted by the Franciscan Sisters of Oldenburg, Indiana. In September, 1936, the school was moved from St. Rita's Hall to the former St. Bridget's School building. There on September 8 classes began with a total enrollment of 45 pupils. Today there is an enrollment of 154 pupils, 72 boys and 82 girls. Last year St. Rita's had 22 graduates.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

There are more children in the city who would like to attend and who should be attending St. Rita's School, but the lack of space and facilities makes this impossible.

The school has been conducted since 1929 by the Sisters of Providence from St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana. That these Sisters are doing and have done a remarkable service is shown by the splendid record of the graduates who are attending the several Catholic academies and high schools of the city. The relations between the white students of these schools and the students from St. Rita's are very good. The school is assisted by a very active Parent-Teacher club. Transportation is provided in a regulation school bus, owned by the Mission, for the pupils who live at a great distance. The school is a substantially built brick structure with playground facilities, meager though they are, on either side, one side for boys and

the other for girls. Recent redecoration of the building and fair equipment all play their part in the progress that is so notable among the pupils.

The credit for the definite advancement of the mission work among the Negro population of the Indianapolis Diocese is due to the zealous interest of the Bishop, Most Reverend Joseph E. Ritter, D.D. Bishop Ritter's solicitude for the cause of the Negro was manifest even before his consecration as Bishop of Indianapolis in 1934. Since that time, however, his solicitude has become more evident as reflected in the progress recently made.

During the summer of each year for several years Father Strange has succeeded in obtaining the services of the well-known Negro missionary priest, Father Vincent Smith, S.V. D., to conduct an outdoor mission on the spacious lawn of the church. In 1940 another colored



ST. RITA'S MISSION, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER



Gosh! Can't a feller smell a flower without
bein' disturbed?

priest, Father Clarence Howard, S.V. D., helped Father Smith conduct a two-weeks' mission at St. Rita's. It was well attended. Later that same year the Bishop of Indianapolis wrote in a letter which was published in the Annual Report of the Negro and Indian Missions:

"In August, a two-weeks' mission was conducted by two Negro priests. The number of prospective converts who have asked for instructions as a result shows this to be our best way to interest the Negro in the Church."

St. Rita's Mission has proved to be a real blessing to the more than 60,000 Negroes of Indianapolis, and will continue to play an increasingly important role in regard to their spiritual and temporal welfare.

▼ ▼ ▼

13,000,000 American Negroes;
300,000 are Catholic. 7,000,-
000 belong to no Church.

▼ ▼ ▼

Mississippi Rain

Arthur Winters, S.V. D.

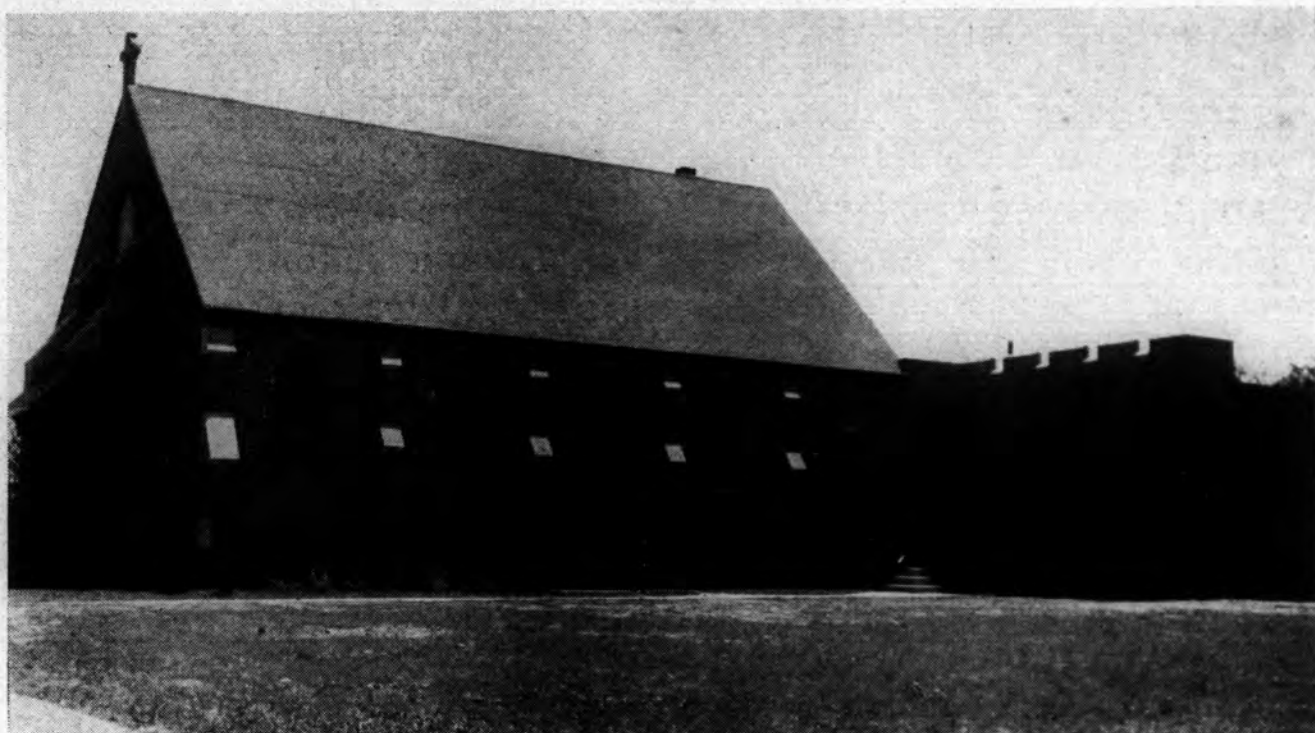
Were you e'er in Mississippi when the rain began to fall;
When the clouds began to gather at the wind's insistent call?
When the sky of blue was covered with a shady darksome pall —
Were you e'er in Mississippi when the rain began to fall?

Were you e'er in Mississippi when the thunder overhead
Cracked and rumbled through the darkness just as if to wake the dead:
And the lightning staggered earthward as if heaven's stars and all
Of the universe above us with the rain was apt to fall?

Were you e'er in Mississippi when the hard and driving rain
Brushed the trees and fields and houses with a staccato refrain;
And the stream that drained the acres with its winding sluggish course,
Now is whipped to newer swiftness by the thunder shower's force?

Were you e'er in Mississippi when the cleansing rain was gone,
Though you find its lingering traces on the damp and slushy lawn?
And the air is cool and fresher, for like trees and home and plain,
All is washed and cleansed as if the earth were starting life again.

Oh! it's nice in Mississippi 'neath the blue and shining sky,
Where the antics of the cloudlets catch and please the careless eye.
But its own peculiar beauty, as I will to all maintain,
Is the steady damp insistence of a Mississippi rain!



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND SCHOOL, EVANSVILLE, IND.

THE LEAVEN IN EVANSVILLE

CLARENCE J. HOWARD, S.V. D.

- The Leaven of the Gospel is at Work
- In the Mass of Evansville's Colored Population

Last year in the beautiful month of May a throng of people, white and colored, Catholic and non-Catholic, turned out for the dedication of the stately new Gothic-styled St. John's Catholic Church in Evansville, Ind. This was the second Negro Mission to be started in the Diocese of Indianapolis, the first — St. Rita's Mission in the city of Indianapolis — having been begun in 1918.

Back at least twenty years ago there were a few colored Catholics in Evansville. They attended the Church of the Assumption. In 1931 eleven of these Catholics asked that a mission be started for the colored people of the city. Father Anthony McLoughlin, assistant pastor of the Church of the Assumption, was appointed to say Mass for the little group and to organize reli-

gious instruction classes for adults and children. The school auditorium of Assumption Parish was used for these purposes.

By 1940 there were about 100 colored Catholics in Evansville, so Father Herman Mootz, stationed with Rev. Bernard Strange at St. Rita's Mission in Indianapolis, was appointed by the Bishop to take over the work in Evansville and make preparations for building a suitable church and school.

Father Mootz went about his work enthusiastically, and before not quite a year had passed had erected an attractive brick church with a seating capacity of 175. Below the church is a large recreation room, which is used as a social center.

Connected with the church at the rear is the school building, in which are two modern classrooms. 65

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

pupils are enrolled in the six grammar grades of St. John's School, and they are taught by two Sisters of Providence from St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind. About one-third of the pupils are non-Catholic.

Father Mootz expects to add the seventh grade this fall, and the eighth grade next year.

St. John's Church was made possible through the generosity of Mr. John H. Fendrich, a cigar manufacturer of Evansville. During the more than ninety years in which the H. Fendrich, Inc., Cigar factory has been in operation, many Negroes have been employed there, and they have rendered long and faithful service. "It was with the thought of making some small return to these Negro workers for their faithful service," Father Mootz explains, "that Mr. Fendrich agreed to build the church. He saw here in our own city an oppressed race of his own religious faith without a church, and without a school for their children, and he seized another opportunity to do a lasting good for the salvation of immortal souls."

Father Herman Mootz, always a zealous worker, is very happy in his new mission, and considers the prospects for conversions among Evansville's 12,000 Negroes very good. He has already baptized 34 converts, and has others under instruction. All of which means plenty of work, or as Father Mootz himself says: "This is a 24-hours a day job. But the converts are coming in. Prejudices are lessening, and people are beginning to become interested in the Church. Last Sunday there were about ten non-Catholics present at Mass. Most of these were parents

of the non-Catholic children in our school. We hope in time to garner a few more of these parents. The non-Catholics in town are glad of the school and are cooperating wonderfully."

So, given a chance, the "leaven" of the True Faith in Evansville will go on working among the colored population "until the whole is leavened." (Matt. 13:33)



INDIANA has a population of 3,427,796 of whom about 120,000 are Negroes. The Diocese of Indianapolis comprises the southern half of the State. It has 173,463 Catholics of whom 1,250 are colored. There are 426 priests in the diocese, 203 churches, 2,661 Sisters, and 116 parochial schools with 21,274 pupils.

Devoted exclusively to the Negro Apostolate are 3 priests, 7 Sisters, 2 churches and 2 schools with 219 pupils.



FATHER HERMAN MOOTZ
pastor of St. John's and native Indianan

SANTA CLAUS DIDN'T FORGET

THOMAS C. JONES, S.V. D.

- The Knights of Columbus Played Santa
- To New Orleans' Colored Orphans

'Tis four days before Christmas, 1941, out in one of the quietest sections of New Orleans, Gentilly Avenue. There, situated on a shape-ly terrace, rests St. John Berchmans' Orphanage for colored girls, an institution which for many years has been conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Family. Before the advent of organized Charities, the Sisters paced the streets of the Crescent City seeking assistance from door to door, encountering smile and frown willingly because they knew that upon their efforts depended the smiles or frowns of many of Christ's little ones.

Today, Sunday, December 21, 58 little faces are beaming with expectant joy. "You'd better watch out; you'd better be good! Santa Claus is coming to town!"

Yesterday, members of the Knights of Columbus in New Orleans, all Southern men of the white race, came to St. John's to get things in readiness for today's Christmas party. Why? Because they were filled with the spirit of Christ which could not be extinguished but needs must pass over to other members of His Mystical Body.

These men were surely knightly in their chivalric devotion to these little ones. Under their deft hands a large room on the second floor was artistically decorated and a well-

proportioned tree was set up and tastefully adorned.

Nor were our little friends idle. They scurried about, directed by the Sisters, to perform different tasks suited to their age and abilities. One youngster drew a jolly red-cheeked Santa on the board. It appeared that the stem of his pipe was a few feet too long; but, then, a child wouldn't be supposed to be a judge of such things.

Today, Sunday afternoon, everything is in readiness. Fifty-eight girls and sixty boys from the Lafon Home — 118 children — are to be feted by Santa Claus. The Lafon Home for boys is another of the charitable institutions conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Family.

The Knights and members of their families have already arrived. They have brought with them presents, useful and of excellent quality. One cannot but thank God for having revealed Himself to these good people in His forgotten children. One of the Sisters later remarked: "I noticed with a special satisfaction how those men served these little children ice-cream and cake, especially seeking out any who seemed likely to be neglected."

Now the program in honor of the Knights of Columbus begins. The voices of all blend in the inspiring petition: "God Bless America." A

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

thought projects itself: the recollection of thousands of little people in other parts of the world without a roof over their heads due to men's hating one another; here, happiness due to men's loving one another.

The little program consists of songs, dramatic recitations, and notably a "Skating Dance" performed by the youngest children. However, perhaps, the most touching and surely the most significant item on the program is a brief address of welcome to the Knights delivered by Miss Ann Martinez. You see, having lived the life of a child at St. John Berchmans', she is now a student at Xavier University. Consequently, she is well able to wish the Knights, on behalf of the children,

"just as much happiness in *giving* Christmas joy as we find in *receiving* it."

"Thank you for your kindness to us," continues the speaker, "to us the least of God's little ones. Thank you for doing what our parents cannot do, that is, giving us Christmas joys."

Is there any wonder that a tear pressed its way to the eyes of more than one?

The members of the Knights of Columbus who so generously came to serve Christ's little ones surely returned to their regular manner of life with the true Christmas joy which likened them to the Master who came "not to be served, but to serve."



At the Great Church Door

Arthur Winters, S.V.D.

I stood at a great church door one night
To watch the faces pass;
Some furrowed with woe and sorrow's plight,
Some gray, like a dusty glass;
Some heavy of brow and bent of head;
Some dreary of lip and eye;
Some came to pray for the quick and the dead,
As the entering crowd passed by.

I, too, went into the great church there;
And lo! as from incense vials,
A billowy cloud of sincerest prayer,
Well burdened with cares and trials,
Rose up to the highest heaven above —

I watched with expectant eye —
And behold a shower of grace and love
Fell back as a sweet reply.

I stood at the great church door again,
In the evening cool and dim;
The gentle women and children and men
Came forth from their prayer with Him.
And strength and courage and faith and grace
Were mirrored in every eye;
And the light of love was on every face,
Which I saw from the great church door —
my place —
As the crowd went passing by.

TEA

for More Than

TWO

- Detroit Colored Catholics
- Aid Flint Mission

Rev. Norman A. DuKette, pastor of Christ the King Mission, Flint, Mich., and the only Negro Catholic priest in the State of Michigan, is trying to build a much-needed church for his flock. The Catholic Men's Social and Charity Club of Detroit, Mich., whose members belong to Sacred Heart Church and St. Benedict the Moor Church, Detroit's two Negro Catholic churches, wanting to help, decided to do it in a unique way.

The Club gave a musical tea party on Sunday, January 11, and invited Father DuKette as the special guest-speaker. Both Catholics and non-Catholics attended the tea. The sum of \$225.00 was raised and presented by Mr. James Gibson to Father DuKette for the building fund of Christ the King Mission.



FATHER NORMAN A. DUKETTE
pastor of Christ the King Mission,
Flint, Mich.

Father DuKette was ordained in 1925. He founded St. Benedict the Moor parish in Detroit and did mission work there before being transferred to Flint in 1929 to begin a new mission.

Thirteen years ago there were only two colored Catholic families in Flint. Today there are one hundred Catholic families in Father DuKette's mission.

▼ ▼ ▼

"We shall win this war, and in victory we shall not seek vengeance but the establishment of an international order in which the spirit of Christ shall rule the hearts of men and of nations."

President Franklin D. Roosevelt

(Excerpt from the President's Christmas Eve letter to the Bishops of the U. S. A.)

HAIL THE NEW CHIEF!

JOSEPH BOWERS, S.V. D., Accra, British West Africa

- An American Missionary in Africa
- Tells of the "Election" of a New Chief

It was Sunday morning, and I was on my way to say Mass at one of our outstations. I had already said Mass at a village, about five miles distant from our main parish, and was now bound for another, about eight miles distant — a veritable stronghold of paganism, and known all over the colony for its bewildering array of gods, fetishes, and sacred groves.

At my side sat my trusty interpreter, who is at the same time a teacher in our parish school. His chief duty, on such occasions, is to repeat my sermon to the congregation in the native language. However, he also serves as altar boy, helps me to get things ready for Mass, and otherwise makes himself as useful as he can.

As we approached the village, we could see that there was something special going on. Even in a place where someone or other is always ready to drum on the slightest provocation — as for instance on the numerous festivals of the hundred and one gods, or simply to kill time — we readily perceived something unusual about the volume and style of the drumming. This was a veritable Niagara of sound, the high, splashing notes of the treble drums mingling with the peculiar syncopated booming of their bigger companions.

"What's up?" I asked my interpreter.

"They are electing a new chief, Father," said he. "From what I

have been hearing during the past weeks, there has been one grand dispute as to who should be the new chief. I thought the matter was still up before the Native Council, but it seems to have been settled to the satisfaction of one faction at least, and they are getting ready to celebrate."

"Getting ready!" thought I to myself. "If they are only *getting ready*, what must things be like when the celebration gets well under way?"

We were fast approaching the scene of the festivities. This was a large courtyard, partly screened by trees, forming part of the ground of the chief's compound, which was situated only a few feet away from the main road passing through the village. Conspicuous among the stage property for the occasion were two tables on which were placed large bottles of palm-wine, the most popular (and most inebriating) form of native drink. One of these tables was right next the drummers, presumably to enable them to keep up their inspired thrumming with unabating vigor and energy.

The courtyard was crowded with men and women, young and old. The men were all fitted out in native dress, consisting chiefly of one large, brightly colored cloth, woven with bright patterns, and thrown about the body like a toga. The clothing of the feminine portion of the crowd was composed of three cloths, worn in somewhat similar fashion.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

This celebration being at the same time the anniversary of the death of the late chief, the clothing of the women was of a somber black hue.

Suddenly a young fellow leaped into the center of the clearing, while the drums rose in rapid crescendo to a wild frenzy of sound and as suddenly died down to a murmured throbbing. The young man (he was the grandson of a renowned warrior,

proper the previous Sunday, for their habitual late-coming to Mass, I knew they would all be in time, at least, today. Hence I could decidedly not risk being late myself. So away rattled the old mission flivver.

At the beginning of Mass the distant sound of the drums proved a source of distraction, but not for long. Situated as the little mission chapel is, not fifteen yards away



An African catechist with natives gathered for catechism instruction on the Gold Coast, British West Africa

which fact alone entitled him to perform on such a solemn occasion) pranced, jumped, bent, writhed, and pawed the ground with his feet, for all the world like some game cock engaged in deadly combat with an adversary.

But I could not stop to witness all his gyrations, since Holy Mass was due to start within the next fifteen minutes. Having "washed the ears" of my congregation good and

from a well where the pagan women joyfully foregather on Sunday mornings, not so much to draw water as to indulge in abuse and invective, one perforce acquires the art of being recollected at the Holy Sacrifice, obstacles to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mass over, I attended to the simple wants and requests of my little flock as best I could, promised to

(Continued on page 67)

Christmas Day

Christmas rained its blessings upon us and the sky rained its drops of water, too. But that couldn't dampen our spirits. People like to have a snowy Christmas in order to be more in the mood; and so do we — only since we are in Mississippi, it's rain. Nevertheless, we had a lively day at the Seminary. Everybody saw everybody else, and greetings were flying thick and fast.

Program

The community program in the evening obtains a mention here, too. The community's part was the singing of Christmas songs. It started thusly: the orchestra, under the able direction of Rev. Father Hubert Posjena, played a medley of Christmas songs. Throughout these lilting selections, the director would turn every now and then to us, the community, and we would burst into song, singing the beautiful melodies of Christmas that have the approval of years behind them.

The second number on the program came from across the bridge. The major seminarians gave us a closely harmonized rendition of a Negro Spiritual, "Wasn't That One Mighty Day When Jesus Christ Was Born?" This was enthusiastically received, and the last verse was encored. Linwood Singleton, the Lake Charles, La., mid-geet, next received our applause for his poetical recitation.

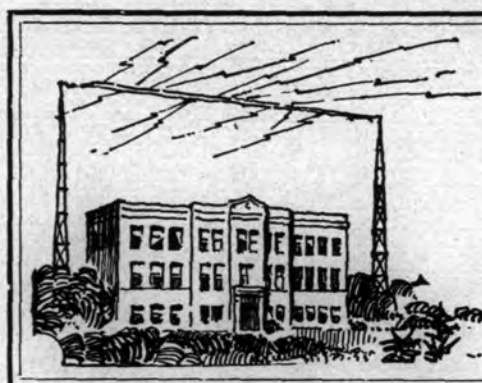
For the fourth number the Fraters reappeared with a second Spiritual entitled "Where Is He?" They were followed by the Seminary choir in a stirring chorus "Rejoice, Rejoice!"

Kenneth Watson was the reader for a series of pictures depicting the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Christ Child.

The seventh and last number on the program was by the Fraters who once more delighted us with a touching Negro Spiritual, "I Hope I May Join the Band." Yes, we surely enjoyed the evening.

Students' Play

The evening of St. Stephen's day saw us gathered in the auditorium for



Seminary

BROAD ST

St. Augustine's Seminary

the only Catholic Seminary

the staging of the play "Brother Orchid" by our students. And what a show it was! It held us from beginning to end sympathetically moved by the plight of the hero and his final victory. It showed us much very fine acting on the part of the cast as a whole. The following are the Thespians as they appeared on the program: Joseph Patterson, Hubert Singleton, Warren Anderson, Warren Carlson, Thaddeus Boucree, Verlin Ledoux, Lawrence Thornton, who took the title part, Kenneth Watson, Alvarez Meyers, Leonard Olivier, and Leon Ellis.

Epiphany

Epiphany was celebrated here with a Solemn High Mass. The Semi-



CARING
Brother Peter cheerfully offers Brother some while Brother Conrad looks smilingly other partially paralyzed, is 65 years old been a



nary choir sang a beautiful polyphonic Mass, the smaller lads taking the soprano and alto parts and the larger boys and young men supporting the tenor and bass end of the harmony. The effect? — rather pleasing, if you ask me.

Blessing of the House

Year after year the religious houses belonging to our Society are blessed in honor of the Three Wise Men. As regularly as their figures appear beside the Crib of the Christ Child on January 6, just as regularly are our doors marked with the initials of their names — Casper, Melchior, and Balthasar. Chalk, blessed especially for this purpose, is used. At

the same time all the rooms are sprinkled with holy water.

After a procession and the chanting of the Litany of the Saints, the celebrant prays: "Bless, O Lord God Almighty, this house that within it there may be health, chastity, victorious strength, humility, goodness, mildness, faithful performance of duty, and thanksgiving to God the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost; and may this blessing remain upon this house and upon all who dwell therein. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

"Say Uncle!"

It's those students again. Having settled their superiority over the major seminarians last October in a baseball game, and having humbled the Brothers last December in a football game, the minor seminarians tried to overcome the Brothers during the Christmas vacation.

The scene of the fray this time was the volley-ball court. And it was pitiful. Three times the students attempted to come off with a trophy of victory, and just as often they failed, and that dismally. Playing the best three games out of five the Brothers took the first encounter by winning the first three games.

With their dander up, the students emerged for the second trial and again — if my notes are not mixed up — retired after losing three straight games.

A third time they faced the firing line. This time with more vim, more vigor, more will to win, and more of everything (yet strangely not enough) they fared better than on the two former trials. They won the first two games. Ah! They were back in stride. The tension lifted from their side of the court. But it seemed that it was time for the Brothers to get started. And they did. They won the next game. It was hotly contested. In businesslike fashion they took the 2nd game. When the last game started, it seemed that the students had lost all fighting spirit. The Brothers, calm, cool, and collecting points, won overwhelmingly, allowing their opponents a meager three or four points. Hurrah for the Brothers!



CARING FOR THE SICK

Brothers some grapes for after-dinner dessert, smilingly other Alfred, who is now blind and has been a religious Brother for 48 years

Father Provincial Writes . . .

Every Religious Community fosters among its members a great devotion to St. Joseph, the Foster-father of Jesus. The Holy Bible has not much to say about him, but we know from the few passages of the Holy Scripture that he played an important role in the midst of the Holy Family. The Holy Spirit canonizes him by characterizing him as "a Just Man." Has a briefer and more eloquent eulogy ever been given to any man?

Devotion to St. Joseph, in fact to any Saint, should mean imitation of his eminent character and outstanding virtues of faith, purity, obedience and humility, the fundamentals of the Christian and religious life.

We are not surprised that our venerable Founder, the servant of God, Father Arnold Janssen, recognizing the far-reaching value of the devotion to St. Joseph for the development of religious life, should recommend it highly to his members. He set aside the month of March and every Wednesday for special devotions to St. Joseph. He himself composed prayers which today are being recited by his followers. He ordained that the feast of St. Joseph be celebrated with great solemnity in all the houses of our Society. I remember well how he, on the occasion of his annual visitations, exhorted in a most fatherly way all the students and Brothers to imitate closely the virtues and prayerful life of St. Joseph. He emphasized the fact that missionary priests and Brothers must be men of tried humility, lily-like purity, deep faith and willing obedience. Even as students we should train ourselves in these im-

portant virtues. What better and more attractive example, next to our Master, could our saintly Founder have held up before us than that of the Foster-father of Jesus?

At St. Augustine's Seminary the devotion to St. Joseph has a special place, not only during the month of March, but also during the whole year. Following closely the inspiring example of the saintly Founder of our Society, our students and Brothers are urged by their spiritual directors to imitate St. Joseph in their daily lives. Especially do our good Brothers feel encouraged to continue the never-ending sacrifices of religious life within the monastery walls, when they consider that the life of the most privileged of holy men on earth was nothing but toil and sacrifice.

St. Joseph hallowed his life by the lively realization that God wanted it that way. It made him the happiest man on earth. Following the life of St. Joseph, the Model of workingmen, our good Brothers are satisfied and happy, though as good religious they must forgo many of the legitimate pleasures of the world and live a humble life of poverty, chastity and obedience.

That the devotion to St. Joseph should be near and dear to me, goes without saying; for he is my patron Saint. Even as a boy I was taught by my parents to honor him. Later my good pastor advised me to pray to St. Joseph that I might be accepted at the Mission House of Holy Cross by our saintly Founder and become a missionary priest. It was gratitude that prompted me later, as a priest and especially as a pastor in

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Chicago, to promote, in season and out of season, the devotion to St. Joseph among my parishioners who responded cheerfully, for our Colored Catholics actually love St. Joseph.

Converts were urged during the instruction classes to pray to St. Joseph, the Universal Patron of the Church, that the Kingdom of Christ might be accepted by others, especially their friends and relatives. This devotion of our parishioners and converts also helped to bring about the realization of my priestly endeavors and youthful dreams: "More and more converts" who would remain loyal to the Church and edify others by their good Christian lives.

Our "Moderns" may scoff at such devotion and call it the outgrowth of simplemindedness or even sheer religious sentimentalism. But they cannot argue away the power of the intercessory prayer of St. Joseph with Jesus in Heaven which, according to St. Teresa of Avila, is un-

limited, even today in the midst of an irreligious and *blasé* world.

May I ask the readers and friends of our Colored Mission work to unite their prayers to St. Joseph with those of our community during the month of March and every Wednesday during the year? May I ask the good fathers and mothers to cultivate the devotion to St. Joseph in their families? This pious practice will be a powerful means to sanctify the family life, which is so necessary for the remaking of a better world out of present chaotic conditions.

Especially help us pray to St. Joseph that through his intercession we may receive more worthy candidates for the Priesthood and the Brotherhood, later to work zealously and successfully for the conversion of the colored people. Unite your prayers with ours that more and more converts may be gained by our missionaries among the colored people here in the deep South.

FATHER ECKERT, S.V. D.



★

THE FAITH IN TEXAS

A group of converts in South Austin, Texas, who were instructed by zealous Brother Lambert, C.S.C., and baptized by the Holy Cross Fathers working in Austin. They are hoping to have a church in South Austin some day

"I'M GOING TO KILL BOTH OF THEM!"

JOSEPH BUSCH, S.V. D.

A little group was on its way home after a party. Louis Napoli walked in front; his wife, Rose, and their landlord, Modestino, sauntered behind. Happening to glance back Louis saw Modestino throwing his arms about Rose and kissing her. After a few hot words Louis darted away.

"I'm going to kill both of them!" he yelled as he rushed home, grabbed a knife and hurried back.

A few minutes later he had carried out his threat.

Louis' conduct sets out in bold relief the wonderful self-control displayed by St. Joseph. We need only read the Gospel of his feast to see the contrast.

Mary had become a Mother by the power of the Divine Spirit, but Joseph did not know it, and he was greatly puzzled. If a man had taken advantage of her, she would have told him. That she had been unfaithful — he would not let that thought rest in his mind. But the fact could not be denied. She was with Child. Our Blessed Lady sympathizes with innocent victims of suspicion — innocent, even though the evidence may strongly point to the person's guilt.

The Just Man did not act like Louis: anger, jealousy, or hatred did not carry him away or sweep him off his feet. Joseph was a real man who kept a strong grip on himself. His kind heart could not endure to speak to others of his grave problem, while we are perhaps so ready to speak of the secret faults of others.

Mary, indeed, suffered, for she well knew the thoughts of Joseph's heart. Yet her Child was God's gift, God's secret, and she waited for God to make it plain to her spouse as He had done to Elizabeth. Instead of offering explanations, she waited and she prayed. That is what we ought to do when we are up against it — wait and pray. Wasn't it kind of St. Joseph that he did not ask her any embarrassing questions, much less bring accusations against her?

He thought the matter over and over. In His own good time God sent an Angel to him while he was asleep (is

it not surprising that he could sleep?), and Joseph learned of God's gift, of God's secret, and he believed. The Lord had stepped in at the right time as in the case of Abraham who had put forth his hand, taken the sword, and was ready to strike.

"Lay not thy hand upon the boy...."

That same great God assures the Just Man, "Joseph, son of David, fear not...."

How does Mary stand in Joseph's eyes after hearing, "that which is conceived in her, is of the Holy Spirit"? The hard trial deepened their love and esteem for each other. No doubt she told him of the remarkable visit of Gabriel and also what had happened in the home of Zachary. Hand in hand they must have exclaimed: "The Lord hath joined us together. We are going to love and protect the Holy Child."

The holy couple show young people how to respect each other, how to prepare for holy matrimony. Their example is never out of date. In fact, it would do the young man and the young lady good to think of what Mary and Joseph suffered in reparation for the lack of restraint, for the sinful love-making which produces the unmarried mother, and is responsible for the child born out of wedlock. We can be sure that the Holy Spirit had no part in the formation of that child, as He did in forming Mary's lovely Infant.

Yes, Mary and Joseph endured much in atonement for Catholics acting after the fashion of Modestino and Louis' wife, for Catholics keeping company with and attempting to marry divorced men and women.

One more thought, and I'm through. Allow me to suggest to husband and wife, when difficulties arise and they appear to be drifting apart, not to be hasty. Joseph wasn't. Before departing and getting a separation (which should not be done before consulting one's Reverend Pastor), why not wait and pray to Mary and to Joseph? The holy parents of Jesus will help you to be faithful, obtain for you the strength you need to carry on.

MARCH'S SAINTS

March 7 —

St. Thomas Aquinas

The purity of his life and writings merited for this sterling Dominican the title of the Angelic Doctor. God bestowed upon him in rich abundance both mental and material gifts. St. Thomas used his mental genius entirely in the service of God. He is one of the most outstanding of the Church's doctors, philosophers and theologians. His intellectual genius was surpassed only by his admirable sanctity. He wrote the hymns sung on the feast of Corpus Christi. Ask his help for all seminarians.



MARY AND THE ANGEL

"Do not be afraid, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. And behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb and shalt bring forth a Son; and thou shalt call His Name JESUS"

(Luke 1:30, 31)

March 17 —

St. Patrick

Ireland, often called the "Land of Saints," pays fitting homage to her special patron and apostle, St. Patrick, by proclaiming his feast a national holiday. The long and continued labors of heroism performed by this Saint are a striking proof that God's work is effected by patience and sacrifices. Ask St. Patrick to obtain for you a greater love for Jesus and His cross.

their own rules. Pray to St. Benedict for a greater love and esteem of your religion.

March 19 — St. Joseph

The esteem, respect and love which God cherished for this humble carpenter is seen in the state of life to which He called him — Foster-father of Jesus Christ, and Spouse of God's own Mother! In the midst of such sublime privileges St. Joseph remained reserved and humble, so much so that not one word of his is recorded in Holy Scripture. The Church recognizes his powerful advocacy before the throne of God by declaring him the Patron of the Universal Church. Ask St. Joseph to protect the Church from her persecutors.

March 24 — St. Gabriel

Fittingly honored on the eve of the Annunciation is this heavenly messenger of that great event, St. Gabriel. He is an Archangel and was sent by God to announce to Mary the tremendous prerogative with which she was to be blessed, the Mother of the Messiah! The name "Gabriel" means "man of God." Ask St. Gabriel to obtain for you the grace always to show yourself a true "man of God."

March 25 — The Annunciation

When the Archangel Gabriel announced to Mary that she was to become the Mother of the Son of God, she humbly replied, "Be it done unto me according to thy word!" Such sublime humility could come only from a soul absolutely dependent upon God. It is just because they were so humble here on earth that the Saints became so pleasing in the sight of God. Rejoice with your heavenly Mother Mary today and say the Angelus with special attention and fervor. Ask the Blessed Mother to obtain for all Catholics the virtues of humility and obedience.

March 21 — St. Benedict

This Saint founded the famous Benedictine order over 1400 years ago. Practically all subsequent religious founders have made use of the rules of St. Benedict as the basis of



With our SVD Fathers on the Colored Missions

School Enrollment Doubles

Yazoo City, Miss. — The new St. Francis' Mission School, which last year enrolled 130 pupils, has this year doubled its enrollment with 261 pupils. Accordingly the faculty has been increased to six Franciscan Sisters.

Meanwhile, Father Peter de Boer, the pastor, is hoping that many more moons will not pass before he is able to start building his much-needed church. At present he is using two of the classrooms for Mass every day and on Sundays.

Now You See Him, Now You Don't!

Bay Saint Louis, Miss. — Our "Long-Range Bummer" is at it again! Father Clarence Howard, the *moving* missionary, no sooner got back from Philadelphia, where he preached a Novena in preparation for the feast of the Immaculate Conception at St. Ignatius' Church for Father William Walsh, the pastor, than he was gone again to help out at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Baton Rouge, La., over Christmas.

The New Year was only three weeks old when Father Howard grabbed his grip again and "lit out" for Prichard, Ala., where he gave a mission for Father Edward Farrell, S.S.J., at St. James' Church from January 25 to February 1. The pastor was very well pleased with the numbers of non-Catholics who came out to the evening services.

At the present time Father How-

ard is conducting two missions for the Franciscan Fathers out in the mid-West — from February 22 to March 1 at the Church of Our Lady in Kansas City, Kansas, and from March 1 to March 8 at St. Joseph's Church in Kansas City, Missouri. Rev. Bonaventure Kilfoyle, O.F.M., is pastor of the latter church, and Rev. Angelus Schaefer, O.F.M., is pastor of the former.

Knights Celebrate

Duson, La. — Father Leander Martin writes from the isolated rectory of St. Benedict's Mission:

"Only a few days previously we had been chilled by severe North winds which swept the way for heavy downpours of rain. But by January 11 the blasting winds had abated, the rain had ceased, and what would have been puddles of mud and water were puddles of ice, covered with a heavy layer of frost, an indication of a perfectly clear day (consult your local weather bureau for further details).

"This was a good thing, for Father Francis Wade and Mr. Willie Anderson, the Grand Knight of Father Chachere Council, had planned a Knights-of-Peter-Claver Day to be participated in by the Knights of Duson, and the nearby towns of Scott, Rayne and Crowley.

"The celebration began with a High Mass. It was very impressive to see so many of the Knights approach the altar rail to receive into their hearts their Eucharistic Lord,



LOST — ONE BASKETBALL GAME
Father Anthony Jacobs, S.V.D., and his little charges in Meridian, Miss., seem to take their loss quite seriously

Who came to bring 'peace to men of good will.'

"After the Mass there was a special joint meeting. In the afternoon carloads of Knights from Lafayette came out and helped to stage a big joint-initiation of 15 new members. Afterwards a banquet was served which made a happy climax to the day, and sent the visitors home feeling that Dusan is really 'on the map,' all other evidence to the contrary notwithstanding!"

Hail the New Chief!

(Continued from page 59)

come back for catechism that afternoon, and started back on the homeward trip. I had forgotten all about the celebration of an hour before.

As we neared the spot, however, the ever-increasing noise and excitement reminded me that the festivities were still in progress. Once

more my "speedster" brought me near the clearing. But this time I halted for a glance at the proceedings.

Again, a single character was holding the attention of the entire audience. But how different he was from the wiry, gyrating, youngster of an hour before! This performer was an elderly native, advancing forth with the majestic dignity of a Plato going out for an evening stroll with his students. He stood still. Then making a low bow, he swirled the several folds of his toga about him, with a sweeping gesture.

"See the new chief!" exclaimed my interpreter, bouncing up and down in his seat in the enthusiasm of his appreciation. "He belongs to the royal family and comports himself with becoming dignity and grace."

The old man's movements became more animated. He danced a few steps. Then holding his hands at his sides, he made a few gestures, behind his back, like a boy bidding his younger brother return home and not follow him about.

"He is showing that he is above all, and a member of the ruling family, hence everybody is behind him," explained my companion.

Thoroughly warmed up by this exhibition of his grandeur, the new chief now engaged an imaginary adversary in deadly combat. He cut, thrust, feinted, parried, ducked. He struck a sweeping, deadly blow and then began to stamp ferociously on the ground.

"He is treading on the prostrate bodies of his foes," came the explanation from my companion.

"Enough of this sort of thing for a day," thought I, and continued on my way home.

BRIGHT SPOTS IN THE NEWS

FEPC Recommendations

The FEPC — Fair Employment Practices Committee — established by President Roosevelt last year to investigate racial and religious discrimination in defense industries, made the following recommendations after conducting public hearings in Los Angeles, Calif. The Committee recommends

1. That defense industries that have recently adopted a policy of employing members of minority groups should make a positive effort to employ qualified members of minority groups in all phases of employment in order to carry out the purpose of Executive Order 8802, and in order to overcome the effect of earlier discriminatory practices.

2. That where the practice of requiring applicants to state race and religion exists, it should be eliminated as a requirement preliminary to employment, in furtherance of the purpose of Executive Order 8802.

3. That the practice of employing members of minority groups as laborers or in custodial work only, regardless of their particular skills, be terminated and that members of minority groups be employed according to their individual skills in the same manner and on the same terms and conditions as are persons not members of minority groups. It is further recommended that where employees voice objection to work with members of minorities, this Committee be so advised and that where objecting parties are members of a union having an employment agreement with the industry in question, such objection be communicated also to the proper local and national officers of such union.

4. That in cases where a company has in the past announced a discriminatory employment policy, its present policy of non-discrimination be announced so as to inform minorities previously discriminated against that the past discriminatory policy is practiced no longer.

5. That defense industries seriously study the background and attitude toward minority groups of their interviewers and examiners in order to minimize the possibility of discrimination against members of minority groups. It is further recommended that defense industries establish a procedure for reviewing cases of rejected applicants.

6. That the national or international officers of unions which deny membership to non-Caucasians take prompt, positive and vigorous steps to assure that this un-American and undemocratic practice will not continue to operate as an effective bar to prevent qualified and needed workers of non-Caucasian origin from securing employment in defense industries.

FEPC is composed of the following six members: Mark F. Ethridge, chairman; David Sarnoff, president of R. C. A.; Milton P. Webster, vice-president of the Negro Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters; Earl B. Dickerson, Negro alderman of Chicago; William Green, president of the A. F. of L.; and Philip Murray, president of the CIO.

Southern Railroads Improve Service to Negroes

The Seaboard Railway, the Illinois Central, the Atlantic and West Point Railroad, and the Western Railway of Alabama are now serving colored passengers in a section of the regular dining cars. The Southern Railroad has just announced that it also will serve meals to Negro passengers in its dining cars.

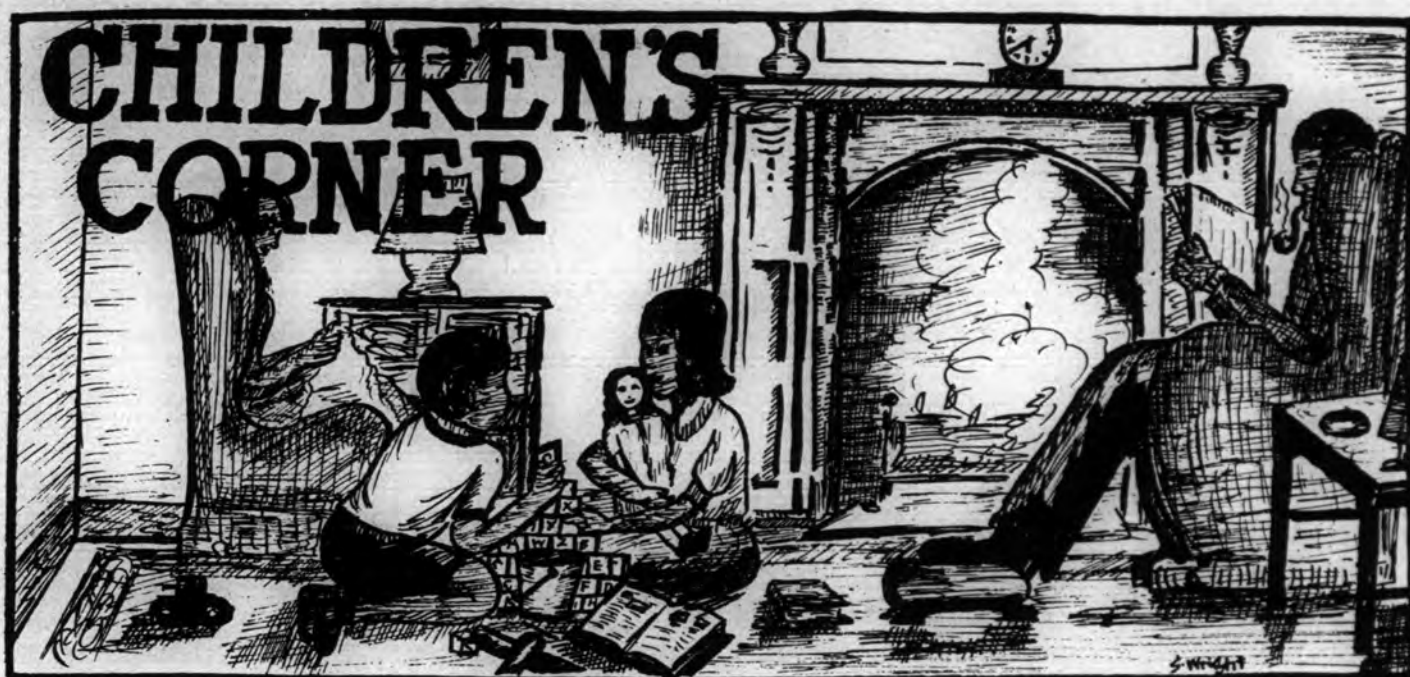
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Kindly drop us a card giving both your old and new addresses so you will not miss a single issue.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER
Bay Saint Louis, Miss.



My dear Boys and Girls:

I am receiving SO MANY Autobiographies that it seems a shame to let only *one* be the winner each month. Lots of the Autobiographies are fine ones, too, and you can see that the children who wrote them really tried hard to do a good job.

So, since you boys and girls are trying so hard to make the Autobiography Contest a success, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I am going to give **THREE PRIZES** — 3 FREE one-year subscriptions to the MESSENGER — one to each boy or girl whose Autobiography is printed in the CHILDREN'S CORNER, and I am going to print not just the BEST ones, but ALL the GOOD ones!

Do you know what that means? That means that ALMOST ALL who send in an Autobiography will win a prize, because there are very few of the Autobiographies which I have already received which are not at least GOOD. And so many of them are inspiring. (Remember the one sent in by little Henry Allen in the January issue?) When we read of the good things other children have done, we feel like trying to do the same things ourselves. And when we read of what a hard time some boys and girls have had, it makes us realize how much we ought to thank our Heavenly Father for being so good to US.

So send in your Autobiographies now. There will be **THREE WINNERS** each month!

PS. How do you like the new picture at the top of this page? It was drawn by an art student, Miss S. Wright of Xavier University, New Orleans, La.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTEST

Here are the three winners for this month:

My Autobiography

Jean Marie Zimmerman, age 10
1510 St. Anthony Street
New Orleans, La.

I was born in New Orleans, La., July 24, 1931. My mother was a school-teacher, and started teaching me at a very early age.

When I entered the public school in the 1st grade I was 5 years old, and knew how to read, count, spell and write a little. I did not attend school much that term because of illness; but mother taught me at home.

The next term I went to Corpus Christi School, and Sister put me in the 2nd grade. I was then six. The next year I was promoted to the 3rd grade, and also made my First Holy Communion on June 11, 1938. It was the happiest day of my life.

When I was promoted to the 4th grade, I went to St. Mary's Academy. I became ill again and had to miss school, so my mother decided to send me to a public school which was just a block away from my home.

Being more advanced in my work than the public school children, I was put in the 5th grade. At the end of the term I was promoted, so by September, 1940, I was 9 years old and in the 6th grade. The pupils of the 6th and 7th grades were given an I.Q. test, and I came out with the highest score — 125.

But I am back at St. Mary's Academy this year. I have four teachers, and like all of

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

them very much. I am 10 years old and I am hoping to get my grammar school certificate in June.

I enjoy playing outdoors, but my health does not always permit it. I have lots of toys, but I like my paper-dolls best. Reading is also a great hobby of mine. I try to be good and obedient at all times.

My Autobiography

Dorothy Lee Curry, grade 10
1815 Eleventh Avenue
Meridian, Miss.

I was born August 24, 1924, in Meridian, Miss. My mother taught me at home until I was old enough to get in school. My first teacher's name was Miss Curry, but she wasn't any relation to me.

In the afternoon when I was out of school I would go where my mother worked and help her. She was a maid.

My mother made me welcome to everything I wanted, and now I do not have very much to wish for, but pray to be a more intelligent girl. Mother works very hard helping me through school.

When I first entered St. Joseph's School I didn't like it at all because I could hardly understand the way my teacher spoke, but I soon became familiar with it. I got to like Sister. The entire class liked her very much. I really did cry when she was changed.

Everybody had been teasing us about how hard the 10th grade was going to be. The morning I registered for the 10th grade my teacher looked at me with a smile; then I knew at once she would be all right if I studied my lessons and kept quiet in school. I love her now, as I did our former teacher.

It seems that I am just not able to learn Ancient History. I do hope that when May comes I will be on the promotion list — in spite of my History.

The third winner is a boy — and how!

My Autobiography

Robert Bretz, age 11
1443 E. Clay Street
Decatur, Ill.

I was born on a chilly day in Decatur, Ill. It was October 24, 1930. My parents thought a great deal of me. I used to fight and get angry; of course, that wasn't right.

Once when mother was going to put me to bed, I told her I wanted to stay up and help her clean the wallpaper. But no, she said I must go to bed! While I was getting ready for bed, I put a piece of wallpaper-cleaner in my pocket. When I got under

the covers, mother never had the slightest idea that I had some wallpaper-cleaner. When she was gone I took the wallpaper-cleaner and started to clean the wallpaper. I cleaned as much as I could reach.

My favorite game was to play circus parade.

At six I entered school. I took a physical test. I was one of the three that passed the test 100%.

I liked school very much when I started. As I grew school got more difficult, and I learned more.

When I have leisure time I like to work on airplanes. I have built over thirty different ships. A plane is hard to build for a beginner, but as you learn it becomes a very fascinating job. It's a thrill to see one fly after you have made it! I've heard a lot of boys say that it is too difficult, but it seems that it's handy for me. I have two 50-cent planes at home, though only one of them, which is called "The Albatross," is done. It flies about 150 feet.

My future will probably pertain to airplanes. If I make any real planes they will be well protected! I hope I have a happy future.

And we hope so too, Robert! Jean Marie. Dorothy and Robert will each receive a year's FREE subscription to the MESSENGER. Come on, Boys and Girls, and join the Contest! Here are the rules:

RULES

1. Any boy or girl anywhere in the United States may enter this AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTEST. There are no charges.
2. Each Autobiography must be written by the boy or girl who sends it in, and must be true to life.
3. The Autobiography may be short or long, but not over 300 words.
4. Each one who sends in an Autobiography must sign his name, address, age, name of school attended, and grade.
5. No Autobiography will be returned. Each one sent in becomes the property of the CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Who will be the next THREE WINNERS?

MY MAIL BAG

Dear Father Howard:

How thankful and grateful I am to you for choosing my Autobiography as the prize winner for the first month.

I want you to know that I like to read the MESSENGER better than any of the other magazines we get, and I am so very

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

proud that my little writing was interesting enough to be published for others to read.

I am sending you a letter from my little sister, Marlene, and I hope you will have time to read it.

Again thanking you, and hoping God will take care of you, I am, your little friend,

Alice Raboteau, age 11
Bay St. Louis, Miss.

Thank you, Alice, for such a nice letter and such fine sentiments. I am glad that you sent in such a good Autobiography, and it could not help winning because it was the first and only one I received in time for the November issue of the MESSENGER. And don't worry, I always have time to read what my little readers write; so, let's see what your sister has to say.

Dear Father Howard:

I am 9 years old and in the 4th grade and I like to read the stories in the MESSENGER very much, so Alice and I thought we would save all our nickels until we got enough to pay for the nice MESSENGER ourselves when the year was out. We were glad when we found out that it would be free for another year.

We thought we would keep our money and buy a Christmas present, then we saw in the MESSENGER where you could send a dollar offering for Masses for the dead, so we are sending our dollar for a Mass for our grandpapa, Mr. Edward Raboteau. He died on November 6, and we loved him so much.

I must tell you a secret. We did not have all the money but we borrowed the rest. Please pray for Alice and me and my mother and daddy. From your little friend,

Marlene Raboteau, age 9
Bay St. Louis, Miss.

Marlene, that's just grand of you and Alice! Instead of using your money to buy candy or go to movies, you used it to have a Mass offered for the soul of your grandfather. I have already said the Mass, and I am sure that your grandfather must be pleased with what his two little grandchildren have done for him. We can help our dear relatives and friends who are dead in no better way than by offering up Holy Mass and our prayers and good works for them.

Dear Father Howard:

I am sending you my Autobiography, and I hope it will interest you enough to publish it.

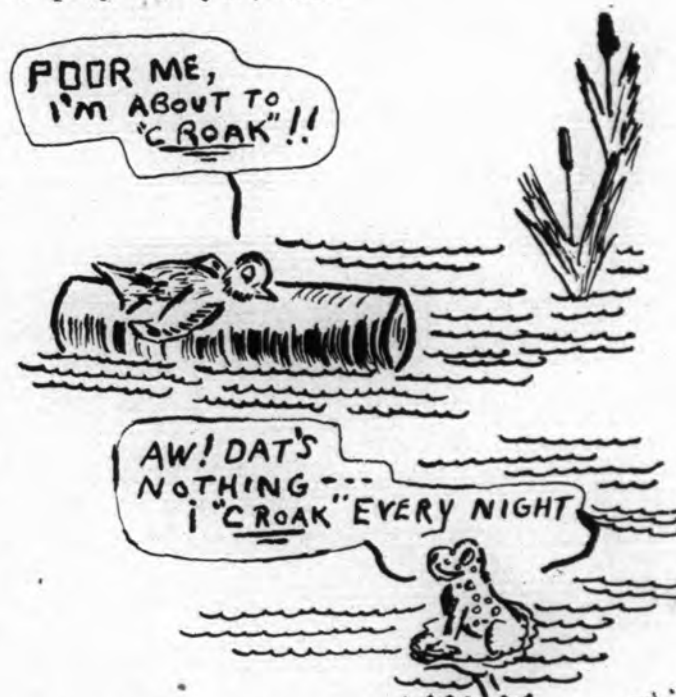
My aunt, who is an Oblate Sister of Providence, visited the city last summer, and insisted on my mother sending me to a Catholic school. That is why I am back at St. Mary's Academy.

I am still in poor health, and would like for you to pray to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for my intention, which is for better health.

I enjoy reading the MESSENGER, and will pray that God will bless you in your good work. Your little friend,

Jean Marie Zimmerman, age 10
New Orleans, La.

Jean, your aunt is right. All Catholic children should attend the Catholic school, if possible, because there they will be taught something about God and religion every day. But it is not allowed to teach such things in the public school. Certainly I will pray that you may get entirely well. And not only that, but I will ask the seminarians here to pray for you, too.



Drawn by Paul Haacke, Covington, Ky.

GOOD MOVIE CLUB

Our GOOD MOVIE CLUB seems to have become quite popular. Here is what some of the boys and girls have written in to say:

From Yazoo City, Miss.

Pennie Brookins: "I am glad to join the GOOD MOVIE CLUB because I would like to do the things that are right. I have been going to some of the shows that are not for me. It was because I didn't know about which was good or not for me. But now I know, and I am going to try my best not to go."

Dave Bank: "I want to see good pictures instead of bad ones, and decent pictures are the best ones to see."

Chrisly Young: "I want to join the GOOD MOVIE CLUB because it will keep me from seeing things that are not proper for me to see, and it will also help to make the companies stop making pictures that are not good to be seen."

Stella Dixon: "A bad movie is not good for a child to see."

Nell Smith: "I think the club will make better boys and girls out of us."

Clementine Riley: "I see now that if I go to bad movies it will make me a bad girl. Thanks a lot."

Leonard Myles: "The GOOD MOVIE CLUB will make me think of what kind of movie I am going to."

Eula Marie Smith: "I think it will help many boys and girls."

From Covington, Ky.

Melvin Brankamp: "I think your idea for a GOOD MOVIE CLUB is very good. By this you will help stop people from going to bad movies, and if this happens there will be less bad movies. And I am sure that you are pleasing the Sacred Heart very much."

Mary Schewene: "A very good idea. I am going to see only the movies in Class A, Section 1."

Loraine Dietz: "I want to join, and I think every Catholic boy and girl should join also."

Paul Schmitz: "You started something nice when you started the GOOD MOVIE CLUB. By this you are preventing sins. So keep it up, Father, and I'm with you in the club."

Now I want other boys and girls to write what they think about the GOOD MOVIE CLUB. It's easy to join, and doesn't cost any money. Just make this promise and keep it:

I WILL GO ONLY TO GOOD MOVIES THIS YEAR!

Then drop me a card or letter telling me your name, address, age and grade, and what you think about the GOOD MOVIE CLUB. Come on, Boys and Girls, help fight bad movies and help fight the devil! Next month I will give you the names of some other good movies.

Pray hard for the Colored Missions during Lent, and pray for me.

FATHER HOWARD, S.V.D.
Bay Saint Louis, Miss.

Let your lenten sacrifice be to help some of America's 13,000,000 Negroes to find the True Fold of Christ.

NOVENA TO OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Held at St. Augustine's Seminary — April 1-9

Intention: For the Poor and Needy

Dear Friends:

The cry of the needy is heard all over the world. They call to you for mercy, attention, help. There are children, the sick, the aged whose cries are heard above the noise of the war. They need your help, they need your loving kindness. Their plight is made more distressing by their deafness, their blindness, their lameness. There are the cries of the homeless and the poor. They are asking only for a place of shelter. They are asking for clothing to cover their nakedness, for a piece of bread to satisfy their hunger. Do not refuse to help them! Remembering how our Lord went about doing good even to those who hated Him, help these poorest of the poor out of the charity of your hearts.

Join us in this Novena. Pray together with us during these nine days. Send in your intentions and they will be included in the prayers of the Fathers, Seminarians, Brothers and Students.

Mail your intentions to

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY, BAY SAINT LOUIS, MISSISSIPPI

You can help by contributing to the Red Cross Organization. If you have much, give much; if little, give little. It is very essential that you help.

But there are some who cannot give any pecuniary or material help. Together with these, let us all join in prayers for the needy, including a petition for the success of the Red Cross which is of great importance in the alleviation of the suffering.

Let us remember, too, the soldiers whose needs we can scarcely exaggerate. They who fight and die for the welfare of all, do they not deserve the help and prayers and sacrifices of all?

Mary, Mother of Perpetual Help, pray for our brothers in need! Help us to be united in one cause — the relief of our needy brethren! Amen.

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BUT who nevertheless have the desire to dedi-
cate their lives to the SERVICE OF GOD
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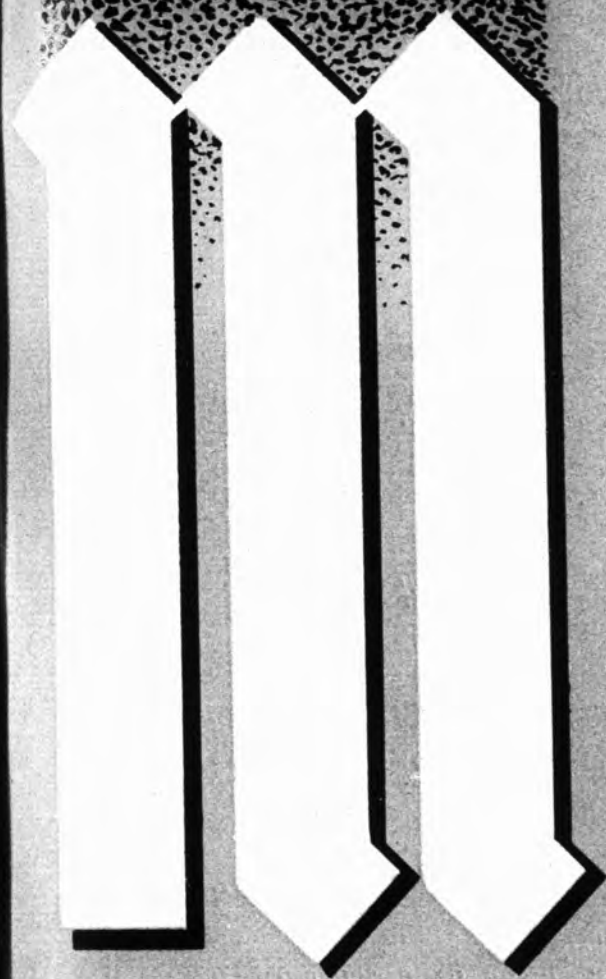
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St. Augustine's Seminary

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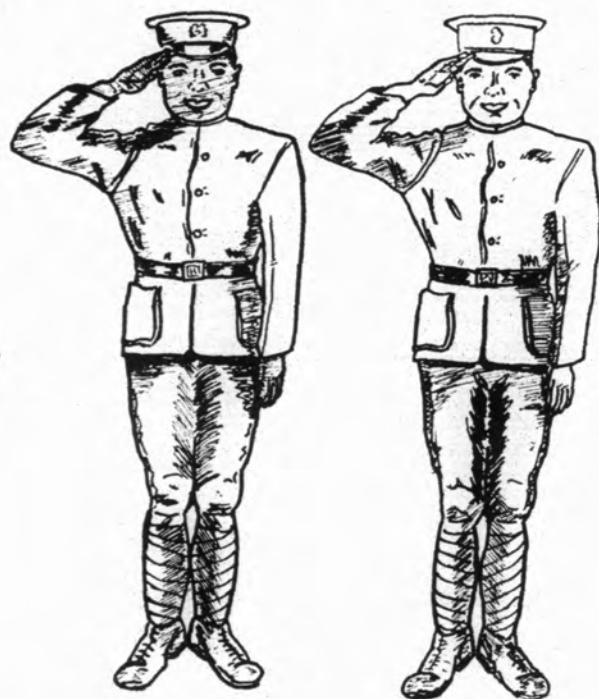
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Father Vincent Warren, S.S.J., and his Kiddie Band, Mobile, Ala.

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MESSENGER

ESTABLISHMENT OF NEGRO CLERGY

A Catholic Negro magazine, published monthly, except July, at Techny, Illinois, by St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi. Subscription \$1.00 a year. Proceeds are used for the education of colored students for the priesthood.

Entered as second-class matter January 1, 1940, at the post office at Techny, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized July 19, 1918.

Editor: CLARENCE J. HOWARD, S.V.D.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY

BAY SAINT LOUIS, MISS.

Volume XX

APRIL, 1942

Number 4

Editorial: NO JIM-CROW ON HEROISM

With the publication of fuller details of what happened at Pearl Harbor and in the Philippines last December 7, Colored America has found reason to stick out its chest. American Negro soldiers and sailors were in the thick of the fight, giving and taking with the best of them. But especially did two examples of Negro heroism stand etched in bold relief.

When the Japanese planes were dropping their bombs in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, an unnamed sailor aboard one of the naval vessels which was hit and burning fiercely, seeing a white gunner killed leaped to take his place and manned the machine gun with skill and success until his ammunition was exhausted. The official report did not say whether he survived or went down with the ship. The most noteworthy thing about this incident is the fact that this sailor, in keeping with the discriminatory policy of the U. S. Navy in regard to Negro mess attendants, had been given no training whatsoever in the use of machine guns or other guns.

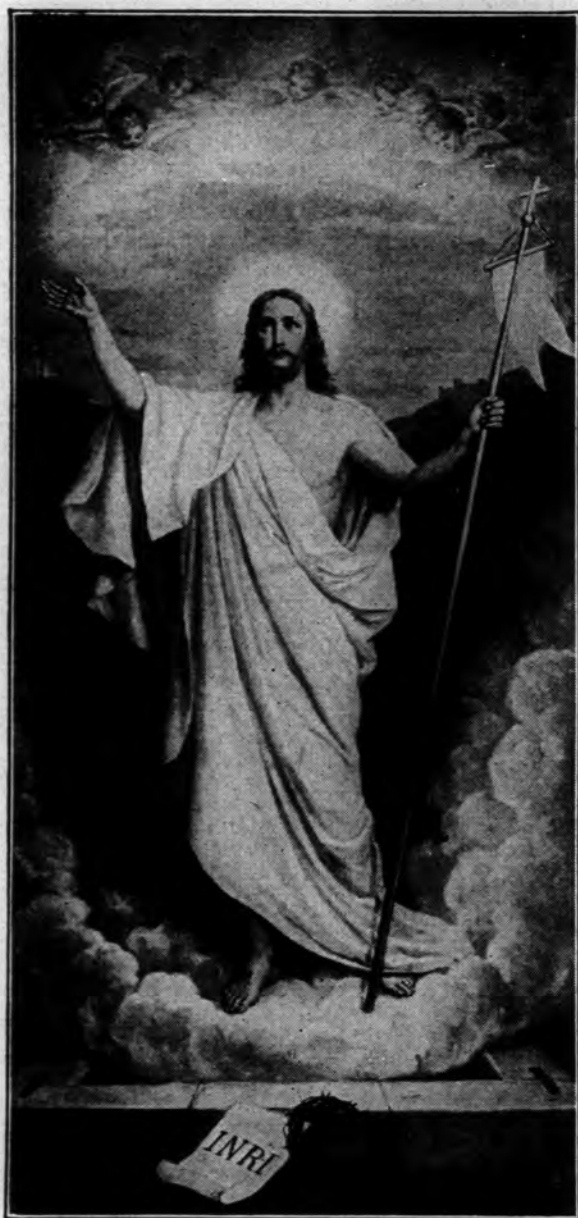
Another source of special pride for Negro Americans is Private Robert H. Brooks of the Armored

Force who was killed in action in a battle near Fort Stotsenburg, Philippine Islands, on December 8, and thus became the first American soldier to shed his blood in the present war of the Pacific. To honor him Major General Jacob L. Devers, Chief of Armored Force, has named the main parade ground at Fort Knox, Ky., Brooks Field.

The parents of Private Brooks are poor colored sharecroppers living near Sadieville, Ky., about 120 miles from Fort Knox. Major Gen. Devers sent them a personal letter by special messenger, inviting them to be present at the dedication ceremony of Brooks Field.

In his dedication speech Major Gen. Devers said: "In death there is no grade or rank. And in this, the greatest Democracy the world has known, neither riches nor poverty, neither creed nor race draws a line of demarcation in this hour of national crisis."

General Devers has given Jim Crow in the Army a slap in the face, and no loyal Negro soldier would object to doing his best under officers imbued with a like sense of fairness and justice.



May the
BLESSING
 of
OUR RISEN SAVIOUR
 descend upon
ALL OUR READERS
 and make this
A
HAPPY
EASTER
 for them

THE POWER OF CATHOLIC FAITH

Frater James Castlen, a white seminarian of the Society of the Divine Saviour, was present at the ordination in Washington, D. C., of 60 priests last year among whom was a Negro priest, Rev. Chester Ball, S.S.J. In an article entitled "Black Hands" in *The Savior's Call* (February, 1942) Frater Castlen relates, in the following words, how he received the first blessing of Father Ball:

"I realized with great surprise and astonishment that my ideal of a few minutes before was a Negro. It was then that Frater Richard and I decided to get Father Ball's blessing. . . . On every side of Father white and colored friends besought him for his blessing. . . . Frater Richard and I, after waiting

patiently for fifteen minutes, managed to attain our goal.

"With Negroes pressing in from every side, I — yes, a Southerner steeped in prejudice and so-called hatred for the blacks — knelt and received the blessing of this young Negro priest. Then I did something that is hard to believe. For the first time in my life I kissed a priest's hands, and they were those sacred hands from which I had received the fulness of the priestly blessing and through which Negro blood was flowing. By this act, because of faith in the Mystical Body of Christ, I was able to overcome whatever there may have been in me of that aversion to the Negro which, they say, is in every Southerner."



A bowl of hot soup or stew is served to the pupils of St. James' School every day at lunch time

SOUP'S ON!

CLARENCE J. HOWARD, S.V. D.

- Filling Children's Stomachs
- Can Be a Help in Filling Their Brains

"If you had seen the children before we started giving them free hot lunches, you would realize what a difference there is now," so spoke Father Farrell.

I was in the little Southern town of Prichard, just a little outside of Mobile, Ala. Father Edward Farrell, S.S.J., is the pastor of the little Colored Mission of St. James with its something like 300 souls.

Prichard, wedged in between the huge shipbuilding industries of Mobile and Chickasaw, offers ample employment opportunities to its fast-growing white population of 4,000. But the 3,000 Negroes, just because they are Negroes, find it difficult to obtain profitable employment even in the war emergency.

Thus many of the people for whom Father Farrell is spending his life find it hard to make both ends

meet. Naturally the children suffer because of such circumstances.

"Ofttimes," Father Farrell said, "the Holy Ghost Sisters, who teach in our school, would complain that the children were listless and inattentive; couldn't get their lessons. Some were actually ill. Undernourishment, that's what it was mostly! Well, with the help of some of the men of the parish we fixed up a kitchen in the basement of the school, made arrangements to obtain relief food supplies, and began to serve soup and other hot foods to the 140 pupils at lunch time every day."

Father Farrell fairly beamed as he added: "Since then there has been a general all-around improvement in health, studies and behavior. The boys and girls are livelier, too. The Sisters understand now that

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER



ST. JAMES' SCHOOL
Prichard, Ala.

Formerly used as the church, it is now partitioned into three classrooms with a lunchroom in the basement

choice as from necessity, spend their lunch money for candy, soda water and pastries instead of for more nutritious food.

many of the children's pains had been just plain hunger-pains."

I, too, understood. In many of our Colored Missions it is the same story. There are so many of our Negro schoolchildren whose parents are out of work or who are so poorly paid for their work. Oftentimes, after a scant breakfast, these little ones must spend the whole day at school without any lunch. Sometimes, a few of them must of necessity go off to school in the morning without even breakfast.

Even in the cases where parents are able to give their children five or ten cents daily for lunch, undernourishment sometimes results for the simple reason that, since many of the colored schools do not have the facilities for serving regular lunches, a number of these children, perhaps as often from

Children who are hungry and ill-fed cannot do their best in the classroom. If more of the colored schools, both public and parochial, could see their way clear to add facilities for serving substantial warm lunches, free or otherwise, they would be making a definite contribution to the general health and physical fitness of their pupils, a contribution which would undoubtedly benefit the kiddies' mental make-up as well. This would cost the schools a little money and perhaps more trouble, but the benefits would be worth more than both.

"Soup's on!" would surely sound good to thousands of Negro schoolchildren.

THE LITTLE TOTS TURNED OUT IN FULL FORCE

for the Blessing of
Children at the close
of the mission



Colored Catholics Discuss Family Life

- Apostolic Delegate Pontificates
- At Closing of Family Life Convention

While many people were busy discussing ways and means to protect this country and to improve its defenses, a large group of colored Washingtonians met together in Anacostia, Washington, D. C., in January to discuss the protection and welfare of the family which, after all, is the foundation upon which this country is built.

The Anacostia Convention on Family Life was sponsored by the League of the Christian Family of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, of which Rev. F. M. Schneeweiss is pastor.

The Convention lasted three days, and closed on Sunday, January 11, the Feast of the Holy Family. His Excellency, Most Rev. Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, celebrated a Solemn Pontifical Mass during which four hundred Negro Catholics received Holy Communion in family groups.

During the three-day session Professor Louis T. Achille, of Howard University, spoke on "The Religious Foundations of a Family"; Mrs. Helen Smith Mason discussed "The Family and the Dwelling," while Mr. Earl Taylor spoke on "The Family and Income." Other speakers were Mr. James C. Mason, Miss Rachael Brown, of Minor Teachers' College, and Mr. Rodger Hodges, assistant scoutmaster Troop 504.

Mrs. Louis Vaughn Jones, supervisor of Social Service Work in the District of Columbia and wife of the noted Negro violinist, Louis Vaughn Jones of Howard Univer-

sity, read a paper on "Social and Cultural Life in the Family." Said Mrs. Jones:

"Since the primary end of the family is the procreation of children, the husband and wife who shirk this duty reduce the family to an unnatural and unchristian level. When this union is blessed with children both parents are charged with the duty of supporting and educating the members of the family....

"Religion holds a most important place in the moral training of our children.... As parents we should instill in our children love and knowledge of our religion. This should begin early in their training and education, by teaching them their prayers, hymns and catechism.... At meals, let each child have a turn at saying the grace before and after meals. Let them feel that it is a privilege rather than a duty. Take the children to Mass. Many mothers may object to taking their children to Mass when they are very young. The reason is, the children do not know how to act; they are restless. This is not the fault of the child, but the fault of the parent. Let parents practice the virtue of patience, explain to the child what the Mass means, explain what is happening on the altar, and when the child attends church he will be attentive and will be watching for what actually goes on....

"For a home to be happy it must be founded on love, not only material but spiritual love; on kindness and consideration for the rights of

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others. Parents should love each other and their children. . . .

"Entertainment should as often and as much as possible be a family affair. The children should be included. . . . Good conversation and laughter bring the generations together as few other things can. And what is more enjoying and satisfying than to spend an evening with the family and friends listening to beautiful music? Let each member, who is gifted, participate and, if not able to perform, let him learn the art of listening. . . .

"Surround children with books, not *any* books, but those well-chosen and which will benefit them morally and spiritually. Read and discuss them together. Teach the children beautiful poems, songs, and in this manner they will learn to discriminate from things sordid, obscene and commonplace. The radio is a very useful tool of leisure, but only under proper supervision. Modern science has, through the radio, opened an invaluable avenue to cultural and educational opportunities. We have at our access, by only

turning a dial, the music of the great masters, the operas, educational lectures, Catholic programs, and programs especially for children. As parents, we should see that our children listen to these programs rather than to those which glorify crime and the material things of life. The family should make visits to the art galleries, museums, beautiful parks, and churches. . . .

"...When our children are exposed to the cultural and higher things of life they will win for themselves an outstanding place in society and, when they establish families and homes of their own, they will have a rich heritage to bring to their homes and children. . .

"These factors we have discussed are only a few ways of cultivating social and cultural life in the family; but, in conclusion, I would like you to keep ever before your minds the example of the Holy Family, and always remember your obligation as parents and strive to make your homes happy, cultural, social and spiritual."

EARTH THINGS

Arthur Winters, S.V.D.

All things with earthy flavor bear
The avid soul not up, but down;
When too much of this world we share,
We pay the price — a heav'nly crown.
Accept the earth for what it's given —
A place to stand in reaching Heaven.

Earth things — the honor and the fame,
The glory and the envied lot,
That come from nailing up our name
Into a niche deserved or not!

But time with truth and justice fraught
Will turn our best repute to naught.

The whirl of pleasures we pursue,
The seekings of our dust for dust;
The feastings, drinkings, dancings, too,

All tend perceptibly to lust.

These pleasures of our mortal state,
Think you they e'er the soul can sate?

The riches of this earth, the cash
And coin in stacked and clean-cut row,
The silver and the golden trash
All tend to bind man here below.

The shining of this minted earth
Think you it is of Heaven's worth?

Earth things — a threefold tentacle
The devil raises up on high —
The riches, honors, pleasures, all
To suck the soul of mankind dry.
Despite them all the truly wise
Will not forget his paradise.



Photo by Scheidegger

BLESSED MARTIN'S MISSION, KIRKWOOD, MISSOURI

BLESSED MARTIN'S SIXTH

● Another Mission Placed Under His Protection

The neat little frame chapel erected in Kirkwood, Mo., last year is the sixth Negro mission in the United States to be placed under the patronage of the beatified Negro Dominican lay Brother, Blessed Martin de Porres.

There is a Blessed Martin's Mission in Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio, in charge of the diocesan clergy. There is a Blessed Martin de Porres Mission in Columbia, S. C., in charge of the Dominican Fathers, and another in Amarillo, Texas, also under the care of the Dominicans.

The Josephite Fathers take care of Blessed Martin de Porres Mission in Crosby, Texas, while Blessed Martin's Mission Chapel, Scott, La., is in charge of a Negro priest of the Society of the Divine Word.

The dedication of the chapel in Kirkwood last year was the culmination of two years of preparatory work on the part of Father

Alphonsus Westhoff, pastor of St. Peter's Church in Kirkwood, and his assistant, Father Cornelius Flavin. In 1939 they began giving religious instruction to some colored adults and children in a private residence.

To make the work more permanent it was decided that a chapel was needed. Two portable buildings were obtained and from them the chapel and the attached instruction hall were built. This labor was done mostly by the white members of St. Peter's Parish, who gave their services free, and also made money donations to the young colored mission.

Father Patrick J. Molloy, young assistant at St. Peter's Church, now has charge of the missionary work in Blessed Martin's Mission. There are twenty-three Negro Catholics in the mission, and as many more under instructions.



The Roman soldiers force Simon the Cyrenian to help Christ carry His Cross

SIMON OF CYRENE

THOMAS C. JONES, S.V. D.

- Was it a Negro
- Who helped Christ carry His Cross?

For the past few years Father Francis had been working among his own people in the South. In the quiet of his little office his eyes lingered on a picture of Simon carrying Christ's Cross. "What a beautiful sermon it always makes!" he ruminated.

Back through the years he drifted to the evening in Lent, when as a child he with the other tots would gather with their mother, dad and grandfather to say the Rosary. On such occasions Father Francis' grandfather would recount some incident from the Life of Christ or the Lives of the Saints. But, his favorite story was the one about Simon, the Cyrenian. The account, as given by the Evangelists, had always been a heavenly melody to ears grown dull from the humdrum of life, a balm to aching hearts. But, now, the priest was thinking of the story as his grandfather used to tell it.

"Simon, a Negro from Libya," so went the story, "was working on a

farm near Jerusalem. He learned that a great disturbance was in progress in the city. So, off he went to see what it was all about. Soon he was informed that Jesus, the great Wonder-worker, was to be crucified. Standing among the crowd, his head towering above most of the observers, Simon saw Christ staggering beneath the Cross. The soldiers sought someone to relieve Christ. There was Simon, a foreigner, a Negro."

How Father Francis' grandfather's eyes would sparkle as he came to the climax: "They made Simon carry the Cross *because he was colored!*" A radiant smile of pride would anticipate the moral. "But, remember, children, what *Christ* did for Simon. He made him a Saint; and one of his boys became a bishop."

Resolutely, Father Francis hastened into the library and delved into some old dusty volumes of the Fathers of the Church. "I intend to find out if there is any truth to

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those embellishments of the biblical statements about Simon," he thought to himself. "It will be interesting to learn where those ideas came from."

The priest found the following fantastic tale, apparently invented by two heretics, Basilis and Marcion:¹

"While Simon was carrying Christ's Cross, the latter so held the eyes of the Jewish people that He was able to disappear from their sight. In some unexplained way, the executioners mistook Simon for Jesus and crucified Simon."

The Mohammedans are said to believe this falsehood.

Although interesting, that passage was not what Father Francis was looking for. He turned to St. Augustine, the great African Doctor of the Church. If anyone had anything to say on the subject, it should be he. Father's eager finger ran through the index; he was not disappointed.

St. Augustine was writing against the Donatists, those obstinate schismatics who in the fourth century spread from Carthage throughout the whole of Africa. In his forty-sixth sermon: *De Pastoribus*, on the 34th chapter of Ezechiel, the Saint was taking the Donatists to task for their erroneous interpretation of the text: "God will come from the south (Teman)" (Habacuc 3:3). The schismatics wanted it to read: "God will come from Africa."

Father Francis almost breathlessly read the next lines. Selecting one of the Donatists' doctrines, St. Augustine wrote: "We read: 'the Cyrenian was an African, and for

this reason he was forced to carry the Cross.'"

"I've got something here!" exclaimed the priest. He felt that he had found the most likely origin for part of that curious tradition related by his grandfather. Still, the fact began to bear in upon him that he could not accept the testimony of these schismatics. They were, perhaps, grasping at straws before the merciless waves of St. Augustine's logic; very likely this contention was of their own making.

Back in his study, ideas were racing through Father Francis' mind: African, Negro, Jewish — Simon might have been from Africa; but that would not necessarily postulate his having been a Negro. The priest calmly began to set down his findings, feeling that no *absolute* certitude as to Simon's nationality could be arrived at.

However, he held to the opinion with Origen, Franciscus Lucas, Ganeius² and Fillion³ that Simon was from the Cyrene in Africa. Furthermore, he held with Saints Hilary, Ambrose, Bede and Leo that Simon was not Jewish but was Gentile.⁴

Of course, Father Francis knew that the latter opinion is challenged by some. Fillion, for one, opines that Simon was Jewish.⁵ The reason for his contention is that, 300 years before Christ 100,000 Jewish people settled in Africa around the territory where Cyrene was situated.

"But after all," argued Father Francis, "100,000 was only one-

¹ Cornelius a Lapide: *Commentaria in Matt.*

² Cornelius a Lapide: *op. cit.*

³ Fillion: *Life of Christ*, vol. III, page 524.

⁴ Cornelius a Lapide: *op. cit.*

⁵ Fillion: *op. cit.*

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fourth the entire population of that district. So, even without making allowance for any racial mingling, my contention is three times as probable as the contrary one."

"I believe that Simon was a Gentile from Africa," mused Father Francis. "But what about his color? What about his sons, Rufus and Alexander? Did one of them become a bishop?"

St. Mark's testimony is this: "And they forced a certain passerby, Simon of Cyrene, coming from the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to take up His cross."⁶

It seemed to Father Francis, as he sat there in his office, that St. Mark would not have made special mention of Alexander and Rufus had they not been well known in the Christian community. He went into the library again.

The eager priest uncovered an early tradition that Rufus was bishop of Spain, and the established fact

⁶ Mark 15:21.



Simon as a teacher in the church at Antioch

that the Church celebrates his feast on November 12. In a *Chronicle* dating from the year 112 A.D., as handed down by ecclesiastical writers, our inquiring priest found the statement that St. Alexander suffered martyrdom in Spain, and that this Alexander is the *brother of Rufus who was bishop in Spain*, and "son of Simon Cyrene who carried Christ's Cross after Him." The *Chronicle* adds that Simon himself was not deprived of an ample reward; for after he had done many good works he died a peaceful death at Jerusalem.⁷

The matter was being clarified. Here was historical evidence that Simon became a saint, Alexander a martyr, and Rufus a bishop.

It remained to be seen whether or not Simon was a Negro. The thirteenth chapter of the *Acts of the Apostles* was open on Father Francis' knee. He read: "Now in the church at Antioch there were prophets and teachers, among whom were Barnabas and Simon, called Niger...."

"Niger" in Latin means "black." It was not uncommon in those days to give persons names based on a physical characteristic. There was no doubt in Father Francis' mind that *this* Simon was a Negro. He was among those who either consecrated Paul and Barnabas bishops (as St. Dionysius and St. John Chrysostom

(Continued on page 92)

⁷ Cornelius a Lapide: *op. cit.*

APRIL'S SAINTS

April 5 —

Easter Sunday

On Good Friday the earth trembled, horrified as it were at the thought that man had crucified his God. On the first glorious Easter morn the earth shook with great violence, overjoyed at the thought that Jesus had risen from the grave and conquered death. "He has risen as He said." Let all of us rejoice exceedingly. Offer your Communion on this day to our Risen Savior in thanksgiving for His work of redemption.

April 11 —

St. Leo the Great

The name Leo means lion, and this fearless pope and doctor of the Church was a real lion in defending the Church and her teachings during his life. Besides writing many learned works on the Church's dogmas, he convened councils and condemned heretics. Armed with but the strength of his character, the glory of his virtues and a superhuman eloquence, he succeeded in preventing the barbarian king Attila from burning the city of Rome. Pray for our Holy Father Pope Pius XII today.

April 22 — Solemnity of St. Joseph

The ever increasing devotion to St. Joseph is due to the widespread love for Mary. Some idea of his sanctity can be had when it is considered that no other man enjoyed so close an intimacy with the Incarnation and early youth of Jesus as St. Joseph. The Church sets aside March 19 in his honor, but this feast falls in the Lenten season and cannot be celebrated in a manner befitting him. Thus the Wednesday of the



"But Jesus cried out with a loud voice, and expired." — Mark 15:37

third week after Easter has been set aside to give proper solemnity and honor to this powerful Saint. The Church has chosen as her universal protector St. Joseph, who was the protector of her Founder and Head, Jesus Christ. Pray to St. Joseph for all our persecuted Catholics throughout the world.

April 23 —

St. George

All who have sons, brothers, relatives or friends in our country's armed service should recommend them to this brave soldier and martyr. He is said to have been an officer in the army of the cruel emperor Diocletian. Due to the confession of his faith he suffered a cruel martyrdom. For centuries Christian armies invoked the aid and protection of St. George before entering the battle. Pope Benedict XIV named him the special patron of England. Pray to him for our Catholic soldiers.

April 25 — St. Mark

The Christians at Rome asked their apostle, St. Peter, to write down what he witnessed of our Lord's life and deeds. He refused but bade his disciple St. Mark to do so. After Peter examined and approved its contents, the work became known as St. Mark's Gospel. It is said that St. Mark was the founder of the Church of Alexandria and its first martyr. He is represented with a lion at his feet, for his gospel was written to prove to the Romans that Jesus, the Lion of Juda, is the Savior of the world. Pray to him for a greater love of Holy Scripture.

Entertainment

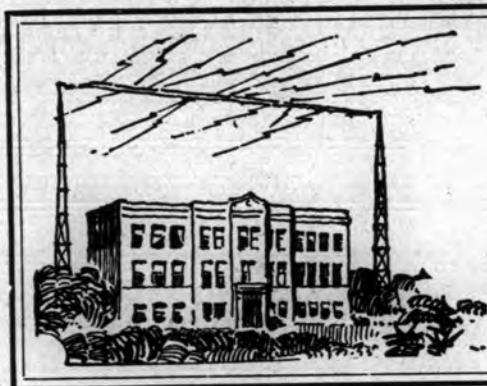
We were fortunate in seeing several good films, which were enjoyed by all. Among them was one entitled "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." It was a very appealing and pleasingly interesting picture, indeed. The next time we faced the screen was to see several educational movies. We really learned something from two of them: one treated of the work being done in order to enable the deaf to hear and regain their places in the lives of the people around them; the other dwelt on the need of insurance, and that in such a skillful and gratifying way that it would have sold more life insurance to us (if we had had money to buy any) than any amount of direct sales talk would have done.

Another full-length film which came our way was "The Plainsman," a thriller packed with history and above all with action.

Visitors

You will like a roll call of the distinguished personages who visited our seminary and paused to spend some time with us.

The Rev. Father McCarthy of St. Mary's Mission, Greensboro, North Carolina, stayed a short time with us. He was formerly stationed in the Canal Zone as a missionary. He told us many interesting things about life in the tropics, of the trials of the missionary's work, and about the people down there,



Seminar

BROAD ST

St. Augustine's Seminary
the only Catholic Seminary

especially about the Indians. He also told us a little of the work among the Colored in North Carolina.

Three Priests of the Sacred Heart of Jesus spent a day here at the Seminary. They were the Very Rev. William Nölken, S.C.J., Provincial; Rev. Stanislaus Saxon, S.C.J., and Rev. Patrick Flanagan, S.C.J.

Rev. Father Luigi M. Giambastiani, O.S.M., paid us a brief visit. He is stationed at St. Philip Benizi Church in Chicago, Ill.

A distinguished member of the Catholic Hierarchy paid us a visit in February. This was His Excellency, Bishop Arsène Turquetil, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of Hudson Bay, in Northern Canada. His diocese is the largest in the world. Accompanied by Rev. Joseph Pierre of New Orleans, His Excellency arrived here on Thursday morning, February 12. He consented to address the community in the afternoon. For this purpose we all gathered in the school auditorium at 1:30 P.M.



THE BISHOP OF NORTH TWO SEMINARIAN

Bishop Arsène Turquetil, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of Hudson Bay, whose diocese covers 1,652,689 square miles and a population of about 7,500, of which like 1,000 are Catholics. There are also Oblates of Mary, Sisters (Grey Nuns), and working in Hudson Bay.



After the Bishop was escorted around the grounds to view the different parts of our seminary, he was conducted to the auditorium. Then began one of the most interesting talks we have heard in a long time.

Bishop Turquetil outlined the progress of his mission among the Eskimos. He showed us the character of these people, their peculiar traits and inclinations. The story of his first successes with them was enjoyed by all. The point he brought out in each lively example was the workings of divine grace in the souls of the Eskimos and the trust that the missionary must have in praying for the hour when grace shall knock at their hearts. He also stated that one source of his firm confidence was prayer to the Little Flower of Jesus, who had helped him when the going was exceptionally hard. His portrayal of life in the far North was most impressive.

Free Day

According to an old and lasting custom, a visiting Bishop is privileged to bestow a free day on the students of our seminaries, on the occasion of his visit there. To our great satisfaction, Bishop Turquetil availed himself of this privilege. — The day finally chosen was the day following his visit. There were no classes, and hikes and sports were the order of the day — a little welcome relief from books.

Ash Wednesday

"Remember, man, that thou art dust and unto dust shalt thou return!" With these words we started again a period of penance in reparation for our sins. Lent is a time of prayer and fasting which, especially in these troubled days, can be used to obtain the grace of God that we may pass through all the troubles safely.

On Ash Wednesday morning there was a High Mass after the blessing and distribution of the ashes. The community was thus launched upon this period of sorrow which will end in the overwhelming joys of Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday. We are destined to become dust, but that dust is destined also to rise and be forever united to its God.



BISHOP OF NORTH POLE WITH
SEMINARIAN THE SUNNY SOUTH
 Arsène Turquetil, O.M.I., D.D., Vicar
 of Hudson Bay since 1931. His diocese
 2,689 square miles and has a popula-
 out 7,500, of whom something
 are Catholic. There are 30 priests
 f Mary), Religious Brothers and 5
 Grey Nun working with Bishop
 quetil in Hudson Bay region

A Great Champion and a Good American

EDWARD ADAMS, S.V. D.

● Now Private Joe Louis Barrow

In the history of Boxing, there have been colored and colorful champions, but hardly any of the magnitude of our present champion Joe Louis. In his brief ring career manifestations of this fact are numerous; but eclipsing them all is the ovation accorded him by the Boxing Writers of America.

On January 21 of this year these "men in the know" awarded him the Edward J. Neil Plaque for having contributed most to boxing during 1941, and the Ring Magazine Plaque for being voted the outstanding fighter of the year.

On this same occasion, Joe Louis received one of the finest tributes ever paid to him. It fell from the lips of former Mayor Jimmy Walker, of New York. Said he: "Joe, it is necessary to have an ideal person for heavyweight champion, and I am proud to tell you that your conduct marks you, with or without that uniform, a fine American gentleman. You fought yourself into the title and haven't talked yourself out of it."

Largely responsible for the unquestioned popular appeal of the "Champ," is his physical prowess. Even a casual glance at the records shows that his is a rare brand. On July 4, 1934, he emerged on the scene as contender for the heavyweight crown with 50 fights to his credit and only 4 charged as deficit. Of the former 43 were K.O.'s and 7 decisions. All, however, were scored while Louis was still an amateur. From that date until his championship bout with James H.

Braddock, on June 22, 1937, he entered 34 fights, winning 17 via the K.O. route, and drawing three decisions. Such a victory march is sure proof that the "Champ" has what it takes.

From the outset sports-writers and others have acknowledged in Louis a fighter of superior quality. Pages could be filled with their glowing testimonies. Suffice it here to point out but two of the most recent. The first is of special significance since it comes from one who was reluctant all along to see in the champion anything more than an ordinary fighter. Standing before an audience, in which Louis, Braddock and Dempsey were present, Gene Tunney made this frank admission:

"On January 9, at Madison Square Garden I saw the greatest, most masterful exhibition of boxing in my life... either in the gym or in the ring... Joe is the greatest, most complete workman the ring ever had, and I include Bob Fitzsimmons, about whom I have heard from his contemporaries, but whom I have never seen in action." No doubt, Buddy Baer hit the nail squarely on the head when, after his unlucky (for him) tangle with Louis, he said: "It begins to look as if Father Time will have to be in Joe's corner if he's ever going to be beaten!"

Realizing that mere leather pushing is not enough to merit the title of champion, Louis dug deep down into himself and came up with an array of sterling qualities, as star-

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A GOOD AMERICAN

(Reprinted through the courtesy of the Detroit Free Press, Detroit, Mich.)

ting as they are admirable. He never refused to fight anyone; and whenever an opponent showed the least dissatisfaction for the first lacing, Joe invariably returned to do the job even more thoroughly. Never did he take advantage of his man. He never complained of bad breaks; nor did he ever protest the referee's decision. He didn't proffer excuses when beaten; but he did have a word of praise for each man who fell before his merciless barrage.

Both in and out of the ring, his conduct was always upright and noble and his words simple and straightforward. When some of the biggest men in the life of the nation presented him with trophies and told him how much they thought of him, he replied: "I want to thank Mr. Mike Jacobs and the Boxing Commission and all the boxing

writers for all the nice things they have done for me. I hope I never did anything to hurt them or never did anything in the ring that was wrong. Thank you."

Added to this is Louis' display of that peculiar kind of charity that makes us repay evil with good. Fully aware of the racial discrimination maintained by the Navy Department against members of his race, he accepted a proposal to fight in behalf of the Navy Relief Society. And he turned in one of the grandest fights of his career, donating his entire share of the gate-receipts to aid the dependents of those fallen in the service of their country.

Of particular appeal to his own is the fact that Louis from the very outset entrusted his future to the hands of an all-colored personnel. Under their able and competent handling, Joe not only attained financial independence but more important, heeding their timely counsels, he avoided untold pitfalls which have spelled doom to many another budding career. Thus Joe in his brief span of years has come to exert considerable influence toward racial understanding and good will, in places unreached by many of the race's more capable leaders.

Like many another loyal American, Joe too has answered the call of his country. And almost overnight he has become as popular with the boys in khaki as with the folks back home. Whether he will return and once again wear his hard-earned crown is a matter that time alone will tell. However, this much is clear: although that crown will one day rest on other heads, few will be better fitted to wear it.

Father Provincial Writes . . .

Easter spontaneously awakens in every Christian great spiritual joy, for it commemorates the triumphal victory of our Risen Saviour over sin, death, and the grave, and it brings to mind the foundation of the infallible truth of our Faith.

Among those who, in my humble opinion, experience in a special way crystal-pure Easter joy is the missionary priest; for he sees his arduous work in the vineyard of the Lord bear fruit around Eastertime.

We know from Church History how in the early centuries of Christianity catechumens or converts, after a careful preparation during the Holy Season of Lent, were received into the fold of the Church through the Holy Sacrament of Baptism on Holy Saturday night. Today the solemn blessing of the baptismal water, which takes place on Holy Saturday morning, is a vivid reminder of that ancient custom. The so-called jubilant Easter Mass which follows the blessing is just an outburst of joy over the new children of God who had risen pure and holy out of the water of Baptism.

In many of our Mission Stations here in the Deep South it is customary to administer solemn Baptism to adult converts on Holy Saturday, or, at least, during the Easter Season. For the missionary as well as for the convert this sacred act signifies the acme of real Easter joy which nothing can take away or even dampen. The missionary reaps the harvest of what he has planted in the soul, often under great sacrifices and anxieties during the past year, either in the school or during evening instructions. Perhaps for some

time he has been working without any visible results. Only recently one of our young missionaries, with beaming joy on his ruddy face, told me that he will baptize his first converts about Easter after he has been working continuously for two years in his newly established Mission in Mississippi.

The convert becomes a member of the Church and shares in all the blessings and graces; nay he can truly say: "I am a child of God." He also receives the reward for the sacrifices he had to make to come to the instructions, or to disregard scoff and mockery and even social ostracism by his former friends. *Never in my priestly life have I seen happier people than well-instructed converts to the Church.* The stories of conversion as told by converts themselves so often in *Our Sunday Visitor* (which is, by the way, one of the greatest convertmakers in the United States) bear out this statement. Converts realize only too well the spiritual values received through the grace of Faith.

We who have been brought up in the midst of spiritual plenty of the Church do not fathom the depth of that internal peace of soul and the new purpose and security of life which come to the convert through the grace of Faith, infused into the soul through Baptism.

The missionary naturally shares in the diffusions of the joy of the convert. No wonder that missionaries are always a happy group of men.

Even as a student I was deeply impressed by the humorous and happy way in which veteran missionaries, returning sick and ex-

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

hausted from the mission fields in Africa or China, would relate to the student body the tortures suffered from Chinese bandits or Boxers, or the ravages caused by malaria fever in Africa.

I found the same phenomenon of extreme happiness when 18 years ago I was permitted by my Father Provincial to visit for the first time the Mission Stations in the South and to meet the missionaries. Though I saw much poverty and though the missionaries had to forgo much comfort and live a lonely life, and often labored for many years without much success, they all seemed to be very happy and bore a winsome smile on their faces. On my return to Chicago I mentioned this to my friends. None had a repellent or grouchy look. I wondered then as much as I did when I was a student, why that was. Today I know the reason for this happiness of the missionaries. The smile on their faces is nothing but the reflection of the happy consciousness of being the spiritual fathers of so many children of God; it results from the knowledge of having been able to add new members to the Mystical Body of Christ, and from the certainty that Christ did not die in vain. This happiness of the missionaries further springs from their daily experience of the fact that many converts lead holy lives and are a glory to the Church. St. Paul, the greatest missionary of the Church, is so exuberant with joy that he does not hesitate to tell his converts most affectionately: "You are my joy!"

A year ago I received a letter from a dear friend of mine, a zeal-

ous missionary of many years among the Colored, which substantiates fully my foregoing remarks. He wrote: "This week my joy is full. Like the mountain I labored and brought forth a mouse — no converts. But I labored again and brought forth fruit, and the fruit is 152 converts who were confirmed by Bishop Hartley last week. That number is the largest number of converts to be confirmed at one time in the history of the diocese. The number might not mean much to you but it does to us because this mission was a struggling mission and it still is."

This missionary rejoices and with good reason. So does every other zealous missionary. This spiritual joy is the compensation which he receives in this world by following the Lord as an Apostle, "going forth, teaching, and baptizing in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

St. Augustine's Seminary is a training school for Colored Missionaries. Fifteen of them are today in the Mission Fields of the United States and Africa. I know that they are also experiencing the same joy as the missionaries of other races, as they gather the harvest of souls around Eastertime. That fact alone suffices to justify the existence of St. Augustine's Seminary and all the sacrifices which friends have made in its behalf.

Pray and help us to train and send forth missionaries to bring the Glad Tidings and unutterable peace of soul to many souls in the Deep South and Africa.

FATHER ECKERT, S.V.D.



With our SVD Fathers on the Colored Missions

Changes and Appointments

Father Cosmas Schneider, formerly pastor of Notre Dame Church in St. Martinville, La., has been appointed for the time being to take care of St. Leo's Church, near Rayne, La. The late Right Rev. Monsignor Philip L. Keller, founder of Holy Rosary Institute, a boarding academy for colored girls in Lafayette, La., was the former pastor of St. Leo's.

Father Maurice Rousseve, who had been assisting Father Schneider in St. Martinville for the past three years, has been appointed pastor of Notre Dame Church. As assistants Father Rousseve has Father Leo Woods, who has been stationed in St. Martinville since last fall, and Father Leander Martin, who has been changed to St. Martinville from St. Benedict's Mission in Dudson, La., where he had been doing mission work since August, 1941.

These three colored priests were ordained at St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Miss. — Father Rousseve in 1934, Father Woods in 1939 and Father Martin in 1941.

There are over three thousand Catholics under the care of these three Fathers in St. Martinville and in the two attached missions at St. John and Cade. Notre Dame School has 275 children and four lay teachers.

Half an Assistant

Bay St. Louis, Miss. — Diminutive Father Richard Winters has been divided up still further and made a sort of "half-assistant pastor" to Father Joseph Holken at St. Rose's Church. Father Winters is a regular professor of Latin and Greek on the faculty of St. Augustine's Seminary, and teaches in the classroom daily. But on every other Saturday and Sunday he treks down



EASTER SUNDAY PROCESSION

in St. Elizabeth's
Church, Chicago, Ill.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER



COLORED CATHOLICS OF ST. BENEDICT THE MOOR MISSION
take part in the annual procession of St. Ann's Church, San Francisco, Calif. Father John Berman, S.V. D., is pastor of St. Benedict's

to St. Rose's Church to perform the pastoral duties of hearing Confessions and saying the parochial Mass.

During Lent Father Winters has been preaching a series of sermons at St. Rose's on Wednesday nights.

Mission Chapel Fund Progresses

Father Walter Bowman, assistant at Immaculate Heart of Mary Church, Lafayette, La., writes in to say that the fund for the mission chapel to be built in Mouton Switch is gratifyingly growing. Up to the time of his letter the following contributions had been received from readers of ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER:

Mr. Synnberg, Chicago, Ill.	\$5.00
J. J. Cosgrove, New York City	2.00
Rev. L. L. Meyer, McKees Rocks, Pa.	5.00
L. A. Biggins, Alton, Ill.	5.00
Mrs. D. L. Anderson, Chicago, Ill.	1.00
Rev. J. A. Daly, Dorchester, Mass. ...	50.00
Father May Club, Flushing, N. Y.	25.00
Fr. Schmodry Council No. 52, Knights of Peter Claver, New Orleans, La. ...	5.00
Anonymous	1.00
St. Peter Claver's Mission Club, Bay Saint Louis, Miss.	5.00

St. John's Seminary Club, Brighton, Massachusetts	20.00
W. Caffery, Lafayette, La.	1.00
A Friend	5.00
Miss F. A. Lewis, New Orleans, La. .	10.00
Mrs. A. B. Cole, Cambridge, Mass	1.00
Total	\$141.00

Won't others of our readers help Father Bowman build a chapel for the more than 300 colored Catholics in Mouton Switch who have no church of their own? Contributions may be sent in care of the Editor of this magazine, or directly to Rev. Walter Bowman, S.V. D., Box 256, Lafayette, La.

Thanks to Blessed Martin

"Dear Father: — Inclosed are two dollars for two holy Masses in thanksgiving for a great favor received through Blessed Martin de Porres. I had a very bad knee, could hardly walk and was quite worried. I prayed to Blessed Martin, and promised to publish it if he would help me. I placed his picture on the knee, and in less than a day my knee was fine again." — W. F. Watts, Chicago, Ill.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

Simon of Cyrene

(Continued from page 82)

thought), or conferred upon them a very special blessing.⁸

"If I can show that very likely this Simon spoken of in the *Acts* is the father of Saints Alexander and Rufus, I shall feel that I've put grandfather's beautiful story on a firm basis," mused Father Francis.

After more careful research the zealous young priest concluded that Simon of Cyrene is identical with Simon, the Negro mentioned in Acts 13:1. Nor was he indulging in mere wishful thinking. In part of the *Chronicle of Maximus*, which dates from the seventh century, there appears this significant passage: "The Commemoration of

⁸ Cornelius a Lapide: *Commentaria in Acta Apostolorum*.

Saints Rufus and Alexander, the sons of Simon of Cyrene who by some is called (Simon) Niger...." It continues: "Simon with his sons came in the company of Saint Paul to Spain where he preached." This same document adds: "He (Simon) is said to have been consecrated bishop by St. Peter... and to have died at Jerusalem."⁹

Father Francis was satisfied. He had found statements made in the early days of Christianity which makes it very likely that the tradition handed down by some of his racial group has a sound basis at least in the main points.

Father Francis had come to the end of his research. Although he personally held to the very likely opinion that St. Simon of Cyrene

(Continued on page 96)

⁹ Cornelius a Lapide: *Com. in Matt.*

NOVENA TO OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Held at St. Augustine's Seminary — May 1-9

Intention: Greater Love of the Rosary

Dear Friends:

It is no wonder the Church picked out the month of May as the month of our Mother Mary. It is the month when flowers, beautiful and sweet-smelling, are at their best. It is the month when the most expensive adorn Mary's shrines. Their gay colors, their beauty and perfume seem to sing inimitable praise to Heaven's and Earth's Queen. But greater still is the homage paid by those who tenderly, carefully, faithfully garland her shrines with nature's blossoms.

Mary loves the bouquets placed at her feet in loving homage. But above all the flowers, she loves the flowers of the "Hail Mary's" that come from the garden of our hearts. Above all bouquets, she loves the bouquet of the Rosary that we faithfully weave, especially in this month of choicest flowers.

During this time of bloody strife, prayer is the only assurance of victory. Next to the Mass the Rosary is reputedly the best prayer. Never more than now were we in need of efficacious prayers. In the sixteenth century, it was the Rosary that made the Christians victorious over the Turks. The Rosary now is no less efficacious than it was then. Only with greater love of the Rosary can we obtain through Mary the peace, the rebirth of Christ and religion in the hearts of men, that we seek in prayer. Let us, then, with greater confidence ask Mary for greater love of the Rosary, especially this month.

Mary, Mother of Perpetual Help, Queen of May and of the Rosary, obtain for us greater love of the Rosary, and the peace and return of religion we seek through it. Amen.

Join us in this Novena. Pray together with us during these nine days. Send in your intentions and they will be included in the prayers of the Fathers, Seminarians, Brothers and Students.

Mail your intentions to

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY, BAY SAINT LOUIS, MISSISSIPPI

KEEP AWAY THE CHANGES

JOSEPH BUSCH, S.V.D.

Last New Year's Day when George Makar opened St. Mary's Church in Joliet, Ill., for the six o'clock Mass, he got the surprise of his life. What a change had taken place since he locked the doors! During the night the ceiling had collapsed and the plaster, laths, wires and fixtures had crashed down onto the pews. The church, just redecorated a few months ago, was unfit for services, and it was estimated that \$15,000 worth of damage had been done. Realizing that they had no insurance against such an accident the parishioners must have been dismayed and wondered why God let such a change take place.

A similar thing, on a much smaller scale, occurred in a parish in Wisconsin where I was helping a sick priest. The repository, where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved on Holy Thursday, had cost the ladies much work, and they were proud of the place prepared for their Lord. But what a change met their eyes on Good Friday! When I went over to the sacristy the janitor spoke about "the fire last night," and the good old Irishman could not make me understand until he brought me to the sanctuary. Somehow or other a fire had started at the repository, burned the decorations, carpet and altar linens, scorched the altar, filled the sanctuary with soot and dirt, and then died out. The housekeeper could scarcely restrain her tears, but she and others got busy cleaning up, and we had services just the same.

Such unpleasant events, such unwelcome changes are hard to bear, and when we see them coming we cry to the Lord, "Keep away the changes! Hold them back!" Sometimes in His goodness and mercy He does. Today, however, He is permitting changes to come into our lives suddenly like thieves in the night. And we may be sure He has a purpose.

We much prefer to have our days pass smoothly. I'm inclined to think that we would enjoy an even, quiet life

such as the four stone frogs by our fishpond experience. They are connected with an old well nearby and day after day, night after night, they shoot water out of their mouths at the little elf in the center of the pond who does not weary of pouring water from his sprinkling can.

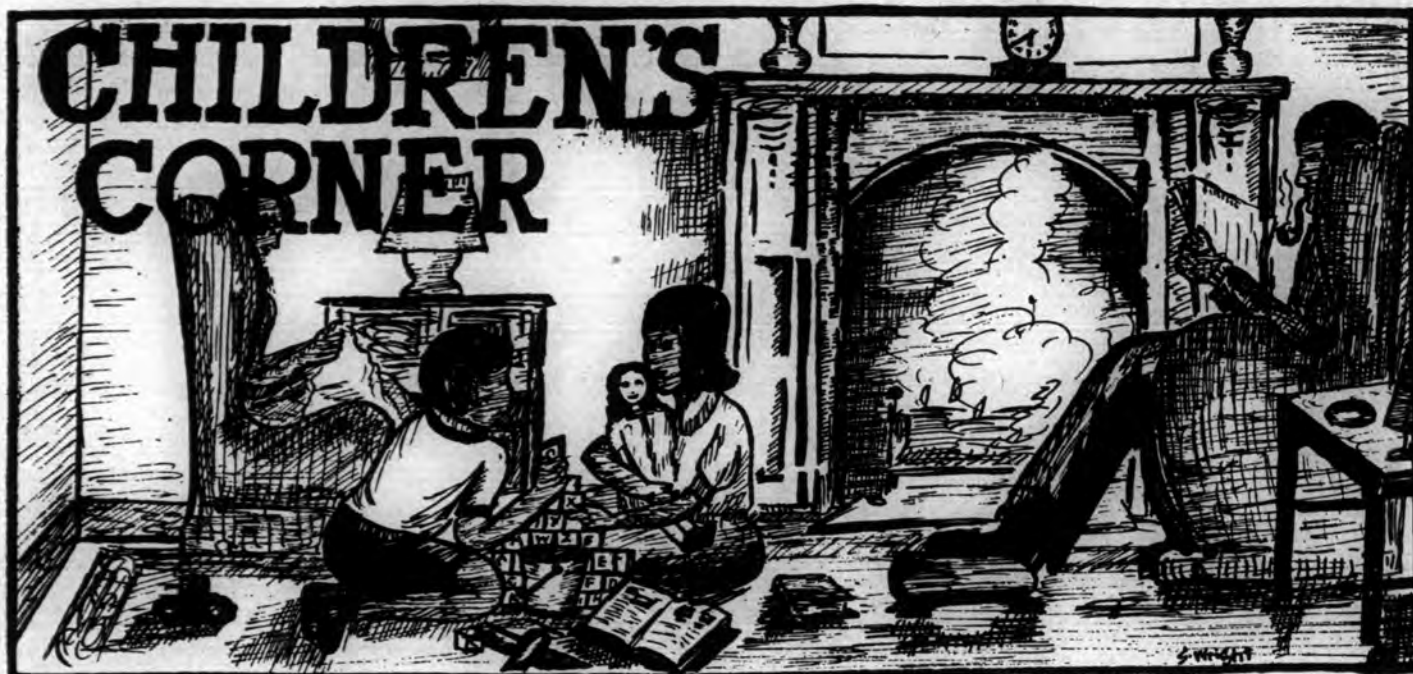
Changes are good for us no matter how much we dislike them. For one thing, they show us how weak we are and we turn to the good God, whom we perhaps neglected. Moreover, they make us aware that we have no lasting dwelling place here.

I said that changes are good for us. Consider, for example, Jonas. When he was in the belly of the great fish three days and three nights he came to a better frame of mind, and when he was set free he was again a man of God. He arose and went to Ninive as he had been commanded. If we think over the changes that have come into our lives, or which we are experiencing right now, we can, with good will, bring ourselves to see some advantages.

If that is too hard to do, try to comfort yourself with the thought that the change could be worse. In the case of St. Mary's Church, the pastor and his people had reason to rejoice that the ceiling over the altar and the choir loft had not fallen down, and, especially, that the accident had not taken place while the faithful filled the pews for the holyday Mass. What a calamity that would have been!

And in the church in Wisconsin — the fire died out. The whole building was not destroyed; not even the repository was burned, and the Blessed Sacrament was entirely untouched. From His Eucharistic home Jesus in this case willed, "So far and no farther."

We are sure of God. *He* does not change. He is always the same good, kind, loving Father. Cling to Him and try to submit to the changes that He brings about or permits. Do not insist that He "keep away the changes."



My dear Boys and Girls:

It looks like I will soon need a special secretary to help me with the big amount of mail I am getting concerning the AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTEST and the GOOD MOVIE CLUB. Well, I am going to try to put as much of it as I can on these pages this time, so let's dive right into it.

GOOD MOVIE CLUB

The Club is growing. We have quite a few names this month. One Sister wrote:

"It is interesting how my big boys and girls watch the list (of good pictures). They are really keeping their promise so far. The children surely attend plenty of movies."

This same Sister says that some of the younger school children came to her and said:

"Sister, we be wantin' to go only to good shows too like the big boys and girls. Can't we join the club?"

Well, here is what the boys and girls are saying about the Good Movie Club:

From Kentucky

Eleanor Justice: "Father, I think you have a wonderful idea. I hope you get many to join it."

Mary Louise Mai: "By you putting it in the *Messenger* each month, you may keep thousands and thousands of Catholic children away from bad movies, and you may also save a lot of souls."

Mary Lou Joyce: "I am going to ask my pen-pal, Audrey Mae Noack, in Texas to join this Good Movie Club. I am going to pray that you will be a success in getting men, women, and children to join."

Rosemond Knasel: "Father, I will try to ask other boys and girls to join your Good Movie Club."

Anthony Wardia: "It would be a very good idea if grown people would follow that list too."

Joseph Stander: "We read your article about good movies. I thought it was nice of you to put this in, and also write the names of some good pictures."

Martha Rehkamp: "I know if some of these indecent movies would be stopped the world would be happier and the Sacred Heart would be pleased. I am going to

keep at least one child away from a bad movie, and I hope some others stay away also."

Paul Gunkel: "I Paul Gunkel would like to join the Good Movie Club. If every one does not go to the bad pictures the company would be losing money, then they would change to the good movies."

From Mississippi

Allan Harris: "Whenever little children go to bad movies they try to do just what they see. The good movies will help a whole lot of children."

Martha Lee Amerson: "I have been going to bad movies, but now I have decided not to go to bad movies."

Willie Brown: "I am glad to join the Good Movie Club because first, I can save more money, and second, I will not learn bad habits."

Geneva Harris: "I want to live a good life, and I think joining the Good Movie Club will help me along the way."

Leon Eubanks: "I am very glad to join the Good Movie Club because I can save money and have it for other purposes, like giving a penny in church. I am not a Catholic, but hope to be one soon."

Other new members of the Good Movie Club are:

Marvin Griffin, age 13; Claude Bibbs, age 15; Clara Bennett, age 11; Helen Mae Wilbers, age 11; Martin Franks, age 11; Robert Placke, age 12; Rosemary Olding, age 11; James Bateman, age 15; James Bibbs, age 13; Lloyd Byas, age 12; Robert Harris, age 12; Margaret Willmes, age 11; Marion Gerald, age 14; Ollie McCoy, age 14; Thomas Wilenborg, age 11; Alvin Zimmerman, age 11; Charlotte Gillespie, age 12; Betty Bohmer, age 11; Ida Mae Schaeper, age 12; Eugene Thurman, age 13; Ben Wilburn, age 15; Dorothy Barnes, age 12; Earl Lee Doss, age 15; Ochreeda Hammond, age 14; Arlene Johnson, age 13; Joseph Lingross, age 12; Joseph Meiman, age 12; Helen Kerl, age 11; Joan Gillman, age 11; Helen Voegtler, age 11; Richard Gerde, age 13; Patricia Konerman, age 11; Helen Kaelin, age 13; Mary Louise Smith, age 14; Gilbert Neff, age 11; Julia Jones, age 12; Mary C. Krumman, age 11; Velma Woods, age 11; Andrew Aldridge,

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age 12; Bobby Wilburn, age 13; Hal Fauche, age 10; Charles Maylaben, age 11; Thelma Allen, age 11.

That is a very good representation of boys and girls who don't intend to let their little minds be poisoned by bad shows and moving pictures. There are lots of GOOD movies which boys and girls may see and enjoy. In January I gave you the names of 185 good moving pictures. Well, here are some more CLASS A — SECTION 1 movies:

Arizona Terrors	Carolina Moon
Along the Rio Grande	Cavalcade of Faith
Always a Bride	Cherokee Strip
Anne of Windy	Christmas in July
Poplars	Dangerous Game, A
Argentine Nights	Dead Men Tell
Arizona	Desert Bandit
Beyond the	The Devil and
Sacramento	Miss Jones
Billy the Kid in	Double Date
Texas	Drums of the Desert
Billy the Kid	El Diablo Rides
Outlawed	Again
Billy the Kid's	Emergency Landing
Range War	Father's Son
Blackout	Federal Fugitive
Blondie Has Servant	Footlight Fever
Trouble	Frank Buck's Jungle
Blondie Plays Cupid	Cavalcade
Boss of Bullion City	Girl, A Guy, A Gob, A
Bowery Boy	Golden Hooves
Break the News	Great Mr. Nobody,
Buck Privates	The
Calling All Husbands	Haunted House, The
Case of the Black	Here Comes
Parrot	Happiness

Now that gives you 225 good movies so far which you can go and see, and not bother about those bad pictures which will only spoil you.

I think it would be a good idea if each one of you would start your own GOOD MOVIE BOOK. Want to know how? It's easy. Just get a loose-leaf tablet and write a big letter "A" on the top of the first two pages, and a big letter "B" on the top of the next two pages, and "C" on the next two and so on through the whole alphabet. Then look at the list of good movies in the January MESSENGER and the list in this month's MESSENGER, and then pick out all the good moving pictures which begin with an "A" and write them down in your GOOD MOVIE BOOK on the page marked with the big letter "A." Then pick out all the movies which begin with a "B," and write them in your book on the page marked with a capital "B." And do that for each letter of the ABC's. I will keep on giving you more and more names of good movies, and after a while you will have a big book with the names of plenty of good movies written in it. And whenever you want to know if it is all right for you to go and see a certain show, all you have to do is to open your very own GOOD MOVIE BOOK and look up the name.

Come on, Boys and Girls, I want more of you to join our GOOD MOVIE CLUB. All you have to do is to promise:

"I WILL GO ONLY TO GOOD MOVIES THIS YEAR."

Then drop me a card or a letter saying that you want to join the GOOD MOVIE CLUB, and give your name, address, age and grade. And then KEEP your promise. That's all there is to it.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTEST

The Autobiographies are still pouring in. Here are the three winners for this month:



"OCCASIONAL LIGHT SHOWERS" — BAH!

My Autobiography

Rosa Jane Hardy, age 14
623 Anson Street
Yazoo City, Miss.

I was born May 18, 1927, in Meridian, Miss. I lived there until I was 2 years old. One day I pulled a straw out of the broom, lit it in the fireplace and set fire to some paper on the mantelpiece. The blaze caught the wallpaper and burned up to the ceiling and went out. When my mother found this out she gave me a good whacking with a paddle.

My mother took up some ashes one day with a shovel and while she was outdoors I put my hand into the ashes which contained some fire. My hand got burned and I started to yell. My mother came into the room and asked me what happened. All I could do was yell louder. Finally she looked into the fireplace and saw my fingerprints.

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She mixed some soda and molasses and put it on my hand and it burned and I yelled still louder. My left hand still bears the mark.

When I was 3 years old we moved to Louisiana. There I was on a run-a-way horse, but my father saw me and stopped the horse.

On my 7th birthday we moved to Yazoo City and I started going to the public school. In 1940 I started to school at St. Francis' Catholic School, where I am now in the 7th grade. My first impression of the Catholic Church was that the Sisters didn't holler and shout and faint in church. My teacher's name is Sister Hortensia.

I like the Catholic Religion very much, and I hope to become a Catholic this year. I am asking Father Howard to pray for me and the rest of the children that are taking instructions that we may become good Catholics.

My Autobiography

Eugene Rabe, grade 8
Covington, Kentucky

I was born 14 years ago. I am just an ordinary boy with my dreams of becoming great. I have not any idea of becoming a priest, but I would like very much to help win the world for Christ.

I remember a sad turn in my life. It was when I was walking down a street with my dog at my side. I had just got over the whooping cough and my mother thought the fresh air would do me good. Well, to get along with my story, as I said before my dog and I were going home, when a lady in a car came speeding up. She hit my dog and speeded on without stopping. I screamed and started crying as I bent over the lifeless body of my pal. I never ate that night for "Foxy" was gone. The next day I went to his grave and placed flowers on it.

I had a reason to like "Foxy" for once he saved my life as I fell into a fish pond about 5 inches deep. He barked until my mother came running. All this happened when I was 6 years old.

My happy turn came one morning when I woke up. There beside my bed was a new little white fuzzy pup — a new "Foxy" to fill the old one's place.

My Autobiography

Dolores Garbarski, age 10
6969 Oakdale Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

I was born October 29, 1931, on a cold day in a very small house. I had brown eyes, rosy cheeks, no hair, small hands and small feet. I was baptized 2 weeks after I was

born, at St. Priscilla's Church. I do not remember much of my baby life.

I now go to St. William's School. I am in the 5th grade. When I was in 1st grade I had whooping cough. In 2nd and 3rd grades I had but few subjects. In 4th grade I had Religion, Arithmetic, History, Reading, English, Spelling, Art, Music and Penmanship. In 5th grade I have Geography also.

I take music lessons every Friday at 2:00 o'clock.

I belong to the church choir. I started the choir at the beginning of school. I enjoy my work in the 5th grade as far as I am.

Rosa and Eugene and Dolores will each receive a whole year's FREE subscription to ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER. (PS. Eugene forgot to send his address.)

Happy Easter to all! Pray especially for all who are going to be baptized in the Colored Missions around Easter-time.

FATHER HOWARD, S.V.D.
Bay Saint Louis, Mississippi



Simon of Cyrene

(Continued from page 92)

was a Negro, he knew that in the light of Faith the lesson to be learned from the episode of the carrying of the Cross outreached all accidental differences of race. In meditative thought Father Francis saw it this way:

It was, no doubt, a great injury and disgrace in the eyes of the soldiers for Simon to be put to the public shame of carrying the Cross. Nevertheless, as Simon paced along, Christ's strength passed into his weary soul so that he began to carry the Cross patiently. Thus he merited to be rewarded by Christ as befits a Saint. As Simon was Christ's cross-bearing companion, he also became His glory-bearing companion. For *all* men the lesson is the same. Christ is not outdone in generosity.

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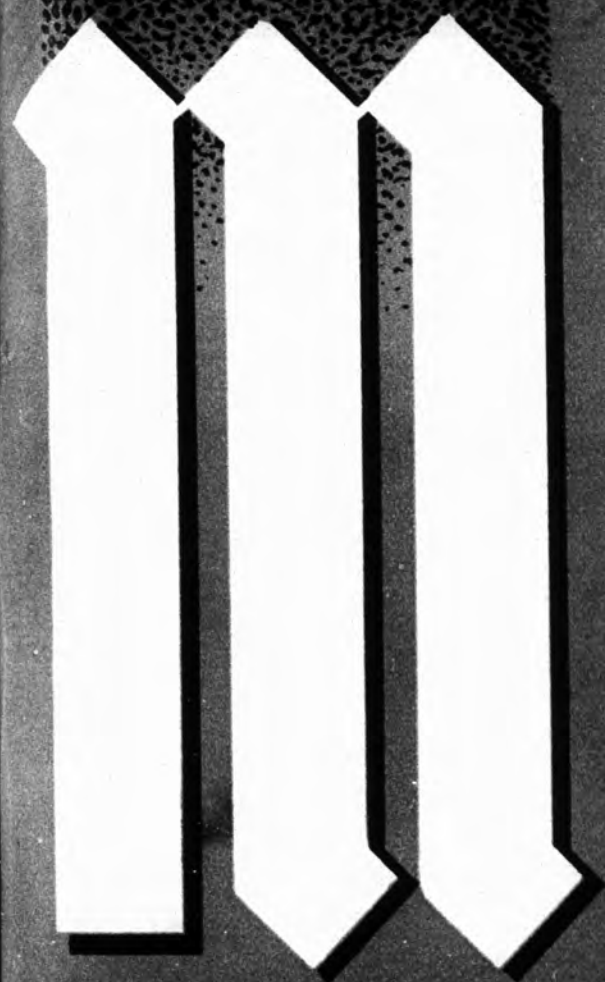
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St. Augustine's Seminary

Bay Saint Louis, Miss.

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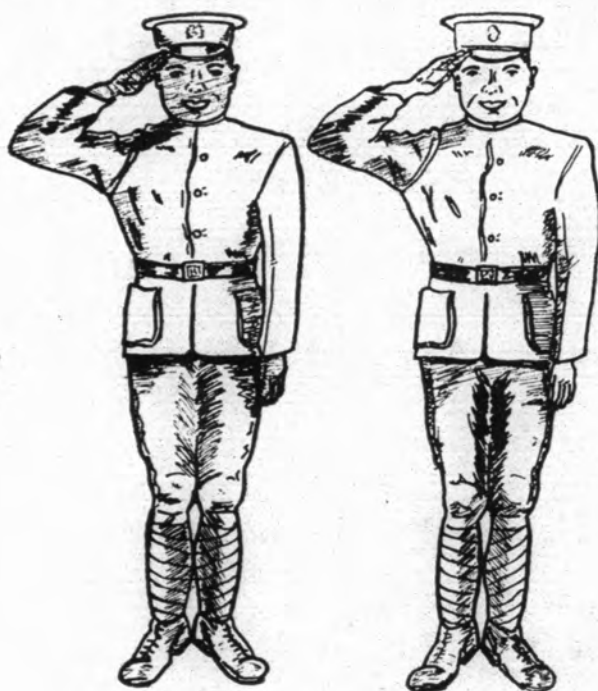


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Pentecost

May 15-23

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 Bay Saint Louis, Mississippi

MESSENGER**ESTABLISHMENT OF NEGRO CLERGY**

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Editor: CLARENCE J. HOWARD, S.V. D.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY

BAY SAINT LOUIS, MISS.

Volume XX

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Number 5

*Editorial Page***A Parish Priest Writes****AN OPEN LETTER TO MARY**

Dear Mother Mary:

There has been a lot of talk in this parish about how beautiful and inspiring it is to see the young ladies going to the Communion rail on each third Sunday in your honor. It is a fine sight! And don't you enjoy those monthly meetings? It must bring a smile to your lips to hear how seriously they discuss even the smallest matters. Yes, Mother, your girls are an inspiring sight.

I've read in history that whenever things got in such a mess that everything seemed hopeless you always came through with the saving help. Couldn't you take a hand in the Sodality here? There are lots of girls in the parish here who aren't interested in your club, the Young Ladies' Sodality. Could you tell me why the silly social events of the world seem so much more important to them than you, their heavenly Mother? Can it be that they don't want to live with you in eternity? Something must be done to make them your true children. Please do it for us, Mother.

Then there's another thing, Mother. The movie stars and the glamor girls are sort of getting our girls all mixed up. Even our Catholic young ladies are thinking more about dressing like Hedy Lamarr than about keeping themselves clothed in innocence and modesty. The movie stars are the patron saints of our youngsters, instead of the great heroines who lived for your honor. Why is that, Mother? I'm just trying to wheedle a promise out of you to help us. You have a way with you — never fail, they say.

After looking this letter over again, I find that it's all complaints. Excuse it, Mother. After all, there's so much you've done already. And we're grateful, too, for the fine members of the Sodality that you have already given us. Only, we want more. There I go again!

Excuse it again, please.

Your affectionate child,

VINCENT SMITH, S.V. D.

A Tribute to Negro Motherhood



Father A. Sweeney, S.M.A., pays tribute in an article to the work of the S.V.D. Fathers in their effort to provide a Negro clergy. An even greater tribute might be paid to Negro Motherhood, a splendid example of which is given in the picture above.

Mrs. Caroline Wade of St. Augustine's parish, Washington, D.C., who died just one year ago last February, was the mother of fourteen children. Two of her daughters, Sister Mary Pius, who teaches in Charleston, S. C., and Mother Mary Angela, Superior of St. Cyprian's School in Washington, D.C., are members of the Oblate Sisters of Providence; her son, Father Francis G. Wade, S.V.D., was one of the first four Negro priests to be ordained as members of the Society of the Divine Word at Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, in 1934.

Mrs. Wade was 81 years old when she died. The rearing of a large family had meant for her a busy life, a full life, a life in which she could not always do all the things she wished to do. Yet once her children had grown, she turned



Rev. Francis Wade, S.V.D., with his mother and sisters, soon after his ordination in 1934

to those things she loved: daily Mass, daily Communion. She had been a faithful member of the Blessed Virgin Sodality; she had a deep devotion to Our Lady.

Let us not forget the faithful Catholic mothers when we pray for a Negro clergy.

The Medical Missionary
Fox Chase, Phila., Pa.



Remember Mother on Mother's Day, Sunday, May 10. Offer Mass and Communion for her.



There are 115,000 Colored Catholics in Louisiana. There are not 5,000 in Mississippi.

THE WIZARD OF TUSKEGEE

NORBERT L. SCHULER, S.V. D.

- From Peanut, Soy Bean, Cotton and Sweet Potato
- Dr. Carver has produced many useful products

"God didn't charge anything for growing the peanut, and I don't charge anything for curing it." A group of Florida peanut planters must have been somewhat surprised to receive such an answer. Only an extraordinary person would send back a check for a hundred dollars and turn down an offer of an equal amount each month. The thoroughly disinterested individual who had so satisfactorily suggested a cure for crops ravaged by a peculiar disease was none other than the distinguished Negro scientist, Dr. George W. Carver.

In the field of agricultural chemistry, the genius of Dr. Carver has wrought wonders. From the humblest products of Southern soil he has produced hundreds of articles. Peanuts, sweet potatoes, pecans, cotton stalks, fibrous grasses, even the common clay in which the South abounds — all have experienced his transforming touch, have assumed new shapes, taken on new uses, acquired new commercial possibilities.

His laboratory presents, in truth, a revelation. There one may inspect face powder, dyes, wood stains, and permanent paints of various colors which he has extracted from common clay. These very clays, according to Dr. Carver, should be widely used by the South in the manufacture of pottery.

However, it is with the sweet potato and the peanut that Dr. Carver has achieved his greatest triumphs. He realizes as no one

else can the great opportunities for Southern industry to be found in the creation of a market for the manifold products to be obtained from the common sweet potato and the lowly peanut.

In the row of bottles and jars which form the sweet potato exhibit, we find over one hundred products. Chief among them are flour, breakfast foods, stock foods, starch tapioca, dyes for silks and cotton, vinegar, mucilage, and ink.

It was his sweet potato flour which saved Tuskegee Institute daily two hundred pounds of wheat during the World War. This attracted the attention of the United States Government. Hence Dr. Carver was summoned to Washington. After displaying his sweet potato exhibit and attending a conference with the experts, he was considered by David Fairchild Houston, "one of the most remarkable and extraordinary minds" he ever met.

Let us turn our attention to what Dr. Carver has achieved with the peanut. In his laboratory, we encounter an astounding variety of products. There are milk and cream, butter and cheese with the appearance and taste of the real dairy products, all derived from peanuts: cocoa, chocolate bars, caramels, coffee, pickles, face lotions, liniments, compounded by some synthetic process or other from the prolific peanut. But we have by no means arrived at the end of the list. Mention must be made of syn-

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thetic rubber, various kinds of wood stain and dyes for clothes, axle grease and linoleum, lard and flour, breakfast foods and stock foods, soap and face powder — all among the two hundred and more products which Dr. Carver has drawn forth from peanuts.

It may be quite a feat to render useful articles a hundredfold more useful; yet it is no less admirable to transform what is apparently useless waste into useful commodities. For example, Dr. Carver has produced from wood shavings a synthetic marble, substantial and waterproof, capable of manufacture on a large scale; various kinds of insulating board from cotton stalks, peanut hulls, vines and soapstone; paper from a wild, rank weed, the *sida spinosa*; artificial wood in various colors from the huge roots of the Florida palm. Some of these articles perhaps will remain mere curiosities, but a great many possess actual commercial value.

When, more than two score years ago, Dr. Carver, at the invitation of Booker T. Washington, abandoned his comfortable post as professor at Iowa State Agricultural College to take charge of agricultural chemistry at Tuskegee, he entered upon his lifework. It was not long before he fully realized the pitiable plight of the Southern farmer. Even today farmers in the South "cling to cotton production, on small farms, overrun by the boll weevil, on irregular-shaped and sloping fields, and on soils that require fertilizers and constant effort." Conditions were certainly not much better at the close of the nineteenth century. Too long had the South-



DR. CARVER AT WORK IN HIS
LABORATORY

ern rural population placed all their hopes in "King Cotton." Dr. Carver at once took upon himself the task of convincing the poor farmers of both races that other crops besides cotton would procure a steady income, would prove even far more profitable in sections unsuited for cotton-raising. From his pen flowed a steady stream of pamphlets, booklets, and bulletins which explained methods of soil improvement and set forth the advantages of raising such crops as peanuts and sweet potatoes. In addition to his writings, he gave numerous lectures throughout the South.

Thousands of farmers took up his suggestions. A new impetus was given to the cultivation of peanuts. Today this industry is in an extremely flourishing condition. The threat of overproduction accompanied extensive cultivation. Thus was Dr. Carver's ingenuity put to the test. He set himself to work to find new uses for the article in question, to create thereby new demand, to open new markets. As a result, there appeared the many synthetic products enumerated above.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER

Professor Carver has proved himself an invaluable benefactor of the South, especially of the Southern farmer. Through his discoveries, new avenues of hope have been thrown open to despondent, indifferent, poverty-stricken cotton growers.

However, the widespread evil of tenant farming robs men of initiative and aggressiveness. The tenant farmer takes no pride in his work, for he does not own the land he tills. He has no incentive to improve; he merely lives a life of drudgery from one day to another; while the ambitious leave the South to seek the opportunities offered by the industrial North. It is time for the South to develop its own industries on a much larger scale. It is time for the South to convert its great variety of native products into useful commodities, to supply the world market with its manufactured goods. Dr. Carver has demonstrated that it can be done; it remains for the South to grasp the opportunity, to utilize it to the fullest extent, to industrialize itself, to become self-supporting.

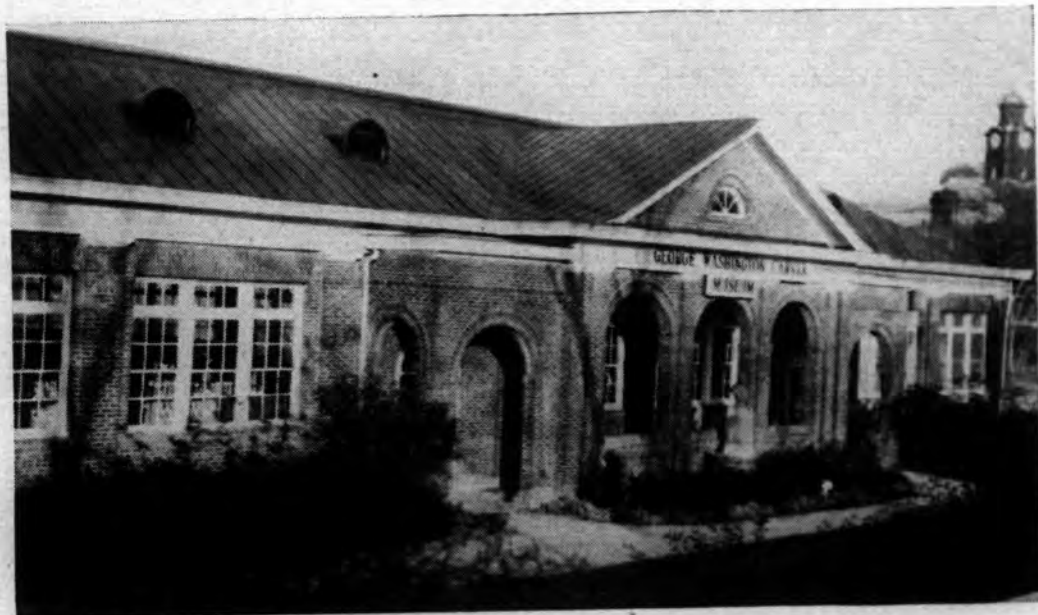
After we have perceived that a man has accomplished something

worthwhile for his fellowmen, we are seized with a desire to know more about the man himself. Over thirty years ago, the British explorer and scientist, Sir Harry Johnston, wrote: "Professor Carver, who teaches scientific agriculture, botany, agricultural chemistry . . . at Tuskegee, is, as regards complexion and features, an absolute Negro; but, in the cut of his clothes, the accent of his speech, the soundness of his science, he might be professor of botany, not at Tuskegee, but at Oxford or Cambridge. Any European botanist of distinction, after ten minutes' conversation with this man, instinctively would treat him as a man on a level with himself."

Everyone who meets Dr. Carver is immediately impressed by his genuine humility, his kindness, and the depth of his scientific learning. He has won much renown as a speaker on agricultural topics since he is so adept in combining scientific theory with practical experience. Moreover, his engaging personality and interesting manner of presenting his material holds captive the attention of his hearers. This we can gauge from the following incident. When the Ways and Means

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER MEMORIAL

Built on the campus of Tuskegee Institute with the personal funds of Dr. Carver for the purpose of perpetuating his scientific research work, this building contains a laboratory and a museum filled with interesting exhibits of the results of Dr. Carver's years of research and experimentation



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Committee of the U. S. House of Representatives was contemplating and discussing a tariff on imported peanuts, a number of speakers were consulted. Among them was Tuskegee's agricultural chemist. Each speaker was allowed ten minutes. In his turn, Dr. Carver completed his carefully worded discourse within the appointed time. As he collected his data and prepared to leave, the committeemen urged him to continue. He spoke convincingly for an hour and three quarters. The tariff was adopted.

Each day finds Dr. Carver up and about at four o'clock. The early hours give him the opportunity to wander thoughtfully through the fields and to carry on his experiments. During the greater portion of the day, between his duties, he is ever ready to take visitors through his laboratory and describe his different exhibits. Then he must take care of a huge bulk of correspondence. Scientists, agricultural experts, business men, industrialists from all parts of the world seek information and advice from Tuskegee's agricultural chemist. In the evenings he is fond of retiring to the solitude of his quarters — two rooms in one of the dormitories of the Institute. Alone in his "den," surrounded by scientific books, rare plants, his own paintings, he plans his experimental work. Generally he goes to bed early.

If Dr. Carver merits admiration and applause for the marvelous transformations which he has wrought in the lowly products of the soil, the transformation which he wrought in his own life and person is all the more praiseworthy.

When a slave boy was born on the plantation of Moses Carver in Missouri about 1864, no one ever dreamed that this fragile child would become a scientist of distinction. Towards the end of the Civil War, raiders carried him off in company with his mother. However, little George was ransomed for a horse and returned to the plantation; but his mother could nowhere be found. Weak and sickly as a child, George was employed by his master, whose name he assumed (this was customary among the slaves), in the performance of household tasks. In these he acquired an unusual proficiency, especially in cooking and sewing. During his free time, he roamed through forest and field, and thus familiarized himself with animals, insects, plants and flowers. He even learned to draw his favorite plants and flowers with striking accuracy of detail.

Booker T. Washington writes of him at this point: "He showed a remarkable aptitude and intelligence dealing with plants. He would spend hours, for example, gathering all the more rare and curious flowers that were to be found in the woods and fields. One day some one discovered that he had established out in the brush a little botanical garden where he had gathered all sorts of curious plants, and where he soon became so expert in making all sorts of things grow, and showed such skill in caring for and protecting the plants from all sorts of insects and diseases, that he got the name of "the plant doctor."

It is interesting to watch young Carver's quest for an education.

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PEN SKETCH OF DR. GEORGE W. CARVER
(by Marvin Chachere, student at Heart of Mary High School, Mobile, Ala.)

Fortunately for him, the Carver family placed no obstacle in his path. So, when he was about ten years old, off he went to a school eight miles away. By doing odd jobs, he managed to pay for his schooling; and, in one way or another, to stave off utter destitution. He worked in greenhouses, cooked in a hotel, ran a laundry. At one time his talent for music, recognized by sympathetic friends, won him the position of church organist.

The end of his high school training arrived, and he sought admission to a college in Iowa. His hopes mounted high when he was accepted; but soon afterwards they were shattered; he was rejected because he was a Negro. Nothing daunted, he worked on and saved his money for

another chance. Simpson College, Iowa, admitted him. He spent three years there. Then he entered Iowa State Agricultural College. At the end of his course, the young scientist not only secured his master's degree in chemistry, but also — what may be regarded as an acknowledgment of his character and ability — a position on the faculty.

Men who are born in unfavorable circumstances, men who struggle against crushing odds to achieve success, men who recognize their life's work and pursue it untiringly, relentlessly, perseveringly — such men make an impression on the lives of those about them, such men wrench admiration even from unwilling, unsympathetic fellowmen. Such a man as George Washington Carver has done very much to break down the barrier of prejudice which blocks the progress of his people. His work has prompted the growth of a new spirit of tolerance towards the Negro in Southern scientific circles. It is admiration for his work which not only gives the young Negro scientist an incentive to accomplish better and greater things; but also instills into those who would otherwise oppose the young Negro a willingness to work shoulder to shoulder with him.

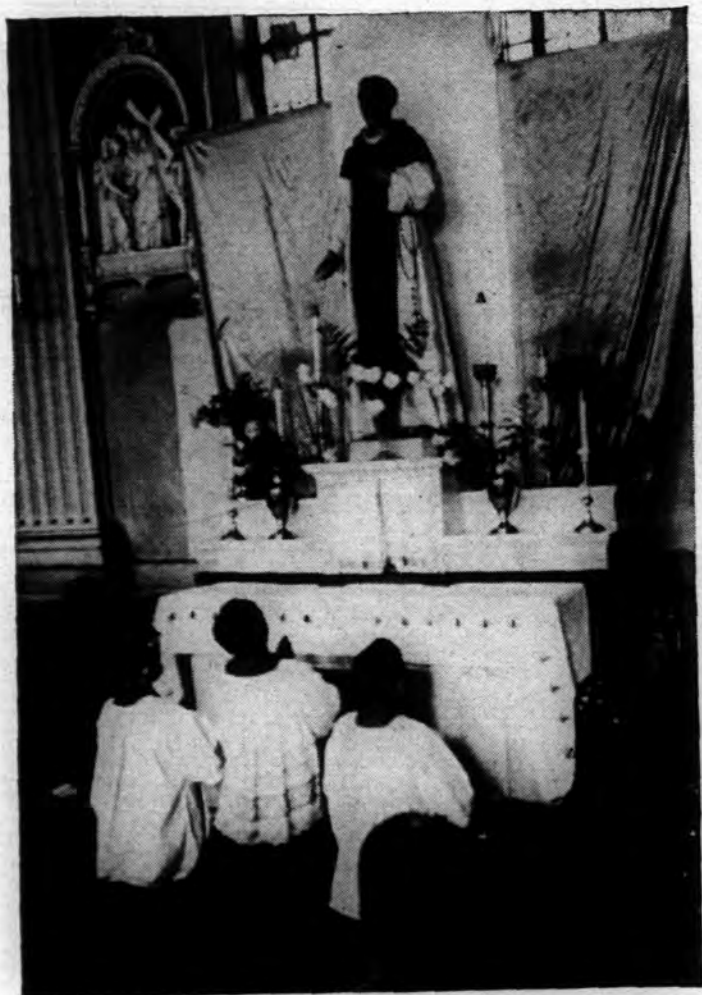
To carry on his labors, the aged scientist has made it a practice to seek enlightenment and inspiration

(Continued on page 117)

BY SPECIAL MESSENGER

EVELYN M. RAABE

● Brother Martin's "Brother Mouse"



BLESSED MARTIN DE PORRES

Do you remember the story of Blessed Martin de Porres' "brother mouse"? It has always fascinated me and just to recall it gives me a thrill. Blessed Martin's so lovable, so human, and his charity's so boundless, spreading like a protecting wing over even the lowliest of the good God's creatures. His heart melted at the sight of the little mouse caught in the trap which had been set for it, and how tenderly he must have released it with the loving command:

"Go along, little brother, and tell your companions not to do any more harm. Tell your whole tribe to vacate this holy monastery and to go back into the garden, where I will bring you food each day."

The story of "brother mouse" is sketched by Rev. J. C. Kearns, O.P., in his biography of the holy Dominican in the chapter, "Blessed Martin's Love for Animals," and as I finished reading it, the Angelus rang and my thoughts drifted to another scene which I had witnessed with my own eyes but a few weeks before.

I have a young friend across the street, a freckle-faced lad of eleven who answers to the name of "Curly," though he really has a very dignified one — Patrick Dennis O'Brien. Curly is a lovable youngster, and he and I are the very best of friends. He is a real boy, ready to carry out any prank or bit of mischief that may enter his head, but under this cloak of impishness there beats a heart that overflows with devotion. Curly is a daily communicant and whether you look in the pocket of his best Sunday suit, or in the pocket of his everyday overalls, you will find Our Lady's Rosary. His devotion to Blessed Martin is touching — to Curly, the holy Dominican is a "swell guy."

Early in December Curly came down with a heavy cold and was sent off to bed by the doctor. I dropped in on my way home from the office each evening for a short visit with him; he was a very sick lad and for a few days it was thought he would slip into pneumonia. But Curly was not thinking about himself, his heart and his thoughts were with his big brother, John. A deep bond of love exists between the two brothers, and when

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John went off to serve in the U. S. Marines, the parting was not an easy one. John had been sent to the Philippines. Then came December 7 and the Pearl Harbor incident.

Those were trying times for the O'Briens, like a horrible nightmare, but through it all Curly's trust in Blessed Martin was stronger than ever and a source of much consolation to the family.

"Blessed Martin won't let anything happen to John," Curly told me, displaying a smile that chased away any doubts that may have been lurking in my mind, when I dropped in the following Tuesday evening.

"He's never refused me anything and he won't let me down now. You'll see."

Curly was silent for a moment and then his eyes grew serious and his smile gave way to a rather wistful expression as he added:

"I know Blessed Martin's taking care of John, but Mom and Dad are awfully worried and I wish he'd send his little 'brother mouse' — then they wouldn't worry any more."

And then with a smile of anticipation lighting his face, he added, "Today's Blessed Martin's birthday. Gee, Vonnie, wouldn't it be wonderful if he'd send him today?"

Curly's trust in Blessed Martin was touching and I had all I could do to keep back the tears. Blessed Martin must answer such faith.

Curly particularly loved the story of "brother mouse." He never tired of telling his chums how the monastery in Lima, Peru, where Blessed Martin lived, had been overrun by rats and mice; how the holy Dominican had released the mouse which had been caught; how the whole

"tribe" had left the monastery at Blessed Martin's command and had remained in the garden where Blessed Martin fed them daily as he had promised — and Curly's chums never tired of hearing the story. There is a pious belief that even today Blessed Martin commands these little creatures and that he sometimes sends one of them as an indication that the requested favor is to be granted. Curly had also heard of this pious belief and it was with his whole heart that he was hoping, for his parents' sake, that Blessed Martin would send his "special messenger."

I had stayed longer than usual that evening, Curly had taken a turn for the better and wanted to talk. But the ringing of the Angelus brought me to my feet. As I stood at Curly's bed to say "good-night," I was startled to have him suddenly grasp my hand.

"Vonnice, Vonnice, look!" His tone was excited and hushed. "Look! Over there! He's come, Vonnice, he's come! Gee — !"

I turned to look in the direction Curly had indicated and there, under the little table which held the beautiful statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, sat a tiny mouse with its eyes fixed on the lad.

I reached my office the next morning just as the phone was ringing. It was Mrs. O'Brien.

"Curly couldn't wait until you came tonight, Vonnice. He wanted me to call you right away."

Mrs. O'Brien was excited and it was with difficulty that she controlled her emotions.

"We — we received a cable this morning. It said: 'All O.K. — John.'"

AN ARCHBISHOP SPEAKS FOR THE NEGRO

(From the speech of Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio, Texas, at the Convention of Catholic Charities)

"We read, 'He who loves his brother abides in the light, and for him there is no stumbling. But he who hates his brother is in the darkness and walks in the darkness, and he does not know whither he goes because the darkness has blinded his eyes.' (1 John 2:10). Today the world is stumbling in darkness because it has not learned the lesson of all-embracing charity. . . .

"In this land of the free, particularly in our beloved South, we discriminate against the Negro and the Latin American.

The colored man may be a good citizen and a saintly Christian, but we shun him in the hospital, in the street car, in the railroad train, and in the theater. He may be our servant but not our equal in spite of the fact that Almighty God made him to His own image and likeness. We prefer the man whose skin is white if his heart and soul be black. What a mockery of divine mercy to think that the Son of God died only for the white man. . . .

"Catholic charity cuts deeper than that. Many of us must change our at-

titudes and even our hearts. Many of us must learn to love our brother even if his skin is dark. We must love our employees even to the point of giving them a just wage; if we are laboring people we must be fair to our employer. We must not disdain the poor and the humble; we must cherish them as children of God.

"And because our neighbor is a child of God we shall not be content to relieve his distress or cure his disease; we shall strive to create in our community and nation such conditions as will permit him to rise above poverty and disease and family disintegration. It was from the teaching of our Church that the Founding Fathers caught a vision of men free and equal under the law of nature and of nature's God. And if that vision of free and equal men is not to perish from the earth, we of the ancient Church must see to it that the liberty of our brother is not the freedom to suffer and endure in poverty and squalor, but rather the liberty of a child of God to live his life in peace and security. Democracy has no meaning where special privilege and injustice prevail."

The Crosses of St. Alphonsus'

James Covington

Two crosses crown the towers of St.
Alphonsus'

Like two hands lifted toward the heavens
In mute praise of God.

They stand high above the foliage of huge
trees

In the morning sunlight. Seeming to pierce
it,

Each a gleaming rod.

At Mass, they quaver midst the din of bells,
And silent treading feet, holy water,
Humble heads bowed in prayer.

Two bold symbols defying all sin and
sinners,

Yet, bidding them come, confess and repent,
To kneel and tarry there.

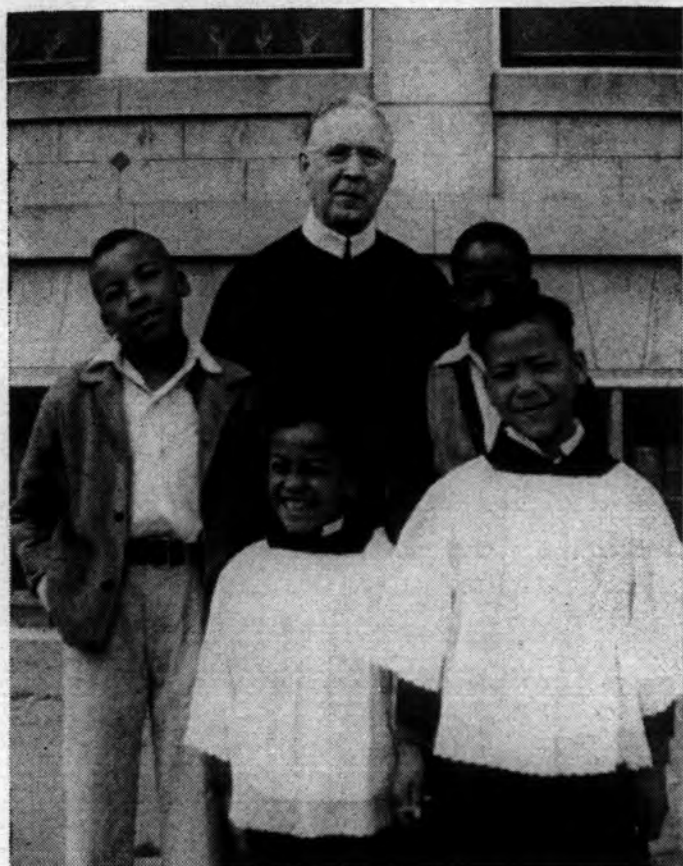
Any traveler, fatigued of life's weighty load,
Has but to gaze atop the Church of St.
Alphonsus

At two crosses near the sky,
And pray. He will take up his path again
At peace with himself, a psalm on his lips,
A new light in his eye.

FIRST FRUITS FROM FRESNO

CLARENCE J. HOWARD, S.V. D.

- Bishop Baptizes First Group
- In Redemptorist Colored Mission



TWO ARE AND TWO ARE NOT (YET)
Father Thomas Nealon, C.S.S.R., with his two Catholic altar boys and two other boys who are in the instruction class

Two years ago Father Thomas J. Nealon, C.S.S.R., began doing mission work among the Negro population of Fresno, California. There were perhaps half a dozen Negro Catholics scattered throughout the city.

Father Nealon began by trying to gather a few of the children for catechism lessons. He succeeded in getting three. With these as a start, Father Nealon obtained the use of a room in St. Alphonsus' School. This was converted into a mission center.

After weeks of more hard work on Father's part, the little group began to grow. Other children and a

few adults became interested and joined the instruction class. Father was encouraged and worked still harder; more prospective converts came.

Today the mission has twenty-five colored Catholics, while fifteen others, both children and adults, are under instructions preparing for Baptism. Two Sisters of the Holy Family of Fresno help Father Nealon with his catechetical instructions.

The Bishop of Monterey-Fresno, the Most Reverend Philip G. Scher, D.D., is very much interested in the little colored mission in Fresno. Bishop Scher personally baptized the mission's first group of colored converts several months ago.

Father Nealon is a priest of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer. These priests, called Redemptorists, entered the Negro Mission field 14 years ago when they took over St. Benedict's Mission in Newton Grove, N. C. Today the Redemptorists have 11 colored missions, manned by 16 priests, in six different States — California, Florida, Missouri, New York, North Carolina and South Carolina.

300,000 Catholic Negroes in the United States. But there are more than 300,000 Negroes in New York City alone.

Pray for the conversion of America's 13,000,000 Negroes.

Visitors

In the first weeks of March, we were honored with the presence of two of our Fathers, from South America. These priests of the Society of the Divine Word were hindered from entering upon their mission field by the outbreak of the war on December 7. After spending about six months in this country they were enabled to get an Argentinian boat back to their home. They were with us for the last few days of their stay here. They were Father John Burghart, S.V.D., and Father Mariano Baumler, S.V.D. During our frequent conversations with them, they gave us very interesting insights into the language and manners in their country.

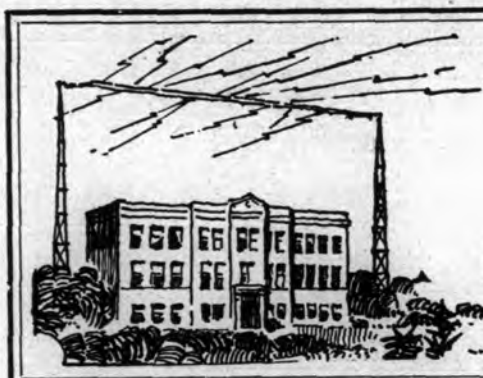
Their boat left on the 5th of March. We wished for them a very safe and comfortable trip home, in view of the insecurity of travel on the high seas at the present time.

Washington's Birthday

This day was a free day here at the Seminary. The only celebration was a program held in our auditorium on the evening of February 23. Neatly printed little programs were passed out at the door as we entered. Soon the entertainment was well under way. The first number was given by the orchestra playing the "U. S. Orient March." Then a choir composed of students sang "Hail, Columbia" accompanied by Prof. Henry at the piano. This was followed by a lecture on the American Flag by Warren Anderson, while the auditorium was darkened and the screen showed, in many beautiful colors, the different flags of our country, and the different flags that have flown over our land.

The chorus again appeared singing "America, the Beautiful." To further foster the patriotism rampant on that day, Vernon Ledoux recited the poem by Joseph Rodman Drake — "The American Flag." The choir entertained us with a song, "Queen of the Stars and Stripes." This was directed by Prof. Henry.

Then it was our turn, and we filled in with gusto. We sang — by "we" I



Seminary

BROADCAST

St. Augustine's Seminary
the only Catholic Negro Seminary

mean the community—"Tramp, tramp, tramp."

The main number on the program was a one-act play, entitled "Fires at Valley Forge." The scene was an outpost in the woods near Valley Forge.

The time was the winter of 1778 to 1779. The *dramatis personae* were the following: A. Meyers, L. Thornton, L. Singleton, A. Osborn, W. J. Hill, L. Davis, R. Huddleston, J. Labauve. We enjoyed this play very much, especially the impersonation of George Washington given to us by John Labauve.

Then it was the community's turn again, and this time we sang "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," ably assisted by a Song Cartoon. The orchestra closed the evening by playing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The Angelic Doctor

The feast day of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Patron of Philosophers and Theologians, was celebrated differently this year. First of



BROTHER STEPHEN **BROTHER**
Two of our Brother novices for a moment
St. Augustine, the son of our

News

BROADCAST from
Seminary Bay St. Louis, Mississippi
Public Negro Seminary in America



all, it was a free day only for the aforementioned two classes of humans. Also, there were no philosophical or theological papers delivered as in former years. Instead, on the Sunday following there was a lecture on the life of

this holy Dominican. It was presented by the Scholastics of St. Augustine's under the direction of their Rev. Prefect, Father John Kemper.

Throughout the lecture, the Fraters' choir supplied welcome interruptions with appropriate numbers. They sang six pieces in all, "In Medio Ecclesia," "Ave, Maria," "Lo! With Sainted Thomas Kneeling," "In Te, Domine," "Ecce Panis Angelorum," and "O Thomas Doctor Inclyte."

The lecture was read by Frater Edward Adams, and the slide machine was operated by Father Kemper.

"Us" on the Screen

You will remember that last February we told you to look out for our super-super-colossal moving picture entitled,

"Mid Sweat and Toil in Dixie." Well, it's out now. We saw ourselves as others see us. The whole film shows all the phases of religious life here at St. Augustine's. It carries you from the bottom clear to the top. You see the student entering, and you see the well-trained priest finishing his course at the seminary. You see the aspirant entering to try for the Brotherhood, and you catch a glimpse of the full-fledged Brother at work for the salvation of souls. Yes, you see all that we have here — on a screen. And furthermore, it is in *technicolor*.

"Mid Sweat and Toil in Dixie" takes you to many of the mission stations which our Society has in the South. There, you see the churches and chapels; you see the schools and the children in them; you see the pastors, priests who have been educated at St. Augustine's Seminary for the work among their people. You see them at work, instructing converts, baptizing, and caring for the children.

The whole picture was made as complete as possible, in order to give a full idea of the work that lies before the lads who might hear the call of Christ, "Come, follow Me."

"Mid Sweat and Toil in Dixie" is intended for showing in schools, parish halls, and in society and club meetings. If you get a chance, try to see this picture.

St. Joseph

The foster father of our Lord is one of the Patrons of our Society. On his feast day, we rendered him due honor by a High Mass in the morning at six o'clock. The celebrant was the Rev. Father Baker. The plain chant choir sang the proper of the Mass under the direction of the Prefect of Students, Father Hubert Posjena.

Give your Mother a **ROSARY**
on **MOTHER'S DAY**

Sunday, May 10, 1942

Attractive Rosaries made by hand by our Seminarians may be obtained at reasonable prices from

THE FRATERS
St. Augustine's Seminary
Bay St. Louis, Miss.



BROTHER IGNATIUS
a moment before the statue of
one of our Seminary

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN!

WILLIAM ADAMS, S.V. D.

Coming home from work one evening I noticed a great crowd of people gathered at a railroad crossing. The center of attraction was a demolished automobile whose parts were scattered over the railroad tracks. It had been struck by a passing locomotive, and all five occupants of the auto had been instantly killed. As I approached the scene, these words of the investigating officer reached my ears: "If the driver of that auto had but observed that simple sign, 'Stop, look and listen,' this calamity would never have happened."

Every year in this country thousands of accidents, resulting in thousands of deaths, take place. The cause — careless and neglectful observance of traffic rules. The oldest, simplest, safest and most widely known of all traffic rules is this one, "Stop, look and listen!"

About five or six years ago a leading Catholic magazine published an article that described a very unusual incident. It concerned the amazing case of a *driverless* automobile proceeding along through the dense traffic of the streets of New York City. Motorists and pedestrians were spellbound at the sight of this novelty. At any moment they expected the driverless car to stall or crash into a nearby auto; but contrary to all their expectations, it stopped at red lights, picked up speed on the open lanes, and turned corners as smoothly as the other cars.

Naturally this created a bedlam of anxiety and curiosity. Finally the secret was revealed. The car had been driven by remote control! Nobody had given that a thought. Everybody paid attention to the movement of the driverless vehicle. Yet in order for that auto to move at all it was necessary that it be guided and regulated and made responsive to the man who operated it by remote control.

Our soul is like a vehicle traveling along the spiritual highway of life. The temptations of the world, flesh and the devil make it impossible for man alone

to drive his spiritual car along this highway of life without accidents. He must have help, the guidance and control of the Divine Operator — the Holy Ghost. If he surrenders the car of his soul to this Divine Operator, he can be sure of passing along this traffic-jammed, temptation-filled highway of life without any serious accidents or injuries to his soul.

Just because we can't see Him who operates in our soul, we become as unmindful of Him as we are of the circulation of our blood. Forgetting and even disregarding Him, is it any wonder that so many spiritual accidents, yes even fatal ones, occur so frequently? How different this would be if we but observed that one spiritual traffic regulation He proposes to us — "Stop, look and listen to Me, the Divine Chauffeur of your soul."

STOP trying to drive the car of your soul by yourself. It can't be done. Entrust it to Me. I will infallibly direct it along the highway of this life without accident if you will but allow Me.

LOOK to Me for directions as to which highway of life you must take. Holy Mother Church prescribes that before every important decision or ceremony, My Name be invoked for help and guidance. Doesn't St. Paul tell you that without My grace and help you cannot so much as pronounce the name of Jesus devoutly? I am the Spirit of Light and Love, and if you will but look to Me for advice, I will gladly direct you to, and infallibly keep you on, the right road to heaven. Follow the example of your Holy Mother Church.

LISTEN to Me and to what I have to tell you. If you don't listen, how can you obey? And obedience is of the utmost necessity for your safety. Think of what the Curé of Ars once said: "If the damned in hell were asked why they are in hell, they would reply, 'Because we resisted the Holy Ghost.' If the saints were asked why they are in

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heaven, they would reply, 'Because we listened to the Holy Ghost.' "

Pope Leo XIII lamented the fact that devotion to the Holy Ghost was so rare among the faithful during his pontificate. Conditions have hardly improved since then. Yet He is the Divine Life of our souls Who comforts us in sorrow, strengthens us in trials, advises us what to do in doubts and temptations, and sanctifies us throughout life. Every time you turned to God either to avoid temptations or to help yourself grow in virtue — all this was the silent, faithful work of this sweet Guest of your soul! "The charity of God is poured forth into our hearts by the Holy Ghost."

Surely a visitor to our home is always greeted and spoken to. How impolite and disrespectful for the Catholic never to greet, speak or listen to the Divine Guest.

In a few days the Church will celebrate with the greatest solemnity the feast of Pentecost, the day on which the

Spirit of Truth and Love came to strengthen and spread this visible kingdom of Christ, the Catholic Church. Let us imitate the first members of our Church in preparing for this feast by prayer and silent conversation with this Divine Guest of our soul. As Christ was guided in all things by the Holy Ghost, let us entrust the spiritual vehicle of our soul to the direction and possession of this Divine Operator, the Holy Ghost.

If you do this, how much more smoothly and differently will your spiritual automobile run along the highway of life. You will see more clearly the vanity and the danger of directing your attention to the pleasures and possessions of the world. More and more you will find your attention being centered on the road in front of you — the love and service of God. Of course this will not happen over night, but it will surely take place if you but observe the Holy Spirit's one traffic regulation — "Stop, look and listen!"



TO A CHILD

Arthur C. Winters, S.V.D.

O little, smiling, Negro child,
Thy brow alert, thy darting eye,
Portray a spirit free and wild;
Yet why art thou so shy?

Why fearest thou thy very voice
To sound when strangers happen by?
More than thy mother should rejoice
At thy sweet modest cry.

Thy soul should not be held within
The limits of thy outwardness;
Nor bridled by thy dusky skin;
A spirit knows no dress.

Bring forth thy soul in thoughtful word;
Express thyself; do not refrain;
And once when every ear has heard,
Enkindle them again.

Let not the stranger's visage turn
Thee from thy candid comment mild;
The greatest of this world can learn
And have learned from a Child.

FINGERS AND TOES CUT OFF

JOSEPH BUSCH, S.V.D.

A gentleman came to the sacristy one day after my Mass and the pastor introduced him, mentioning, what he had said on other occasions when we were alone, that he was an honest official. With a smile the man gave his reason, "I believe in retribution." It does a priest good to meet the successful holder of a public office who emphatically asserts his conviction that God will render to every man according to his works.

Even in this life the Lord chastises some, as St. Chrysostom declared long ago, that He may make the "easy-going" more earnest. Besides, certain sinners will be brought to repentance and amendment, not by the fear of hell or purgatory, but by the realization that a curse clings to wrong-doing, that the effects of sin are felt with full force here on earth. By his actions the evil-doer cries to the Lord, "Pay me what you owe me!" And God does give him what he deserves.

"Let us go forth abroad," said Cain to Abel; and in the field he rose up against his brother and slew him. Retribution is not slow in coming. *Go abroad.* "A fugitive and a vagabond shall you be upon the earth."

At the command of Seleucus, king of Asia, Heliodorus comes to the holy city to rob the temple, but divine justice swiftly overtakes him. Struck by the forefeet of a horse with a terrible rider upon him and scourged by two young men, beautiful and strong, bright and glorious, Heliodorus is carried out speechless and without hope of recovery. Onias, the high priest, prays for him, and the same two young men say to Heliodorus, "Give thanks to Onias the priest: because for his sake the Lord has granted you life."

The tribe of Juda fought against the wicked king Adonibezec and he fled, but they captured him and cut off his fingers and toes, that is, his thumbs and large toes, in order to render him unfit to fight and to hinder flight. One shudders at the thought; it sounds like an

atrocious story, but it is not. Without doubt God let this happen to Adonibezec as a just punishment for his cruelty.

Adonibezec himself admitted, "Seventy kings having their fingers and toes cut off gathered up the leavings of the meat under my table. (Not a dancing girl, as in the case of Herod, but men with mutilated hands, gathering food like dogs from under his table, delighted him at his meals.) As I have done, so has God requited me." Hear what the unjust man says. There is a divine retribution already in this life.

Many men are not at home today who would be there if they had raised a family. God's law was disregarded, but not with impunity. *They* were taken, the others were left.

Sons refused to heed their parents. Now they are told, "Go!" and they go; "Come!" and they come; "Do this!" and they do it.

Parents refused to allow their sons to study for the priesthood, or put obstacles in the way. They wanted to keep them at home, but it was all in vain. *They*, too, have been taken away.

Business men used dishonest means to get rich. During the depression — and the same probably will occur again in the near future on account of the war demands—their business collapsed, their stores closed, and their factories shut down. With the thieves by the crucified Saviour they understand that there is a retribution. "We receive the due reward of our deeds," already in this life.

If we open our eyes and try to use our faith, without judging our neighbor, we shall find other examples of people with "fingers and toes cut off." Perhaps we know it from our own personal experience. How merciful is our Heavenly Father! He wants to spare us in the next life.

Cutting off "the fingers and toes" of our neighbor, handicapping them, preventing them from earning their living, taking advantage of them and making

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MAY'S SAINTS

May 4 —

St. Monica

In this Saint we have an excellent example of perseverance in prayer. For 18 long years this heroic mother prayed and added fasting and vigils to her prayers, begging God to

bestow the gift of the true faith on her brilliant but pagan son Augustine. She followed him to distant countries. In Milan the famous bishop St. Ambrose assured her that her heroic sacrifices were most pleasing to God and that He would prove it in His own good time. Assurance of that statement came almost immediately for Augustine was baptized by St. Ambrose himself. Without those prayers of St. Monica we would perhaps never have had that brilliant genius and great Church father, St. Augustine! Ask St. Monica to obtain for you trust and perseverance in prayer.

May 11, 12, 13 — Rogation Days

Taken from the Latin word *rogare*, which means "to ask," these days signify a time of petition to God for certain favors. When the people of Vienne were suffering famine, war and scourge at the hands of the Burgundian conquerors, their bishop, St. Mamertus ordered the faithful to devote themselves to three days of penance. During these days they were to ask God to avert the just punishment due them for their sins. The Church continued this holy practice, begun by the people of Vienne in 460, adding the petition for God's blessing on the fruits of the earth. During these times of famine, war and scourge, make a special effort to attend Mass on the Rogation Days and take an active part in the processional prayers. If you cannot attend Mass, at least pray for the intentions of Holy Mother Church during these days.



Even the smallest and simplest gifts bring joy to the heart of the Blessed Mother when they are given for the love of Christ

May 14 —

Ascension

The Son of God by His Birth, Life and especially His Death had shown His divine love for man. His divine power had been shown by His many miracles but especially by His

Resurrection from the dead. Since that time He had appeared and comforted the disciples. He had given the command to His Apostles to go into the whole world and invite *all* nations to join His Church. He had finished all that His heavenly Father had given Him to do. Taking His Mother and disciples to Mt. Olivet, He prepared to take leave of them. With a look of tender love towards Mary and a last blessing bestowed upon His disciples, of His own power He was raised aloft from their midst into Heaven. Scripture tells us that the Apostles "went back into Jerusalem with great joy." Ask them to help you serve God with a cheerful heart.

May 24 — Pentecost

When our Saviour gave His Apostles the command to go into the whole world and preach the gospel and baptize nations, He told them first of all they must go back to Jerusalem and wait there until they were imbued with power from on high. The day on which the Apostles received from on high their spiritual ammunition and equipment to fight the terrible spiritual warfare against the spirits of evil is called Pentecost, which means "fifty," since it took place fifty days after the resurrection. Easter and Pentecost rank as the highest and most important of all feasts of the Church. On Pentecost the Holy Ghost came down and took possession of all those first members of the Church. His special work is to sanctify our souls and make them stronger to fight the devil and do God's holy work. The very same Holy Ghost took possession of our souls when we were baptized and especially when we received the Sacrament of Confirmation. Ask the Holy Ghost to make you more obedient to His whisperings.



With our SVD Fathers on the Colored Missions

First Convert Class in Yazoo

Yazoo City, Miss. — Father Peter DeBoer has his first convert class, consisting of 20 of the larger boys and girls from the school, and 6 adults, under instruction for Baptism.

St. Francis' Mission School was opened in Yazoo City almost two years ago. Of the 260 pupils enrolled this year, not one is as yet Catholic. Those who are now preparing for Baptism have been receiving instructions from Father DeBoer since last fall. Father wants to be sure that they are solidly grounded in the fundamental truths of the Catholic Church to which they desire to belong. It is expected that they will be ready for Baptism in about two months.

Chicago Activities

Chicago, Ill. — Father Andrew Topol, who has been stationed at

St. Elizabeth's Church as an assistant since 1940, has organized the boys and young men of the parish into a Junior Holy Name Society. One of their activities is the conducting of a Catholic Literature Bureau.

This year the Winter Retreat of the Young Ladies' Sodality, of which Father Vincent Smith is the spiritual director, was conducted by Sister Mary Thecla of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate. Almost forty young ladies made the retreat.

Lenten Mission

Jackson, Miss. — During Passion Week March 22-29, Father Francis X. Baltes, pastor of Holy Ghost Church, had Father Clarence J. Howard from St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, to conduct a mission in his parish. The mission was very well attended by both Catholics and non-Catholics.

THREE GENERATIONS OF CATHOLICS IN MOUTON SWITCH, LOUISIANA

These people (and 300 others) are looking forward to having a chapel of their own in the near future, and Father Anthony Bourges smilingly wonders if some more kind readers won't help him to bear the expense



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Towards the middle of the week the church was crowded. Father Howard also conducted special mission services for almost 400 children mornings and afternoons during the week of the mission.

Shortly before Easter the graduating class of Holy Ghost High School presented the school with a metal flagpole, while the 9th and 10th grades gave a large American flag. The flag was blessed and dedicated by Father Baltes on March 27.

Fingers and Toes Cut Off

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them be satisfied with the leavings of our table does not escape the all-seeing Eye of the Lord. Since that is the case, if you feel that *your* "fingers and toes" have been unjustly cut off, imitate St. Paul. He wrote to Timothy, "Alexander the coppersmith has done me much evil: the Lord will reward him according to his works." He believed in retribution.

On Mother's Day

Edward Stutz

Dear mother, when today I think of you,
I see an angel hov'ring over me,
Who, with a flaming sword of diverse hue,
From vice, misfortune, many years did free.
I have received your work, your tears, your
care,
And thoughtlessly abused them as my due,
Unmindful that my every wish you share
And daily aid me virtue to pursue.
Your love at last broke down indifference;
Your patience, matching that of Job, subjects
My waywardness to silent eloquence,
Commanding love, respect, blind to defects.
Another like you life here does not bind;
Condone the faults committed — I was blind.

Native Priests in India

Today, after another quarter of a century, there are 3 Archdioceses and 13 Dioceses entrusted to the care of native Bishops and over 3,000 native priests are at work in India. Nationalism has been the cry of leaders in that country for years, and the formation of an indigenous clergy is the answer of the Catholic Church to those who would remove any foreign elements. —
RT. REV. MSGR. THOS. J. McDONNELL

BOOK REVIEW

MY DAILY READING FROM THE FOUR GOSPELS, by Father Stedman; 288 pages, price 25 cents. Confraternity of the Precious Blood, 5300 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is more than its title suggests. Practically it is a Life of Christ. The text of the "Four Gospels" has been arranged to form a continuous narrative. Moreover, the author has grouped the Gospel texts into sections of about equal length adapted for daily reading and meditation. A particular section is assigned to a particular day in such a manner that within the space of a year the whole Life of Christ will be read twice. The text is that of the new translation of the New Testament. This book may be had in regular type or large type. Soldier and sailor will appreciate it as a gift.

MY DAILY READING FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT, by Father Stedman; 576 pages, price 35 cents. Confraternity of the Precious Blood, 5300 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The first part of this book is a reprint of "My Daily Reading from the Four Gospels." The second part includes the "Acts of the Apostles," all the "Epistles" and the "Apocalypse." Some greetings, farewells, itinerary texts, a few excerpts referring to Old Testament rites, and some difficult passages of the Apocalypse have been omitted. The Epistles have been shaken up, so to speak; various parts of individual Epistles have been grouped together accordingly as they treated of salutations, doctrinal or moral subjects. Thus, one, unified, spiritual letter is presented. A definite portion is assigned to each day of the year, so that the whole New Testament may be easily read in the course of 365 days. A convenient book for religious in the refectory.

Father Provincial Writes . . .

During this buoyant and fragrant month of May the Church celebrates, on May 24, the glorious Feast of Pentecost, commemorating the miraculous descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles and Mary, the Mother of God. Our Lord attached such tremendous importance to this event that He wished the Apostles to prepare themselves for it for nine days in utter seclusion and prayer. We read in the Acts of the Apostles: "He charged them not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father, of which you have heard by my mouth; for John indeed baptized with water, but you shall be baptized with the Holy Spirit not many days hence" (Acts 1:4, 5).

The Apostles promptly obeyed and assembled in prayer with the Blessed Mother for nine days in the Upper Room in Jerusalem. Thus they made the first Novena in honor of the Holy Ghost ever held in the Church. This Novena — let us always remember this especially nowadays when so many people are "Novena-minded," — had the official stamp of approval from our Divine Saviour Himself. During no Novena has there been greater confidence and more sincere devotion exhibited than that shown by the Apostles. No wonder that the fruits of it were beyond the human comprehension of the people gathered in Jerusalem from all parts of the world for the Holy Days. At the end of the nine days, it brought about the fulfillment of the "Promise of the Father," the coming of the Holy Spirit, the greatest gift of God to the Church. It meant the birth of the Church; for the Apostles, after being filled with the Holy Spirit, rushed forth into the crowded streets of the city and fearlessly preached Christ Crucified. On that day they baptized 3000.

To realize somewhat the magnitude of this stupendous miracle of Grace, just remember that during the whole year of 1941 *only* 6000 adult Negroes were baptized in the whole United States, although 500 missionaries and

over 1600 Sisters ministered to them day in and day out.

Even today this inspiring Novena in honor of the Holy Ghost is to be held in every chapel and church before the Feast of Pentecost as decreed by the late Holy Father, Leo XIII. Often I have regretted that other novena devotions to this or that popular saint, which no doubt also serve their purpose and are productive of much spiritual good, have, due to high pressure advertising, crowded out the devotion to the Holy Spirit as well as the Pentecostal Novena.

In recent years, however, a revival of the Novena to the Holy Spirit has taken place in many dioceses, thanks to the efforts of the far-seeing Bishops and educators. Our school children are being enlisted in this crusade of prayer to the Holy Spirit in order to stimulate and cultivate religious vocations to the priesthood, brotherhood and sisterhood.

During the Novena the first minutes of the schoolday are appropriately devoted to the explanation of the greatness and dignity of the religious vocation. In special prayers the Holy Spirit is petitioned to enlighten especially the older boys and girls in regard to their future life, to guide them in their choice of a vocation, and finally to instill into the hearts of prospective candidates for the priesthood or sisterhood that heroic strength needed to give up the world and retire into a seminary or convent.

From my own observations in the classroom where these novena devotions were being conducted, I can tell how interested the older children were. It brought to their attention something new and worthwhile in their youthful lives. It made them conscious of their future responsibility to themselves and to society. It made them realize that there are greater and more noble ideals in life than just pleasure and money making. Though they themselves may not embrace the religious life, perhaps their children will be led to that goal in early childhood. The results of this practice have been most gratifying as

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the ever-increasing number of missionary priests and Sisters amply testifies.

At St. Augustine's Seminary this annual Novena in honor of the Holy Spirit is being held with great solemnity before the feast of Pentecost. Here we have the training school for colored priests and Brothers. It is necessary for every priest and religious that they be guided and filled with the Holy Spirit.

But there is another reason for this pious practice in our Society of the Divine Word. The devotion to the Holy Spirit is a sacred heritage from our saintly founder, the Venerable Father Arnold Janssen. I doubt whether there have been in modern times any two who did more to promote, in word and deed, the devotion to the Holy Spirit than did Father Arnold and his learned and ascetical brother, Rev. John Janssen, S.V. D. Whenever he had an opportunity, either in conferences or in conversations, Father Arnold let it be known that worthy candidates to the priesthood and brotherhood must be imbued with the grace of the Holy Spirit. To remind his followers of the necessity of a life based on the grace of the Holy Spirit, he decreed that at the stroke of the quarter-hour priests and Brothers should halt their work in the classroom or shops to recite in common, even during recreation, the ejaculation: "Send me from the Father the Holy Ghost with His seven gifts, that I may glorify God in all things." Today this devotion, so dear to our Divine Saviour, is one of the outstanding features in the frame of the Society of the Divine Word the world over.

Again I must emphasize the fact that the Church needs so badly colored priests and Sisters in order to bring about the conversion of the Negroes. May I pray you to join our community here at St. Augustine's Seminary, nay the whole Church throughout the world, in the Novena to the Holy Spirit before Pentecost, May 15-24, to arouse in the hearts of good pious boys and girls a religious vocation? Let us ask the Holy

Spirit to sanctify more and more our colored Catholic families out of which the vocations to the priesthood and sisterhood must come. Let us ask the Holy Spirit "to send more and more laborers into the vineyard, for the field is white for the harvest."

FATHER ECKERT, S.V. D.

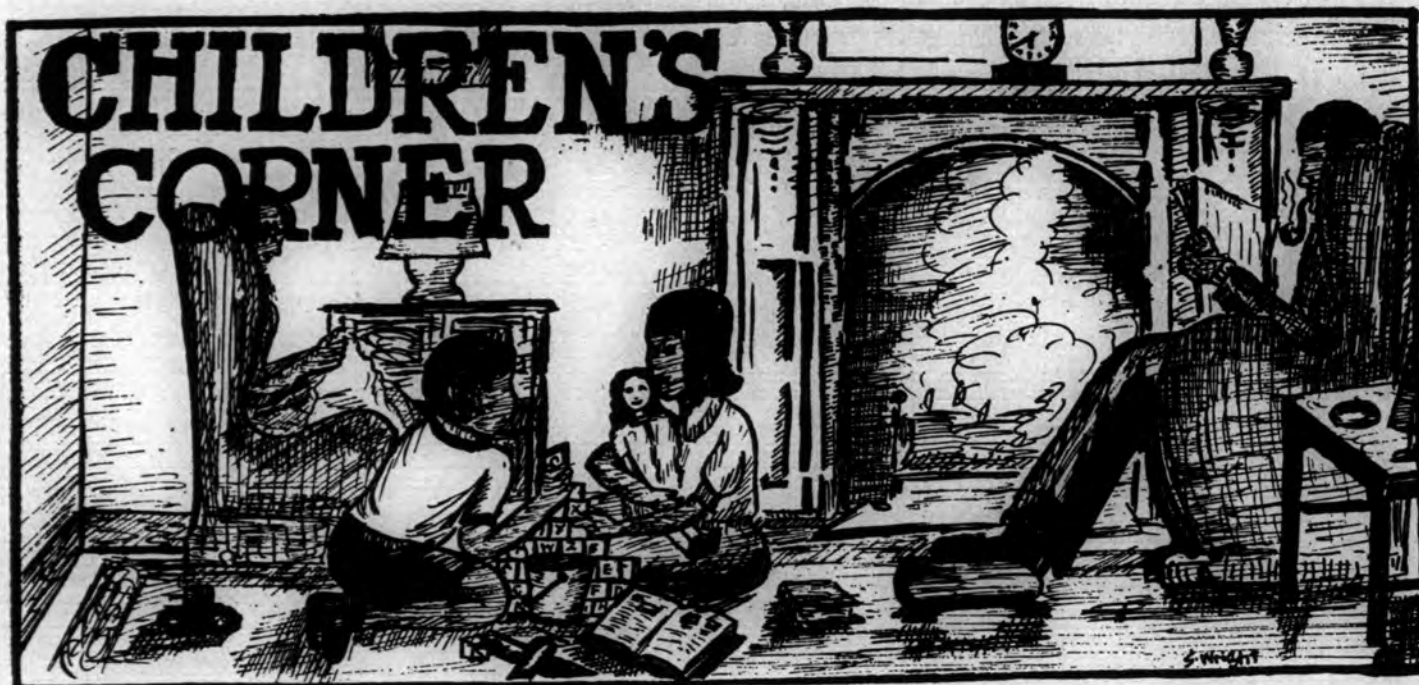


The Wizard of Tuskegee

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through prayer. No doubt, he is ever conscious of his dependence on the Lord of Heaven and Earth. He is convinced that his scientific ability and his powers of research have been bestowed on him by the Eternal and Omniscient Creator of all things.

Dr. Carver's life may be summed up in one word — devotedness. He has always possessed a deep sense of duty towards his Creator, towards his people, towards the South. Many offers have come to him from large corporations, desirous of using his invaluable research work. Even ten thousand dollars a year could not lure him from his post at Tuskegee. Thomas Alva Edison endeavored to secure his services at Menlo Park and even invited the Negro scientist to name his price; but Dr. Carver would not abandon his work at Tuskegee. He is content with his modest salary which he employs to assist needy students and to carry on his experiments. Unselfishly he gives his services whenever they are requested without demanding as much as a penny in return. Neither renown nor riches have the power to break the bonds of devotedness which bind him to his work.



My dear Boys and Girls:

Here we are in the beautiful month of May again. I feel that our Blessed Mother Mary was well pleased with the splendid way in which you honored her last May. I know you will do as well, or perhaps better, this May.

If you have a chance to attend the May Devotions every day, do so. And you surely can get to Mass, if not every day, at least very, very often during the month of May. And maybe you can receive our dear Lord in Holy Communion each time you go to Mass.

It would be a splendid thing if you could get your brothers and sisters, and maybe even your dad and mother, to say the Rosary with you each evening after supper or before you go to bed. And I can tell you a good intention for which to offer that Rosary. Offer it to Mary that the war may quickly end and the world may be at peace. Let's all pray hard for this intention during May.

MY MAIL BAG

Dear Father Howard:

We received our reports on Monday, and my card was good.

Father, a week ago one of the girls at school asked about you. Do you see Father Smith? If you do, tell him to please say a little prayer for me, and also you too, Father. This is all. From

Estelle Palmer, Lafayette, La.

I am happy to know that you got a good report. Keep it up. No, I haven't seen Father Smith since last October. But, don't worry; when Father Smith reads this issue

of the MESSENGER and sees your letter, he will pray for you. And so will I.

Dear Father Howard:

I know you have been wondering when I was going to write you. I have been very busy.

On last November 25 guess what happened? I got a baby brother. We named him Anthony.

I have been reading the MESSENGER every month. They sell them at Church every Sunday. I will soon send you the story of my life. It isn't very long, but I have lots to tell. I have not hardly anything more to say. Yours truly,

Dolores Jean Black, Indianapolis, Ind.

I suppose it must be pretty hard on a little girl like you, Dolores, to keep so-o-o-o very busy. You are a lucky girl to have a baby brother. You tell little Anthony I said "Hello!" And when he learns how to talk you can write and tell me his answer. I'll be waiting with interest for your Autobiography.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTEST

It seems that the children are just getting into the swing of writing Autobiographies. The mail man is just bringing them in. Here are the 3 winners this month:

My Autobiography

Dolores Hennington, age 14
224 Second Street
Yazoo City, Miss.

I was born in Yazoo City on November 1, 1927. I have two sisters, Susie Mae and Bessie Marie.

I went to the Yazoo Public School, No. 2, until I was in the 5th grade. That year it was in the "Yazoo City Herald" that there

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was going to be a Catholic school on Powell Hill.

The first time I came to the Catholic school I didn't like it. I was afraid of the Sisters. My mother said: "'Lores, don't be afraid of them because you are going up there anyway."

I have been going here for two years. I like it now, because I think it is interesting to go to a Catholic school. We must do our work to be able to pass.

I am very interested in finding the true Church, and I think the Catholic Church is the true Church. I am taking instructions, for I want to be baptized soon if Father will take me.

Father DeBoer is our pastor. He gives us very interesting instructions about God every day. We also have a Harmonica Band in our room. I find the Catholic school more interesting the longer I go. I wish all the children could have the chance we have in our school.

My Autobiography

Gerald Tedrigan, age 11
St. James' School
Decatur, Ill.

I was born on the sunny side of Milwaukee one fine night, and indeed it was a happy night for my mother and father.

As I grew, mother noticed that I held my books so close to my eyes. So she had my eyes examined, and found that I was near-sighted, so I had to wear glasses and everything went fine.

About two years later my sister was born, and they named her Charline, but I used to call her "Deany."

When I was six I fell about 10 feet and had to have 2 to 4 stitches above my eye. When it was 4 days before my birthday a man came to our house and said that Daddy had broken his back. Indeed, I had a sad birthday. He was in the hospital for one year and could not work.

When I grow up, I want to teach accordion lessons. A musician can lead a merry life just like St. Francis of Assisi.

My Autobiography

Oscar Sam, grade 6
Arnaudville, La.

I was born in Sunset, La. My mother and father are both from Louisiana.

I started school at Red Top School in Belvue, La. I went two years, but I didn't learn nothing. Then I went to live with

my grandmother. She sent me to St. Peter Claver's School in Grand Coteau. I made my grade every year. Just last year I failed on account of my absence. I think I am doing fine in school this year.

I made my first Solemn Communion at St. Peter Claver's Church last May, and I was confirmed the same year.

When I finish school I want to try to become a priest. I had in mind to become a priest when I saw my cousin, Father Leander Martin.

I am a member of the school band. I play the uke. The teacher thinks that I play fine.

(PS.: Dear Father Howard, I hope the boys and girls will like it, altho' it is very short. I will try to send a very beautiful poem next time. I am very sleepy. I think I will say my night prayers and go to bed. Please remember me in your prayers. Yours respectfully, Oscar Sam.)

These are very fine little Autobiographies. Oscar, Gerald and Dolores will get the MESSENGER for a whole year FREE!

GOOD MOVIE CLUB

More and more boys and girls are joining our GOOD MOVIE CLUB. Here is what they are saying:

From Mississippi

Rosie Lee Travis: "I am very glad to join the GOOD MOVIE CLUB, because I think it will make us good boys and girls. I like to know what is right."

August Washington: "I do not go to the show very much, but now I will know if the show is good or bad. Before I did not know."

Ella Weaver: "I only want to go to the shows that are good for me to see. I will



Unlucky Aviator: "Gosh, no wonder I can't find the rip-cord — I forgot the parachute!"

never go to a show again that is not in the CLASS A section."

Alma Harris: "I want to be a nice and respected girl. Some shows are not so good, and you will learn bad habits by going to them."

Leola Taylor: "I think the GOOD MOVIE CLUB will save many boys' and girls' lives. It will keep them from seeing bad shows and getting others into serious trouble."

Mary Ella Kyle: "I am very glad to join, because I used to go to all of those movies, though my mother said they weren't for children sometimes."

From Kentucky

Paul Hellman: "We all should join this Club and don't go to any bad shows."

Dorothy Placke: "When you started this Club, I bet you were thinking about some souls you may get cleaner by starting this Club. I am going to try very hard to tell people about your Club."

Loretta Mai: "If every boy and girl of America would become a member of the GOOD MOVIE CLUB, there would be less sins committed."

Ramona Sweitzer: "It is a good idea to put the good movies in the *Messenger* so we know what movies we can see."

And here are others who sent their names in as new members: Leo Wilbers, age 14; Gladys Hays, age 15; Lavastie Cannon, age 14; Mary Ellen Sander; Joan Rottinghaus, Cicero Battee, age 12; Tommy Washington, age 10; Jannie Myles, age 9; Waymon Crump, age 12; Virginia Molique, age

11; Joan Eifert, age 11; Franklin Gunkel, age 11; Shirly Mae Bowling, age 11; Wanda Connelly; Joseph Schneider; Lewis Davis, age 12; Willie Robinson, age 14; Sam Montgomery, age 13; Roosevelt Fisher, age 10; Raymond Mueller, age 11; Dolores Hunt, age 13; Robert Koënic, age 11; John Zembrodt, age 11; Mary Lee Doehman, age 11; Cleother Davis, age 14; Willie Henderson, age 13.

Now, Boys and Girls, here are more good movies for your GOOD MOVIE BOOK:

**Joe Smith, American
King of the White Elephant
Lone Wolf Takes a Chance, The
Los Heroes Del Barrio
Last of the Duanes
Lone Star Law Men
Lone Star Vigilantes, The
Arizona Frontier**

Who else wants to join our GOOD MOVIE CLUB? All you have to do is make this promise: "I WILL GO ONLY TO GOOD MOVIES THIS YEAR!" and keep this promise. Then send me your name, address, age and grade, and you will be a member.

Pray for the Negro Missions; and do not forget your mother on MOTHER'S DAY, Sunday, May 10. Offer Holy Mass and Communion for her.

FATHER HOWARD, S.V.D.
Bay Saint Louis, Miss.

NOVENA TO OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Held at St. Augustine's Seminary — June 1-9

Intention: for more agreeable companionship in marriage

Dear Friends:

Does not this month of June remind you of something — June Brides? Indeed, June is usually one of the months when most marriage contracts are sealed. It is one of the months in which most marriage licenses are sold.

But how many people look back in regret to the June in which they were married. How many grow sad and unhappy when June approaches, knowing that it was this month in which a world of trouble began for them. Unpleasant reminiscences come up afresh each June. Pangs of regret grip their hearts. Why? Because their married life turned out to be different from what they thought it would be. They perhaps long for the chance to start anew with a better companion! But, alas! what God has joined together, no man can put asunder.

What reasons they bring forth! What pathetic reasons they offer for the obtaining of a divorce, or, at least, a separation! — my husband turned out to be a drunkard, a lazy lout, a good-for-nothing. My wife is unfaithful, extravagant, has no regard for

family-life. Poor people! Didn't they realize this before? Did they not realize this in their courtship days, or were they too blindly infatuated by a love that was more a passion than a virtue?

The one way to guard against unhappy marriage is prayer, earnest prayer for a good, faithful, Christian, well-meaning husband, for a loyal, loving, sincere wife — for a husband and a wife who know the reason why they are married, who know that children are the rivets of matrimony that keep the married closely welded together.

No greater patron of the married than Mary can be invoked. She knows all about family life. She is ever ready to help because she is our Mother of Perpetual Help.

Let us make this the intention of the novena this month, to pray for those contracting marriage, that companionship be mutually agreeable.

O MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP.
OBTAIN FOR THOSE CONTEMPLATING MARRIAGE GOOD AND MUTUALLY AGREEABLE COMPANIONS.
AMEN.

Join us in this Novena. Pray together with us during these nine days. Send in your intentions and they will be included in the prayers of the Fathers, Seminarians, Brothers and Students.

Mail your intentions to

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY, BAY SAINT LOUIS, MISSISSIPPI

**TO THOSE BOYS and YOUNG MEN who
do not feel called to the Priesthood
BUT who nevertheless have the desire to dedi-
cate their lives to the SERVICE OF GOD
in a special way**

**THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD
EXTENDS AN INVITATION TO BECOME
RELIGIOUS BROTHERS**

For further information write to

**REV. FATHER NOVICE MASTER
St. Augustine's Seminary
BAY SAINT LOUIS, MISSISSIPPI**

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Life Member (\$10.00 donation)

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Members share 1) in two daily Masses offered throughout the year — one for the living members and one for the deceased members; 2) in the 365 Masses celebrated annually in honor of the Holy Trinity; 3) in the Masses, Communion, Prayers, Good Works and Missionary Labors of the priests, Brothers and seminarians of the Society of the Divine Word; 4) in the prayers of the associates. And besides, a Plenary Indulgence and many Partial Indulgences may also be gained.



For further information write to the

**REVEREND DIRECTOR
MISSION MASS LEAGUE**

St. Augustine's Seminary

Bay Saint Louis, Miss.